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EDITED BY
R. A. BROCK,
SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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THE RAM MERRIMAC.

Detailed Accurate History of Her Plan and Construction.

THE GREAT DAY IN NAVAL HISTORY.

A Graphic Account of the Battle—Sinking of the Cumberland and Thrilling Story of the Congress.

[The Richmond *Dispatch*, February 21 and 28, 1892.]

The thirtieth anniversary of the engagements of the Merrimac in Hampton Roads is near at hand. Those of us who were lads at that time are nearing the fifties—have passed into “the sere and yellow leaf”—and a few more years will have gathered the last survivors to the silence of the ages. Having your encouragement, and having been an eye-witness and participator as an officer of the Confederate States Navy in these eventful actions, I shall attempt, briefly, to place before your readers such facts as came within my observation, which to-day seem as fresh and as vivid as they did thirty years ago. May I “nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice?”

During the night of April 25, 1862, the United States forces, with a haste that is inexplicable, and a panic that cannot be excused, abandoned the Norfolk navy-yard after a partial destruction of the ships, stores and cannon at that depot. It is estimated that the Confederate Government by this blunder came into possession of over \$4,000,000 of property, priceless to it in value, and obtainable from no other place within its limits. The cannon and material of war here found, subsequently did good service in the coast and inland defences of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi.

Amongst the vessels then at the navy-yard, out of commission, which the United States forces set on fire and scuttled, was the United States frigate Merrimac. She belonged to the new class of forty-gun frigates of 3,500 tons, with auxiliary steam power. She was built at Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1855, had made several cruises, and upon returning from her last cruise was put out of commission at the Norfolk yard and moored alongside the dock. In her best days her speed under steam power had not exceeded seven miles, and had run down to four or five miles per hour at the close of her last service. Her machinery and boilers had been further damaged at the time she was burned and scuttled.

On May 30th she was floated and docked by the Confederates, and became in time an ironclad vessel (christened the Virginia—more widely known as the Merrimac).

THE PROJECTOR OF THE MERRIMAC AND THE PLAN.

There are two claimants to the honor of the plan—Lieutenant John M. Brooke, Confederate States Navy, and Constructor John L. Porter, Confederate States Navy.* I have no personal acquaintance with either of these gentlemen, and I desire above all things to do injustice to neither. The record in the matter is made up. We look for, we can hope for, no new, no additional evidence. Upon the statements before us we must make our judgment and give our award, with a desire to know the truth and proclaim it.

On the 18th of March, 1862, ten days subsequent to the action in Hampton Roads, the Confederate House of Representatives passed and sent a communication to the Hon. S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy, which reads as follows:

“That the Secretary of the Navy be requested to make a report to this House of the plan and construction of the Virginia, so far as the same can be properly communicated, of the reasons for applying the plan to the Merrimac; and also what *persons* have rendered especial aid in designing and building the ship.”

On the 29th of March, 1862, Secretary Mallory replied to this message in a communication of some length, the most material portions of which I shall here set forth:

* The Editor would refer the reader to the dispassionate statement of Colonel Brooke, “The Virginia or Merrimac.” *Southern Historical Society Papers*,” Vol. xix, pp. 3-34.

1. "That on June 10, 1862, Lieutenant John M. Brooke was directed to aid the Navy Department in designing an ironclad, and to frame the necessary specifications."

2. "That in a few days he submitted rough drawings of a casemated vessel with *submerged ends*, and inclined iron-plated sides, which was approved by the department."

3. "That Chief Engineer Williamson and Constructor Porter were ordered to report in Richmond about the 23d of June for consultation on the same subject generally, and to aid in the work."

4. "That Mr. Williamson and Mr. Porter approved the plan of having *submerged ends* to obtain *flotation* and invulnerability, and a clean drawing was prepared by Mr. Porter of *Lieutenant Brooke's plan*, which that officer then filed with the department."

5. "That the novel plan of *submerging the ends of the ship and eaves of the casemate* is the peculiar and distinctive feature of the Virginia, and was never before adopted."

6. "That Mr. Williamson, Lieutenant Brooke, and Mr. Porter reported that the Merrimac could be utilized for this purpose, and recommended the submerged ends and inclined casement for this vessel, which was adopted."

Lieutenant Brooke claims that the material feature of his plan is that the bow and stern shall each extend under water beyond the forward and after ends of the shield or casemate, to give the sharpness for speed and buoyancy to support the weight of iron; and a patent for this claim was duly issued to Lieutenant John M. Brooke, by the Confederate Government, July 29, 1862.

HER DISTINCTIVE FEATURES.

It will be observed in the above quotations from Secretary Mallory's letter that he regards the *submerged ends of the ship and the eaves of the casemate* as the novel and distinctive feature of the Merrimac. Lieutenant Brooke's patent is based solely on this novel and distinctive feature. So that Brooke's plan and the distinctive features of the Merrimac are one and the same. In the same communication of Secretary Mallory to the Confederate House of Representatives, in which he awards the merit of the plan of the Merrimac to Lieutenant John M. Brooke and in response to that part of the resolution, "and also what persons have rendered especial aid in designing and building the ship," the Secretary further replies:

"Mr. Porter cut the ship down, submerged her ends, performed all the duties of constructor, and originated all the interior arrangements, by which space has been economized, and he has exhibited energy, ability, and ingenuity. Mr. Williamson thoroughly overhauled her engines, supplied deficiencies, repaired defects, and improved greatly the motive power of the vessel."

Secretary Mallory further states that when Constructor Porter came to Richmond, as previously stated, about June 23d, "Constructor Porter brought and submitted the model of a flat-bottomed, light-draught propeller, casemated battery, with inclined iron sides and ends, which is deposited in the department. Mr. Porter and Lieutenant Brooke have adopted for their casemate a thickness of wood and iron and an angle of inclination nearly identical." It is to be presumed that, inasmuch as the Secretary notes *this* similarity between Brooke's plan and Porter's model, he would have noted further similarities if such existed, and particularly a similarity of bow and stern submerged and extending under water, which he regards as the distinctive and novel feature of the Merrimac—a feature specially covered by Lieutenant Brooke's claim and patent. We have here before us contemporaneous evidence—the best of its kind, and the best the subject brings before us. If, therefore, Secretary Mallory be a credible witness of good standing, his award in favor of Lieutenant John M. Brooke must stand until his testimony be successfully impeached and shown to be false.

When Secretary Mallory's report to the Confederate House of Representatives was made public, Constructor Porter, in an open letter, contested his award and claimed solely for himself the honor of the plan and the building of the Merrimac. If he desired to have and to keep this honor, it seems to me that he should have vindicated his claim and contested the issue of the patent to Lieutenant John M. Brooke at the time when the most material witnesses to the fact were alive. In neglecting to do this, he has materially contributed to putting his claim out of court.

Mr. Davis, in his *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, Lieutenant Catesby Ap. R. Jones, and Lieutenant John Taylor Wood (the two last officers of the Merrimac), all award the plan to Lieutenant John M. Brooke. In view of the testimony and the patent granted to Lieutenant Brooke by the Confederate Government it would be impossible to make a different award; and the death of Secretary Mallory and Mr. Williamson, the most important witnesses

in the matter, makes the possibility of a reversion apparently hopeless.

As early as 1847 Mr. Porter seems to have made model of a casemated iron floating battery, and it is evident the matter was one of deep interest to him. His familiarity with the subject and his experience, ability, and ingenuity, as attested by the Secretary of the Navy, was most potent in the construction of the Merrimac. I well remember at the time his unwearied, unflagging devotion to the work, and I much doubt whether we had within the limits of the Confederacy a man so well equipped to meet the necessities of the case.

CONVERSION OF THE MERRIMAC.

The hull of the Merrimac, when raised and put in the dry dock, was found to be about two hundred and seventy-five feet in length. About one hundred and sixty feet of the central part of the hull was covered over with a roof of oak and pine wood twenty-two inches in thickness, inclined at an angle of thirty-five degrees. Upon this structure of wood four inches of iron, consisting of plates about eight inches wide and two inches thick, were bolted. The first course of iron was placed longitudinally, the outer course up and down. The forward and after ends of the roof were rounded and the apex of the roof was flat on top, about eight feet wide, and covered over with permanent gratings of two-inch square iron. The grating was pierced for four hatchways to permit egress from the gun-decks to the grating, or outside of the ship, where alone was there standing room on the outside. That part of the ship's bow and stern not covered by the casemate (about fifty-eight feet at each end) was covered with decking planks and was under water. The vessel, when in fighting trim, had much the appearance of the roof of a house afloat. Her prow was of cast-iron, projected two feet from the stem, was under water two feet, and weighed one thousand five hundred pounds. Her battery consisted of four Brooke rifle-guns and six nine-inch Dahlgren shell-guns. Her engines and steam power were inadequate. They were deficient in her best days. Time had not improved them, and with all our efforts they continued to be defective and a source of anxiety to the last. To the future historian of the South one of the most remarkable phases of our struggle will be, how a people so unused to arts and manufactures, so poorly equipped with tools and shops and materials, could have accomplished what they did. De-

lays and obstacles of all sorts impeded the construction of the vessel. All the plates of iron for the casemate had to be rolled at the Tredegar in Richmond and shipped to Norfolk. Each step towards completion seemed but to disclose new obstacles, not the least of which was to secure a crew. We had no merchant marine and but few sailors. Some few were secured after the defeat and dispersion of our gunboats at Roanoke Island; some as volunteers from our army, and a detachment from the Norfolk United Artillery brought the number up to three hundred and twenty men. They proved to be as gallant and trusty a body of men as any one would wish to command; but what a contrast they made to a crew of trained jack tars! The United States Government were duly informed by spies of the completion of the Merrimac, but to deceive them the Norfolk papers of March 6th gave out that the new vessel had proved to be a failure and a great disappointment to her projectors. I doubt much whether they relied upon our statements, for on March 7th Mr. Welles, Secretary of the United States Navy, wrote to Captain John Marston, United States Navy, commanding at Fortress Monroe: "Send the St. Lawrence, Congress, and Cumberland immediately into the Potomac river. Use steam to tow them up. Let there be no delay." This order was modified by telegram of March 8th from Secretary Welles to Captain Marston, as follows: "The Assistant-Secretary of the Navy will be at Old Point by the Baltimore boat this evening. Do not move the ships until further orders, which he will carry." Had the first order been executed and these vessels moved up the Potomac river the victory of the Merrimac would have been shorn of its chief triumphs.

THE ACTION OF SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

On this day the United States Government had at anchor in Hampton Roads, near Fort Monroe, besides twelve gunboats, mounting from one to five guns, the frigates Roanoke (forty guns), Minnesota (forty-eight guns), St. Lawrence (fifty guns), Brandywine (fifty guns), and the frigates Congress (fifty guns) and Cumberland (thirty guns) lying at Newport News under the guns of a strongly-fortified land battery. Without a trial trip, with workmen on board up to the last minute, with a crew and officers strangers to each other and to the ship, with no opportunity to get things into shape or to drill the men at the guns or instruct them in their various duties, the Merrimac,

under command of Captain Franklin Buchanan, at 11 A. M. of March 8th, cast loose from the navy yard and started on her venture in the game of war, attended by the gunboats Beaufort (Captain W. H. Parker) and Raleigh (Captain J. W. Alexander). These two vessels mounted but one gun each (a banded rifled thirty-two-pounder, for which we are indebted to the inventive genius of Captain Archibald Fairfax, Confederate States Navy), and were the sole survivors of our disaster at Roanoke Island. As we passed the wharves of Portsmouth and Norfolk we discovered the landings to be well crowded with men, women, and children, who gave us salutation, but seemed too deeply moved by the gravity of the moment to break into cheers.

At this time the Merrimac was drawing twenty-two feet aft and twenty-one forward, and seemed to be making a speed of four and one half miles. The two gun-boats, whose ordinary speed was about seven miles an hour, kept along with her under nearly half speed. All went well until we were abreast of Craney Island (five miles from Norfolk), when the Merrimac was so near the bottom that she would not answer her helm. The Beaufort, being called to her assistance, took a hawser from her and towed her past Craney-Island light, where, the water getting deeper, we let her go. The gunboats drew but eight feet of water and were able to cut across the flats of Craney Island, whilst the Merrimac had to keep the channel until abreast of our batteries at Sewell's Point, at which position she could turn up the south channel of James river, making the distance to Newport News about four or five miles further. The day was fresh and clear, and we could see the Congress and Cumberland lying quietly at anchor off the land batteries at Newport News, apparently so unexpectant of danger that their boats were swinging at the lower booms and washed clothes were hanging in the rigging. As the Merrimac headed up the south channel, in a moment inactivity gave place to stir and bustle. The evidences of "wash-day" quickly disappeared; the boats were brought alongside and hoisted, booms were swung in, and both ships cleared for action. The Beaufort and Raleigh steamed at half speed across the flats awaiting the detour of the Merrimac. At about 2.20 P. M. the Beaufort, having got within range, opened the action with a shot at the Congress, and attended by the Raleigh slowly approached the enemy until a favorable position on the quarter of the Congress was secured and maintained until this vessel was surrendered.

THE GREAT NAVAL FIGHT.

At about 2.40 P. M. the Merrimac, having reached position, went into action. In passing the Congress she fired her starboard broad-side at this vessel, and, receiving hers in return without damage, made directly for the Cumberland, then in position off the upper end of the land battery. It appears that the Cumberland, to prevent being rammed or to ward off floating torpedoes, had endeavored to secure protection by placing a raft of a few heavy spars at her bow. Dashing through these, the prow of the Merrimac struck the side of the Cumberland, at right angles, under the fore-rigging, on the star-board side. Lieutenant Catesby Jones, the executive officer of the Merrimac, says: "The noise of the crashing timbers was heard above the din of battle. There was no sign of the hole above water. It must have been large, for the vessel soon began to careen. The shock to us was slight. Backing off from the sinking vessel, we headed up the James river to turn round and engage the Congress." To do this, a most tedious movement, the Merrimac had twice to pass within close range of the shore batteries. They opened a heavy fire upon her, but with little or no damage, as such shot and shell as struck her sides took the angle of inclination and went up in the air.

THE CUMBERLAND SUNK.

In the meantime the Cumberland, though visibly careening and settling in the water, continued her fire. As the advancing water drove the men from the gun-deck they took refuge on the spar-deck and opened fire upon us with her pivot-guns. Lieutenant George U. Morris, her executive officer in command (Captain Radford being absent on duty), says in his official report: "At 3.30 P. M. the water had gained upon us, notwithstanding the pumps were actively at work, to a degree that the forward magazine being drowned we had to take powder from the after magazine for the ten-inch gun. At 3.35 P. M. the water had risen to the main hatchway and the ship canted to port, and we delivered a parting fire, each man trying to save himself by jumping overboard. Timely notice was given and all the wounded who could walk were ordered out of the cock-pit, but those of the wounded in the sick bay and on the berth-deck were so mangled that it was impossible to save them. We have lost

upward of one hundred men. All did their duty, and we sank with the American flag flying at our peak." No ship was ever better handled or more bravely fought.

At this period of the action the James-river fleet, composed of the Patrick Henry, Captain J. R. Tucker; Jamestown, Lieutenant J. N. Barney, and the Teaser, Lieutenant W. A. Webb, ran by the batteries at Newport News under a heavy fire, with some loss, and gallantly joining the fleet from Norfolk, rendered material aid during the remainder of the action.

DISABLED AND AGROUND.

The Congress being under the fire of the Beaufort and Raleigh, and at times of the Merrimac as she slowly executed the movement of turning, seeing the fate of the Cumberland, slipped her cable, loosed her foretop sail, ran up her jib, and, with the assistance of the tug-boat Zouave, either endeavored to escape or to get into shoal water, but in doing so grounded, head inshore, in which position she could bring only her stern guns into action. The Merrimac having by this time headed round, and being in position, about two hundred yards astern of the Congress, with the Beaufort, Raleigh and James-river fleet, concentrated a most destructive fire upon her. Having already suffered much loss and damage from our shot and shell with no possible hope of succor, her commander (Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith having been killed, and each moment adding to the already large number of killed and wounded), Lieutenant Pendergrast, most wisely, about 4 P. M. ran up a white flag at the fore and main masts in token of surrender.

Upon seeing this, the Beaufort being then close in action lowered a boat and sent Midshipmen Charles K. Mallory and Ivey Foreman (acting volunteer) with a crew to take possession of the prize and bring her commander aboard the Beaufort. At this moment the Merrimac signalled the Beaufort to come within hail. We did so, and were then instructed by Commodore Buchanan to board the Congress, take the officers and wounded prisoners, permit the others to escape to the shore, and then burn the ship. As we got under the port broadside of the Congress (our little craft looking like a cockleshell by contrast) we noted that the Stars and Stripes (subsequently hauled down and thrown aboard the Beaufort by Midshipman Foreman) were still flying from her peak, and we had some doubt whether her white flags meant truce or a surrender.

Making fast to the port side of the Congress, Captain Parker sent word to the commanding officer to come on board the Beaufort, and at the same time directed some of his crew to board the vessel and assist in removing the wounded.

TERRIBLE CARNAGE.

Your correspondent gained the decks of the Congress, and has to this day a vivid remembrance of the scene. He has had no opportunity of comparing a battle field with an action on the water, but if the carnage of the former be greater he has no desire to witness it. Confusion, death and pitiable suffering reigned supreme, and the horrors of war quenched the passion and enmity of months.

Lieutenant Pendergrast, in command of the Congress, and Captain William Smith, acting as volunteer, had gone aboard the Beaufort and surrendered their swords to Captain Parker and were instructed to return to the ship and transfer their wounded with dispatch to our vessel. At the same time the Raleigh (Captain Alexander) came alongside the Beaufort and reported for duty and was directed to board the Congress on the other side and assist in removing the wounded. Those of us who were aboard the Congress were suddenly summoned to the Beaufort by the blowing of her whistle.

TREACHERY AND DISHONOR.

We quickly descended the sides of the ship and landed on the decks of the Beaufort, to find that the enemy on shore, disregarding our errand of mercy and the white flags on the Congress, had opened fire upon us with infantry. We were within two hundred yards of the shore, so near that I could plainly see the faces of the men. The fire was most destructive, the first discharge killing Midshipman Hutter and mortally wounding Lieutenant Taylor, acting as volunteers on the Raleigh, besides killing some eight or ten of the men of the Congress on the decks of the Beaufort and wounding many others. The forward cabin of the Beaufort was riddled with balls and her smoke-stack was perforated through and through so as to look somewhat like a sieve. Why every man on her decks was not slain or wounded is one of those phenomena which battles alone reveal. Finding no cessation to this fire, but rather an augmentation, the Beaufort and Raleigh having taken some thirty prisoners

and stands of arms, backed off from the Congress and opened fire upon the shore, but with little or no damage, as the enemy were protected by breastworks.

MINOR AND BUCHANAN WOUNDED.

Time sufficient having elapsed for the Beaufort to execute her orders if no hindrance intervened, Commodore Buchanan noting that the Congress was not on fire, and fearing an attempt at recapture by the United States fleet from Old Point, said in the presence of his flag lieutenant, R. D. Minor, "that ship must be burned." Minor instantly volunteered for the duty, and the Teaser was ordered to cover the attempt. Choosing the starboard side of the Congress as more protected, Minor, with a boat's crew, started to execute the order, but had hardly gotten within fifty yards of the vessel, when fire was again opened upon him both from the shore and the vessel, wounding him severely and several of his men. Commodore Buchanan observing the failure of the attempt, recalled the boat and gave orders to set the Congress on fire with hot shot and shell, but at this moment he, too, was severely wounded by a shot from the shore, though the Merrimac was several hundreds of yards further away, and the command of the Merrimac devolved upon Lieutenant Catesby Ap. R. Jones.

THE RESPONSIBLE PARTY.

It is undoubtedly permissible in war to make recapture, but it can never be justifiable when the sacrifice of life which it requires must be borne alike by friend and foe. A moment's reflection on the part of the officer in command at Newport News would have convinced him of this fact, so that the responsibility for the men of the Congress killed on the decks of the Beaufort, and the further loss of life on this vessel occasioned by our firing upon her with hot shot and shell must be upon him. I find that Brigadier General Joseph K. F. Mansfield, United States army, then in command at Newport News, is responsible for the execution of this order. (*Rebellion Records*, Series 1, vol. ix, page 5.)

ALL ASHORE.

So soon as the Merrimac had disclosed the object of her attack to be the frigates at Newport News, the Union fleet at Fort Monroe (the frigates Minnesota, St. Lawrence, Roanoke, and several gunboats)

got under way to give aid to their sorely-stricken consorts. By a coincidence, which is the more singular from its repetition, the Minnesota grounded one and a half miles to eastward of Newport News, the St. Lawrence grounded in rear of the Minnesota, and the Roanoke further to the eastward still. In this isolation they could give no aid, and only at the close of the day came under fire. Lest it should be thought that I purpose a reflection upon the courage of the officers in command of these stranded vessels, I here take occasion to say that their character as officers of skill, experience, and bravery was well established at the time, and suffered no diminution then or thereafter. "To point the moral and adorn the tale," let me use the language of Lieutenant John Taylor Wood upon a like occasion: "All officers, as far as possible, should learn to do their own piloting."

The Merrimac having given the *coup de grace* to the Congress, now, about five P. M., with the Beaufort, Raleigh, and James River fleet, moved down to do battle with the three remaining frigates ashore, and the gunboats. To do this it was necessary to place the Merrimac in the north channel, so that close range might be had. The Minnesota was a sister ship to the Merrimac and drew about as much water. It was therefore hoped that, without danger of putting the Merrimac ashore, she could yet get at such close quarters as to compel a surrender within a short period of time. When, however, this was attempted the pilots of the Merrimac declined to take the risk of putting the ship nearer, stating that the condition of the tide and the approach of night made it both difficult and dangerous. At long range, therefore, the Merrimac and her attendants opened fire on the Minnesota and continued the action until the approach of night.

WITHDREW.

We withdrew most reluctantly when further victory seemed so nearly in our grasp. Some damage we had done, but by no means commensurate with our wishes. The Minnesota had been struck some fifteen times, her interior was much damaged, partition and bulkheads were knocked down or blown into one by the explosion of our shells. In retiring to our anchorage by the south channel we came within long range of the three frigates and received some broadsides from them, but without damage, as the distance was too great. The sight was a pretty one, and the St. Lawrence, in particular, at

nightfall made a simultaneous discharge of her port broadside, which lit up for a moment the entire scene, in which she stood forth as sharply defined as in a clear day. We anchored that night off Sewell's Point, in the full glare of the burning Congress, fired by our shell and hot shot, though Medical-Director Shippen, who was aboard the Congress, says "the ship was on fire in three places early in the action; that two of the fires were put out, but the third, near the powder magazine, was not extinguished until the ship blew up about 2 A. M.

THE LOSS.

The loss in the Cumberland is reported by Federal account at one hundred and twenty-one killed and drowned; in the Congress, one hundred and twenty-five killed, wounded, and missing. No report is made of the Minnesota, though she, too, had some killed and wounded. In the Confederate fleet we had some forty-five killed and wounded, the larger number of killed being on our wooden vessels. Exhausted with the nervous strain of the day, we slept soundly that night, anticipating a similar career of victory for the morrow.

The Monitor (or Ericsson) had been built in one hundred days especially to meet the Merrimac. She arrived at Fort Monroe at 9 P. M. of March 8th. Secretary Welles had telegraphed Commodore Paulding at the New York yard March 6th: "Let the Monitor come direct to Washington, anchoring below Alexandria." Similar orders had been sent to Captain John Marston, United States Navy, at Fort Monroe. Marston took upon himself the responsibility of disobeying, and kept the Monitor in Hampton Roads. Had Secretary Welles' order been obeyed, the Merrimac on the 9th would have captured not only the Minnesota, St. Lawrence and Roanoke, but every vessel that remained inside of Fortress Monroe. In the engagement of the 8th the Merrimac had lost her prow in striking the Cumberland, two of her guns had been disabled, so as to be useless, by shot from the Cumberland, and her smoke-stack and steam-pipe had been so riddled that it was difficult to keep up sufficient steam. In this plight she was to meet her antagonist. At daylight on the 9th we discovered that the frigates Roanoke and St. Lawrence had been floated and moved to Old Point, but the Minnesota was yet aground in the same position. Near her we discovered an object like a raft, floating low in the water, with smoke-stack and turret amidships.

THE FIGHT.

Closer inspection convinced us it was (Ericsson's Battery) the Monitor. Having sent our wounded ashore we moved out into the Roads, to resume the engagement at 8 A. M. The Merrimac being in advance, our wooden vessels in the rear, to take part if occasion should offer. Lieutenant Jones, then in command of the Merrimac, says of this engagement :

"We stood for the Minnesota and opened fire. Our pilots were to have placed us within half a mile of her, but at no time were we nearer than a mile. At one third of a mile's distance the monitor opened upon us. We rapidly approached each other, and at times were only a ship's length apart. Once we fired a broadside at her only a few yards distant. She and her turret were under perfect control. Once she took a position where we could not bring a gun to bear upon her. Another movement, which gave us great anxiety, was an attempt to run afoul of our rudder and propeller, which could easily have been disabled. Her guns were seen only at the moment of discharge—this done, her turret revolved shutting them out of view. We had no solid shot, and our shell had no effect upon her. With all our caution we ran aground, and remained so for a quarter of an hour. Finding we could make no impression with our shell, we determined if possible to run her down."

Of this attempt Lieutenant Wood, of the Merrimac, says :

"For an hour we manœuvred for position. Now go ahead! Now stop! Now astern! The Merrimac was as unweildy as Noah's ark. At last an opportunity offered, but before we had sufficient headway the Monitor sheered off, and our disabled ram gave a glancing blow, which did no apparent harm."

Within a few moments after this collision the Monitor made her first withdrawal from the action. The Merrimac now resumed her fire at the Minnesota, doing her serious injury and blowing up the boiler of a tug alongside. The Monitor returned to the action, and taking a position with her bow against the Merrimac, fired twice at this distance. The impact of these shots forced the side of the Merrimac in two or three inches, and the concussion knocked down all the men at the after pivot gun, many of whom bled from the nose or ears. "The action had now continued some three hours," says Lieutenant Jones, "without apparent injury to the Monitor." We

were therefore surprised to see her run off into shoal water, where our great draught would not permit us to follow." This second withdrawal was most probably coincident with the following fact, given by Lieutenant S. Dana Greene, the executive officer of the Monitor, page 725-727, "*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*," volume I. Lieutenant Greene says :

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

"Soon after noon a shell from the Merrimac's gun, the muzzle of which was not ten yards distant, struck the forward side of the pilot-house (of the Monitor) directly in the sight-hole, and exploded. Captain Worden was standing immediately behind this spot and received in his face the force of the blow, which partially stunned him, and filling his eyes with powder, utterly blinded him. Worden, blinded as he was, believed the pilot-house to be severely injured, if not destroyed. He, therefore, gave the orders to put the helm to starboard and 'sheer off.' Thus the Monitor temporarily retired from the action to ascertain the extent of the injuries she had received."

Lieutenant Greene, then succeeding to the command, continues his account. "In the confusion of the moment the Monitor had been *moving without direction*. Exactly how much time elapsed from the moment that Worden was wounded until I had reached the pilot-house and completed the examination of the injury at that point, and determined what course to pursue, it is impossible to state ; but it could hardly have exceeded twenty minutes."

Lieutenant Greene admits that being summoned to Worden, "he found him standing at the foot of the ladder leading to the pilot-house, and that he assisted in leading him to a sofa in the cabin, and then assumed the command." If he had contented himself with his statement, "it is impossible to state the time," and had not attempted to qualify it with "hardly exceeded twenty minutes," he would have been more accurate.

THE MONITOR WITHDREW.

As an officer of the Beaufort, and in close proximity to the engagement, though not in the *melee*, for none of our wooden gunboats

took active part in this day's fight, I am justified in making the statement that the Monitor retired from the field on this her second withdrawal from three quarters to an hour. I shall not pretend to say that this is absolutely accurate, for I did not take the actual time, but I do say it was sufficiently long to justify the opinion then formed that she had withdrawn from the action for the day.

There can be no question at this day on the point—which of the two vessels first withdrew from the action. The official report of Captain Van Brunt, of the Minnesota, discloses the retirement of the Monitor, and Lieutenant Greene, her executive, admits that she withdrew twice from the engagement—once to hoist shot into the turret, and again when Worden was wounded—page 725-727, *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, volume I.

Lieutenant Ap. Catesby Jones, of the Merrimac, concludes his statement of the engagement of March 9th in these words :

“We for some time awaited the return of the Monitor to the Roads. The loss of our prow and anchor, consumption of coal, water, etc., had lightened us so that the lower part of the forward end of the shield was awash. After consultation, it was decided that we should proceed to the navy-yard, that the vessel might be brought down in the water and completed. The pilots said if we did not go then we could not pass the bar until noon of the next day. We, therefore, at 12 M. quit the Roads and stood for Norfolk. Had there been any sign of the Monitor's willingness to renew the contest we would have remained to fight her. We left her in the shoal water to which she had withdrawn, and which she did not leave until after we had crossed the bar on our way to Norfolk.”

I have a distinct recollection that at this time, when the Merrimac had crossed the bar, and was well on her way to Norfolk, the Monitor, being then in shoal water on Hampton bar, fired a gun, but apparently made no motion to come out into deep water.

Thus ended this famous engagement, in what may fairly be called a drawn battle. Either adversary seemed powerless to vanquish the other. Yet the Monitor in equipment, invulnerability, speed, draught of water and manageableness was far the superior of the Merrimac. She was put into the fight to vanquish the Merrimac and protect the Minnesota; she failed in the former and succeeded in the latter purpose.

EFFECT OF THE ENGAGEMENTS OF MARCH 8 AND 9, 1862.

Outside of the immediate results of these engagements, the destruction of the frigates Cumberland and Congress, and complete panic in the United States fleet at Fort Monroe, the indirect result of checking the advance of McClellan upon Richmond, by which we were enabled to complete the defences of that city and James river, was one of great moment to the Confederacy. The powerful navies of England and France were brushed aside in a moment. The London *Times* in a note of warning said: "Out of one hundred and forty-nine first class war-ships we have now but two vessels that it would not be madness to trust to an engagement with that little Monitor." Both nations, and other maritime powers, with a speed, ingenuity and lavish expenditure of money, which is unchecked even at this day, hastened to equip themselves to meet the requirements of modern naval warfare. The whole seaboard of the North went into a panic which lasted for weeks, and gave birth to fears which now seem ludicrous.

Taking with us the fact that the Merrimac was the hasty creation of an extreme necessity, the most unwieldy structure that ever was built, utterly inadequate to float outside the capes of Virginia half an hour in the least seaway, or to live through an ordinary easterly blow in Hampton Roads, one can scarcely repress a smile in reading the Federal telegrams of that day.

WELLES'S SCARE.

Secretary Welles of the United States Navy, reports Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, as saying in a Cabinet meeting, called in consequence of the destruction of the Cumberland and Congress on March 8th: "The Merrimac will change the whole character of the war. She will destroy *seriatim* every naval vessel. She will lay all cities of the seaboard under contribution. I shall immediately recall Burnside. Port Royal must be abandoned. I will notify the Governors of States, and the municipal authorities in the North to take instant measures to protect their harbors. He had no doubt but that the Merrimac was at this moment on her way to Washington, and not unlikely we shall have a shell or cannon-ball from one of her guns in the White House before we leave this room." On March 9th Mr. Stanton telegraphed "the Governors of New York, Massachu-

setts and Maine to protect their harbors with large timber rafts''—*Rebellion Records*, page 20, series 1, volume I. On the same date General McClellan sent telegrams to the commanding officers at New York, Newport, New London, Boston and Portland, Maine, to the same effect. Admiral Dahlgren is busy at Washington having twenty-four canal boats laden with stone to close the Potomac river.

General McClellan on March 9th sends a telegram to General Wool, at Fort Monroe, in which, foreseeing the necessity of evacuating Newport News in the event the Merrimac gains possession of the Roads, he consents to a withdrawal of the garrison to Old Point, *Rebellion Records*, page 23, series 1, volume I. March 10th while openly proclaiming the defeat of the Merrimac by the Monitor in the engagement of the 9th, Secretary Welles wires the Assistant-Secretary of the Navy at Fort Monroe, "The President directs that the Monitor be not too much exposed and authorizes vessels laden with stone to be sunk in the channel of Elizabeth river to prevent the Merrimac from again coming out."—Do., page 25. As late as the 12th General McClellan telegraphs Assistant-Secretary Fox: "Can I rely on the Monitor to keep the Merrimac in check so that I can make 'Fort Monroe a base of operations?'"—Do., page 27. The same date General Barnard, chief of engineers, McClellan's army, wires Assistant-Secretary Fox: "The possibility of the Merrimac appearing again, paralyzes the movements of this army by whatever route is adopted."—Do., page 27. The *climax of absurdity* is, however, reached when Secretary-of-War Stanton, passing over the educated, intelligent and skilled corps of naval and army officers, telegraphs Mr. C. Vanderbilt, a private citizen of New York, the owner of river and ocean steamers: "For what sum will you contract to destroy the Merrimac, or prevent her from coming out from Norfolk, you to sink or destroy her if she gets out? Answer by telegram, as there is no time to be lost."—Do., page 31. The doughty commodore of steamboats was unequal to the conundrum, but his patriotism prompted him to make the munificent gift of the large ocean steamer Vanderbilt to the United States Government to be sacrificed, if necessary, in running the Merrimac down.

GAGE OF BATTLE OF APRIL 11, '62, AND THE FORLORN HOPE.

From March 9th to April 11th the Merrimac lay at the navy-yard. New guns took the place of those that had been destroyed, and a supply of bolts of wrought and chilled iron for her guns was put

aboard. A new prow of steel and wrought-iron was fitted to her stem. A course of two-inch iron for one hundred and eighty feet was put on her hull below the casemate. The revolution of the turret of the Monitor, which effectually closed her gun-port when the gun was being loaded, suggested the necessity of adopting some plan to protect those of the Merrimac. The attempt was made to fit them with wrought-iron shutters, but the device was not satisfactory, and but few of her ports were so protected. These changes brought the ship a foot deeper in the water, making her draught now twenty-three feet. Commodore Buchanan being still disabled by his wounds, Commodore Josiah Tatnall was placed in command. There was at no time any question in the minds of the Confederate authorities, or amongst the officers of the Merrimac, but that the enemy must again be offered battle at the earliest moment. On April 1st the Secretary of the Confederate Navy wrote Commodore Tatnall: "You will leave with your ship and attack the enemy when, in your judgment, it may seem best." On April 4th: "Do not hesitate or wait for orders, but strike when, how, and where your judgment may dictate." The Secretary of the United States Navy had, on March 10th, telegraphed: "The President directs that the Monitor be not too much exposed," in the same breath in which her victory was claimed.

The Confederate Secretary and the Confederate naval officers well knew the many defects and vulnerability of the Merrimac. So doubtful were we of success in the next engagement that upon certain information of the exterior and interior structure of the Monitor, which Secretary Mallory had obtained, we organized an expedition of the smaller gunboats in the fleet—the Beaufort, Raleigh, and two others—known as

THE "FORLORN HOPE."

I was of this detail, and would have made my will but that I had no property. Each of the gunboats was provided with a large anchor; their crews were divided into three squads under command of an officer, and designated squads 1, 2, and 3. The orders were that if the Merrimac should be disabled or defeated, each steamer was to make a dash for the Monitor, drop the anchor and make fast to her, so as to hold her in that position. The detail were then to board her. No. 1 was to throw ignited combustibles down her ven-

tilators and every opening, and cover them over with tarpaulin ; No. 2 to wedge the turret to prevent its revolution ; No. 3 to cover the pilot-house, smoke-stack, and other openings with wet sail-cloth, and "smoke the rascals out," as it were. Our calculation was that one of the four small steamers would be sure to get alongside. There was to be no stopping to help those disabled or sunk, and as each had a crew of thirty men this was sufficient for the purpose. If the occasion had been offered, the attempt would have been made beyond peradventure, but I have never yet decided whether they of the Monitor or we of the gunboats were the more fortunate that our purpose was not put to the experiment. April 10, 1862, the Merrimac, with the vessels of the Norfolk and James River fleet, got under way late in the evening and anchored inside of Craney Island for the night, to make an early start the next morning. At 6 A. M. of the 11th we were under way. The sun was clear, with the promise of a beautiful day. As we came in sight of Fort Monroe we beheld the Roads lined with a large fleet of transports, making a scene of beauty that is but rarely granted to a spectator. In a moment a sudden movement spread through the entire merchant fleet, and in less time than I can describe it each vessel had slipped her cable and, like a flock of wild fowl in the act of flight, spread her sails in the race for safety.

When the Merrimac had steamed within two miles of the fort we plainly made out the Monitor, the iron battery Naugatuck, and other war vessels at anchor under Fort Monroe. The French war vessels Gassendi and Catinet and English Corvette Rinaldo were visitors in the Roads at the time, and moved up towards Newport News to give us a clear field. The Merrimac steamed around in a large circle, which at one point brought her within one and one-half miles of her antagonists, offering battle in deep water and upon their own ground—vain endeavor !

SUCCESSFULLY EXECUTED.

After an hour or so of this unprofitable banter, and observing no movement on the part of the enemy, Commodore Tatnall, in bravado and in provocation to them, sent the Jamestown and Raleigh into Hampton Bar to cut out three transports that, deeming themselves in safety, had not moved out of the Roads in the early morning. The movement was most handsomely and successfully executed in

the presence of the Monitor and the Federal fleet. As our ships returned with their captures they passed near the stern of the English Corvette Rinaldo, the officers and crew of which waved their handkerchiefs and hats in salute. We held our position in the Roads until sundown, and at night anchored off Sewell's Point. A day or so after this the Merrimac, again in need of repairs, went up to Norfolk. During the forty-five days she was under Commodore Tatnall's command there were but thirteen days in which she was not in dock or undergoing necessary repairs.

GAGE OF BATTLE MAY 8, 1862.

In consequence of the advance of McClellan's army upon Richmond, the wooden gunboats of the James River and Norfolk fleet, in the latter part of April, were ordered to run by the Federal batteries at Newport News and operate on the right flank of General Joseph E. Johnston. This movement was accomplished in due time by running the batteries at night and without disaster, though the Beaufort, in making the attempt, grounded and remained just opposite the battery in easy range until near daybreak. Our station henceforth being the James river, I must rely upon contemporary accounts for the remaining career of the Merrimac. The beleaguering of Richmond, in the eyes of the Confederate Government, necessitated the evacuation of Norfolk, and though the Merrimac, now alone, was adequate to the defence of Norfolk on the water, it was possible to take the city in rear, now that Johnston's army was concentrated at Richmond, by landing a strong Federal force on the bay shore, and also west of Craney Island, and making a combined attack from the east and west. Valuable stores and materials were yet at the navy-yard, and General Huger, in command at Norfolk, was quietly engaged in shipping them to the interior by river and rail, when the desertion of a tug-boat captain in the service of the Confederacy much hastened matters.

Secretary Mallory, being advised of the probable abandonment of Norfolk, had sent Commodore Hollins to that place to consult with Commodore Tatnall, and such other officers as might be selected, as to the best disposition to be made of the Merrimac in this contingency. The conference was arranged for May 8th, but on that morning the Monitor, Naugatuck, and other United States vessels attacked our battery at Sewell's Point. The Merrimac got under

way immediately to render such assistance as might be needed. Commodore Tatnall's account of the matter is as follows :

"Upon getting into the Roads we found six of the enemies ships, including the ironclads Stevens, Monitor, and Naugatuck, shelling the battery. We passed the battery and stood directly for the enemy to engage him, and I thought an action certain, particularly as the Minnesota and Vanderbilt, which were anchored below Fort Monroe, got under way and stood up to that point, apparently with the intention of joining their squadron in the Roads. Before we got within gunshot the enemy ceased firing and retired with all speed under the protection of the guns at the fort, followed by the Merrimac until the shells from the Rip Raps passed over us. We, there-upon, returned to our anchorage near Sewell's Point, and I proceeded to Norfolk for the purposes of the conference called for this day."

Let us see what the Federal account has to say of the affair. Commodore Goldsborough, United States Navy, then in command of the station at Fort Monroe, says :

"The Monitor had orders to fall back into fair channel way, and only to engage seriously in such a position that *this ship, together* with the merchant vessels, intended for the purpose, could run her (the Merrimac) down. The other vessels were not to hesitate to run her down, and the Baltimore, an unarmed steamer of high speed and curved bow, was kept in the direction of the Monitor, especially to throw herself across the Merrimac forward or aft of her plated casemate, but the Merrimac did not engage the Monitor, nor did she place herself where she could have been assailed by our rams to any advantage." Let us sum the matter up.

SUMMING UP.

1. On the 9th of March, the only occasion upon which the Merrimac and Monitor did engage, it is in evidence from Federal official sources that the Monitor twice retired from the engagement of the day ; the Merrimac retired only when the action was supposed to be concluded.

2. On April 11th the Merrimac, in the presence of two French and one English war vessel, offered the Monitor and the Stevens iron battery battle. Then, to provoke them to accept it, cut out three Federal transports almost under their guns, but without bringing them to issue.

3. On May 8th the Merrimac drove the Monitor, Naugatuck, and six other United States war vessels from Sewell's Point to within one and a half miles of Fort Monroe, and seeing no disposition to engage returned to anchor. On this occasion, the Federal fleet declined the action, says Commodore Goldsborough, United States Navy, "because the Merrimac did not place herself in deep water, nor in a position of advantage," to be attacked by the Monitor, Naugatuck, Minnesota, Illinois, San Jacinto, and to be run down by the Baltimore, Arago, Vanderbilt, and all other vessels that might be on hand to coach the Monitor. The Merrimac drew twenty-three feet of water, and with the exception of the Minnesota, there was no vessel in the Federal fleet that drew as much as fifteen feet. Moreover, they claimed the superiority of the Monitor over the Merrimac--a fact we admitted then, and admit now. Comment is unnecessary. Like Jack Bunsby, let us say: "The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it," and dismiss the subject with the "observation" of the Marquis of Montrose—

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all."

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MERRIMAC BY THE CONFEDERATES.

The conference in Norfolk of May 9th as to the disposal of the Merrimac had resulted in the decision that "the Merrimac was then employed to best advantage, and that she should continue for the present to protect Norfolk, and thus afford time to remove the public property." Commodore Tatnall upon this joined his ship, at anchor near Sewell's Point. On May 10th, about 10 A. M., it was observed that no Confederate flag was flying at Sewell's Point battery and that the fort seemed to be abandoned. Flag-Lieutenant J. Pembroke Jones was immediately sent to Craney Island, and there learned for the first time that a large force of the enemy had landed at Bay Shore and were rapidly marching on Norfolk, and that our troops were retreating. Lieutenant Jones was then sent to Norfolk to confer with General Huger, in command at that place, and with Captain Sidney S. Lee at the navy-yard. At the navy-yard he found everything in flames, and that all the officers had left on the railroad. At Norfolk he was informed that General Huger and all his officers had left and

that the enemy were within half a mile of the city in treaty with the mayor for its surrender. About 7 P. M. he reached the Merrimac with his report, and at this hour all the batteries on the river and Craney Island had been abandoned by our troops. The night was fast approaching, and what was to be done must be done quickly. It had been decided previously that the Merrimac could accomplish nothing in York river by reason of its width and many creeks of refuge. The ascent of the Potomac to Washington, except in good weather, was impracticable. A venture outside the capes was an impossibility. Battle with the Federal fleet in the Roads on their own terms gave no encouragement. It had been previously declined, and now, with our base of supplies in the hands of our enemies, they had but to keep out of our way and ten days or a week would bring the crew of the Merrimac face to face with starvation and capitulation.

In the emergency, and under the assurance of the pilots that if the ship were lightened to eighteen feet she could be carried to within forty miles of Richmond. Commodore Tatnall called his crew to quarters, and informed them of his purpose. With a cheer they set to work to lighten ship, dumping overboard all heavy stones, ballast, and pig-iron which had been put aboard to bring her down in the water to fighting trim. Commodore Tatnall being unwell had retired to rest. Between 1 and 2 A. M. of the 11th, he was aroused by Lieutenant Ap. Catesby Jones, with the report that after the crew had been at work some five hours, and had lightened the ship so as to expose her hull and render her unfit for action, the pilots now said the ship could not be carried with eighteen feet above Jamestown Flats. Some distance above this point the river was in possession of the enemy on both banks. Tatnall demanded of his pilots the reason for their deception or change of opinion. They replied eighteen feet could be carried over Jamestown Flats during the prevalence of easterly winds, but as the wind had been westerly for several days they were unwilling to make the attempt.

The wooden hull was now above water and entirely defenceless against shot and shell. Her ballast had been thrown overboard, and nothing was at hand to bring her down in the water again. To engage the Federal fleet was now hopeless and shorn of every prospect of success. The attempt must meet with certain destruction and great sacrifice of life.

BURNED.

A hasty conference with his officers decided Tatnall that the wisest course now open to him was to abandon and burn his ship and save his crew for service in Richmond. She was, therefore, put on shore as near Craney Island as possible, and having but two boats it took three hours to land her crew. She was set fire to fore and aft, and was soon in full blaze. At about 4.30 o'clock on the morning of the 11th of May, 1862, her magazine exploded, and the Merrimac was a thing of the past. In the blaze of the burning vessel the crew were marched to Suffolk, twenty-two miles distant, where they took train for Richmond, arriving there in time to render valuable service in our land batteries at Drury's Bluff, where they had the pleasure of again meeting and foiling their old adversaries, the Monitor, Galena, and other United States vessels in their attack on Drury's Bluff May 15, 1862.

The success and the fame of the Merrimac had far outreached, in the imagination of the Southern people, her real capacity. The disappointment and indignation of the public, and the criticism of our press, were so vehement in their condemnation of Commodore Tatnall that he promptly requested a court of inquiry, and then a court-martial upon his conduct. After a full and exhaustive examination of all the particulars he was awarded an unanimous acquittal. The court, composed of a board of twelve officers of the highest rank and with the experience of many years' service, closed its finding in these words:

HONORABLE ACQUITTAL.

"Being thus situated, the only alternative in the opinion of the court was to abandon and burn the ship then and there, which, in the judgment of this court, was deliberately and wisely done; wherefore, the court do award to the said Captain Josiah Tatnall an honorable acquittal."

The Merrimac and the Monitor came upon the stage of action at the same time, and the close of their career was not far apart. They suggest the parallel made between the lives of two ancient warriors. It cannot be said, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives," but "in their death they were not divided."

At daybreak of December 29, 1862, the Monitor, under convoy of the United States steamer Rhode Island, left Fort Monroe bound

for Charleston, South Carolina. At noon December 30th, when at sea, about seventy miles off Cape Hatteras, they got into a heavy gale. At 10 P. M., matters having become critical and it being impossible to keep the Monitor free of the water that came aboard with every sea, signals of distress were burned. Gallant and untiring efforts of rescue were made by the Rhode Island, and one of her boats was on its third and last perilous trip to remove those still aboard the Monitor when the ill-fated vessel suddenly disappeared beneath the angry waters, carrying down with her four officers and twelve men, forty-nine having been saved. This boat failed to reach the Monitor or regain the side of the Rhode Island, but drifted all night and the next day upon the waste of waters, until rescued by a passing vessel and taken into Philadelphia.

We live within a new environment. The Merrimac and the Monitor are things of the past; but history shall note their deeds when the names of those who bore part in them shall be unremembered.

VIRGINIUS NEWTON,
Late a Midshipman, C. S. Navy.

JACKSON AND EWELL.

THE LATTER'S OPINION OF HIS CHIEF.

Interview with Colonel Benjamin S. Ewell, Ex-President of William and Mary—His Brother's Relations to Jackson.

[From the Richmond *Times* June 12, 1892.]

On Tuesday, October 13, 1891, General John Echols delivered before the Confederate Association of Kentucky, at Louisville, an "Address on Stonewall Jackson," which the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, in an article in its issue of October 17th, 1891, characterizes as an "impressive tribute to Christianity," and as a "thrilling

recital of General Jackson's matchless movements," and testimony to his military ability. Bishops Dudley and Penick, Rev. Doctors Broadbuss and Jones, the Rev. J. G. Minnigerode and other ministers in the great audience, it is stated, were visibly affected.

Some allusions of the orator, it would appear from the following article, which the editor has pleasure in reproducing, have been taken alone and apart from the address, and construed, it may be apprehended, as it was not intended or expected they would be. The *Times* in an introductory note cites the objectionable paragraph as follows :

"General Ewell did not have a high opinion of General Jackson's natural ability,"—and continues: "General Jubal A. Early has written a letter denying this, and showing that General Ewell had the very highest regard and esteem for his commanding general. The following interview with Colonel Benjamin Ewell, of near Williamsburg, president *emeritus* of William and Mary College, and brother of the General, confirms General Early's statement :

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., June 8, 1892.

Colonel Benjamin S. Ewell, president *emeritus* of William and Mary College, who is closely verging on eighty-two, yet retains that vigorous, genial manhood which was such a pleasant characteristic of his earlier years, resides about four miles above town. Meeting him not long since, I asked him to tell me what he knew of the relations between Generals Thomas J. Jackson (Stonewall) and his brother, General Richard S. Ewell. "With pleasure," he replied, and said he had failed to get a copy of an address recently delivered by General John Echols in Louisville, Kentucky, on Stonewall Jackson, in which mention was made of General Ewell, and from which he expected much accurate information on the Valley campaign of 1862, as the General was a prominent and active officer in it till severely wounded at the battle of Kernstown. But it was not written, and, so far as is known here, imperfectly reported.

GENERAL EWELL'S CONVERSION.

Colonel Ewell went on to say that he had seen but one report of General Echols' address, and that with the exception of a few lines it consisted of a letter received by him from a distinguished Vir-

ginia minister in regard to General Ewell and Stonewall Jackson. I give an abridged copy of this letter, as it is connected with what Colonel Ewell has to say on the subject :

“GENERAL JOHN ECHOLS :

“DEAR GENERAL—’Twas in connection with General Ewell’s conversion to Christ from his accidentally overhearing Jackson praying for guidance in the prosecution of the campaign. My informant got the account from a minister of the Presbyterian church, who was present at one of the sessions in examining General Ewell (who had been a very profane man and skeptical) and hearing him give his experience and what led him to desire membership in the church. * * * General Ewell did not have a high opinion of Jackson’s natural ability, and often remarked in the hearing of his staff that he did not have good common sense, and so the staff used to join in with him in deriding the claims of Jackson’s friends to his being a great general. But Jackson kept on winning victories, and the staff, one after another, ceased talking in the strain they had been indulging in, and Ewell was left alone in reaffirming his oft-repeated convictions. This went on till Pope had assumed command of the Federal troops, and at a juncture of that campaign a council of war was held, at which Generals Jackson and Ewell were present. None present had anything to suggest, but Jackson said that as they seemed to think he ought to know what to do, if they would meet again next morning before daylight he might have something to offer. General Ewell left his gauntlets in Jackson’s tent when the council adjourned and returning to get them heard the voice of Jackson within engaged in prayer. Supposing the prayer would be short, Ewell waited for awhile, but Jackson prayed so long and fervently he concluded to leave. The substance of the prayer Ewell heard was his ‘telling his Heavenly Father that he did not know what to do; that everything seemed to be involved in perfect darkness and that the other generals seemed to expect that he would be able to tell them what the army ought to do; would he graciously reveal to him what was best to be done.’ Next morning he laid before the council what he had to suggest and all present instantly perceived that it was the very thing that ought to be done, and so the movement through Thoroughfare Gap was decided upon. Ewell was wounded, but he still held the opinion as to Jackson’s natural ability, and there was, therefore, no other way to explain Jackson’s success, except that prayer had

power with God, and that this fact carried with it practically all the rest that the New Testament taught, and that having come to that conclusion he asked admission to church fellowship."

WHAT COLONEL EWELL SAYS.

Colonel Ewell says respecting this letter that "if correctly reported the writer or his informant made mistakes, as some of its statements are supported by no known records; indeed, are directly contradicted by them. I regret I cannot deny what is said of General Ewell's profanity, but since 'Uncle Toby' told that 'our army in Flanders swore terribly,' armies of English-speaking people have followed the bad example. Our army in Mexico 'swore terribly.' General Twiggs, that he might inspire the young volunteer officers with a suitable respect for the regulars, 'swore terribly' when in their presence, and would scold his staff officers for not following his example."

When, in 1861, General Ewell found that he had men to deal with of a different type than his old "regulars," and heeding the judicious advice given him by the Rev. Dr. Hoge, soon he began to abate the bad habit. He was a church-goer when he had the opportunity, and his skepticism did not exceed that of the average man of the world. No council of war was called by Jackson during the Pope campaign in 1862, for the only one he ever had, met March 11, 1862, at Winchester, of which General Echols was a member. General Ewell was never examined by the session of any Presbyterian church, and therefore never gave his experience in the manner described, nor did he join that church. In the spring of 1863 he was confirmed by Bishop Johns at St. Paul's, Richmond, as a member of the Episcopal church.

ORIGIN OF THE STORY.

The whole story is founded on the following extract from *Dr. Dabney's Life of Jackson*: "Jackson's army, marching from the Valley to join General Lee, encamped at Ashland, June 25, 1862, late at night. Two of the commanders of divisions went to Jackson's tent and advised that he should move the army by two columns, on parallel roads, instead of by one. He listened respectfully, but requested that they would wait his decision until morning. When they left him the one said to the other: 'Do you know why General

Jackson would not decide upon our suggestion at once? It was because he has to pray over it before he makes up his mind.' A moment after, the second returned to Jackson's quarters to get his sword, which he had forgotten, and as he entered found him on his knees praying." This is the whole story told by Dr. Dabney, who gives no names, as evidence of Jackson's unvarying attention to his religious duties.

GENERAL EWELL JOINS JACKSON.

General Ewell joined Jackson at Swift Run Gap on April 30, 1862. He went in obedience to orders, and not from choice, as at that time he believed Jackson to be a brave but very eccentric man. The successful Valley campaign of 1862, however, affected a radical change in Ewell's opinions. I was with Ewell several times during the Seven Days' battle, June and July, 1862, when the Confederate army was before Harrison's Landing, and later from the 10th to 13th July, when his division was encamped near Richmond. He told me that some of his officers were trying to have the division ordered from Jackson, and had applied to General Cooper for that purpose; that he had been to see General Cooper, and had requested that the division be kept where it then was with Jackson. This General Cooper told him should be done, and no change was made. I did not see General Ewell again till after he was wounded, August 28, 1862. I found him at the house of his uncle, Dr. Jesse Ewell, in the northern part of Prince William county, slowly convalescing and in fair spirits, thanks to the affectionate and careful nursing of the doctor and his interesting family, and to his skillful surgeon, Dr. Morrison, of Rockbridge.

ANXIETY ABOUT JACKSON.

I was with him when the battle of Antietam was fought, September 17, 1862, distant in air line about thirty miles. From morning till night the roar of the artillery was distinct and incessant. During the day I noticed that General Ewell became excited to such a degree that I spoke to Dr. Morrison on the subject, and finally to him. After awhile he told me with evident emotion he could not listen to the sounds of the battle without fearing the loss of General Jackson, believing his preservation important and necessary to the success of the Confederate cause. It is evident that in 1862 Ewell appreciated Jackson.

CONFESSES HIS MISTAKE.

The first year of the war Ewell told the Rev. Dr. M. D. Hoge that while he knew that Jackson was brave, he doubted his judgment. Subsequently he acknowledged to Dr. Hoge that he had been mistaken as to Jackson's judgment, and, further, that the chances of the South would have been improved had he been made dictator. There can be no question of the effect of General Jackson's unswerving faith and exalted piety, seen in every phase of his life by the soldiers of the Confederate army with whom he came in contact. After the close of the battle of Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862, General Ewell, with General D. H. Hill, went to Jackson's quarters, a short distance from the field. General Hill said something to Jackson in a jocular way about his being so far from his command. Jackson replied that "there was nothing doing, and that being the case he might as well be there as anywhere else," or words to that effect. This I was told by General Ewell the next morning. During the night of July 1st McClellan retreated to Harrison's Landing, less than half a day's march from Malvern Hill. The Confederate army reached his front about midday Friday, July 4th. "General Jackson was chafing like a lion at the delay," and found the position too strong to be attacked. (*Dabney's Life of Jackson.*) General Barnard, United States engineer, a prominent member of McClellan's staff, told me since 1865 that when the United States army reached Harrison's Landing, after Malvern Hill, it was so disorganized in every respect if it had been followed within twelve hours by the Confederate army and the heights commanding the landing occupied, a surrender would have been inevitable. By that time order had been evolved from chaos and the position made tenable. In the April number of 1873 of the "*Southern Historical Society Papers*" General Lee is represented as saying: "If I had had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg, we would have won a great victory." It is difficult for any reader of Jackson's campaigns not to come to the same conclusion, and it is no more reflection on any of them to say they were not Marlboroughs, Napoleons or Von Moltkes. Under Jackson's example doubts and delays would have been replaced by decisions and prompt action, and in all probability the Federal army would, notwithstanding General Meade's ability and energy, have been defeated in detail before the short time at his disposal enabled him to concentrate his scattered corps.

JACKSON ON EWELL.

What General Jackson thought of General Ewell's services may be inferred from Dr. Dabney's account of an interview between Jackson and Mr. Boteler, held July, 1862, while the army was confronting McClellan at Harrison's Landing. General Jackson advised an immediate invasion of the North, and asked Mr. Boteler to "impress his views on the Government," adding, "he was willing to follow, not to lead in this glorious enterprise. He was willing to follow anybody—General Lee or the gallant Ewell." (*Life of Jackson.*)

GENERAL EARLY'S VIEWS.

General Jubal A. Early, as true and unselfish as he is brave, always ready to break a lance to defend the memory of a comrade unjustly and unduly criticised or censured, writes in the "*Southern Historical Society Papers*," No. 1877, of General Ewell: "His military record for the year 1862 is so intimately identified with that of Stonewall Jackson that one cannot exist without the other. The fight and pursuit of Banks down the Valley, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cold Harbor, Slaughter's Mountain and that most wonderful dash to Pope's rear, in 1862, would be shorn of half their proportions if Ewell's name was blotted from the record. Jackson's men made a demand upon his energy, courage and skill that was not promptly honored, and he was maimed for life in earnestly seconding his immortal leader in that most brilliant of all his achievements—the bewildering display of grand tactics between the armies of Pope and McClellan in the plains of Manassas in the last days of August, 1862.

ALL ECCENTRIC TO OUR FRIENDS.

General Dick Taylor, the son of General Zachary Taylor and the author of book on the war, "*Destruction and Reconstruction*," commanded a brigade in Ewell's division during the Valley campaign of 1862. They were good friends, as well as fellow-soldiers. Most of us are in the estimation of our best friends more or less eccentric. So Taylor and Ewell thought Jackson, and so Taylor thought Ewell and so Ewell thought Taylor, and I have no doubt that if Jackson's mind hadn't been full of more important matters he would have thought so of Ewell and Taylor. In July, 1862, Ewell told me of

Taylor's genius and military ability, but that he feared, so eccentric was he, his mind would lose its balance. The following is from Taylor's book : " On two occasions in the Valley during the temporary absence of Jackson from the front, Ewell summoned me to his side and immediately rushed forward among the skirmishers when some sharp work was going on. Having refreshed himself he returned with the hope that ' Old Jackson would not catch him at it.' He always spoke of Jackson, several years his junior, as ' old,' and told me in confidence that he admired his genius, but was certain of his lunacy, and that he never saw one of Jackson's couriers approach without expecting an order to charge the North pole.

" Later, after he had heard Jackson seriously declare that he never ate pepper, because it produced a weakness in his left leg, he was confirmed in this opinion, with all his oddities, perhaps in some measure by reason of them. Ewell was beloved by his officers and men. Dear Dick Ewell, Virginia never had a truer gentleman, a braver soldier, nor an odder, more lovable fellow."

I regret I have been forced thus to tax your patience, but could not well say less. The statements I make are to be depended on, being of record or within the limits of my own personal knowledge.

THE ARTILLERY DEFENDERS OF FORT GREGG.

A CORRECTION.

Captain W. S. Chew of Maryland, not Colonel Chew of Virginia.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., 7th September, 1892.

MR. R. A. BROCK,

Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:

DEAR SIR—In my article on the Artillery Defence of Fort Gregg, published in Vol. xix, *Southern Historical Society Papers* (pp. 65-71), I find that I was in error as to the artillery officer named Chew, who was in the fort when the assault was made. It was not *Colonel* Chew of Virginia, an officer of tried and distinguished gallantry, but Captain W. S. Chew, Fourth Maryland, who was there, but not in command. I, therefore, tender my apology to Colonel Chew for the error I made unintentionally.

Very sincerely,

W. MILLER OWEN,

Late Lieutenant-Colonel Artillery, A. N. V.

LIVING GENERALS OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

A COMPILATION BELIEVED TO BE ACCURATE UP TO DATE.

One Hundred and Sixty-six Living Confederate Generals of Different
Grades. Their Names and Rank.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch* November 20, 1892.]

The following list was republished by the *Dispatch* after revision by distinguished Confederate Generals including General Marcus J. Wright of the War Record Office, Washington, D. C. The Editor has further corrected it.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

To the Editor of the Ex-Confederate :

As your paper is read not only in this State, but, I hope, in every State in the South, where you have numerous readers, I send you for publication a corrected roster of the surviving generals of the Confederate army, compiled from the most reliable data to be had to October 1, 1892.

The number of general officers of all grades appointed and commissioned is four hundred and ninety-eight—viz. : Six generals, one general with temporary rank, one quarter-master general, two commissary-generals and two surgeon-generals ; one hundred and two rose to the rank of major-general and twenty-one rose to the rank of lieutenant-general. General Joseph E. Johnston, with six major-generals and twenty-two brigadier generals, are reported dead since January 1, 1891, leaving one hundred and sixty-six living out of the original number. I hope that this list is correct ; that they are all living as reported, but if any have "crossed over the river," I ask my old friends to be kind enough to give me the name, rank, State, and residence. The old Confederates now living will, when reading this roster of the living, recall many incidents of the war now long since forgotten. Peruse this list—viz :

GENERAL.

Gustav P. T. Beauregard, New Orleans.

GENERAL WITH TEMPORARY RANK.

Edmond Kirby Smith, Sewanee, Tennessee.

LIEUTENANT-GENERALS.

Stephen D. Lee, Starkville, Mississippi.
James Longstreet, Gainesville, Georgia.
Jubal A. Early, Lynchburg, Virginia.
Simon B. Buckner, Frankfort, Kentucky.
Joseph Wheeler, Wheeler, Alabama.
Ambrose P. Stewart, Oxford, Mississippi.
Wade Hampton, Columbia, South Carolina.
John B. Gordon, Atlanta, Georgia.

MAJOR-GENERALS.

Gustavus W. Smith, New York.
Lafayette McLaws, Savannah, Georgia.
S. G. French, Holly Springs, Mississippi.
John H. Forney, Alabama.
Dabney H. Maury, Richmond, Virginia.
Henry Heth, Antietam Survey, Washington, D. C.
R. F. Hoke, Raleigh, North Carolina.
J. L. Kemper, Orange Courthouse, Virginia.
W. B. Bate, United States Senate, Washington.
J. B. Kershaw, Camden, South Carolina.
M. C. Butier, United States Senate, Washington.
E. C. Walthall, United States Senate, Washington.
L. L. Lomax, Virginia.
P. M. B. Young, Cartersville, Georgia.
T. L. Rosser, Charlottesville, Virginia.
W. W. Allen, Montgomery, Alabama.
S. B. Maxey, Paris, Texas.
William Mahone, Petersburg, Virginia.
G. W. Custis Lee, Lexington, Virginia.
William B. Taliaferro, Gloucester, Virginia.
John G. Walker, Washington, D. C.
William T. Martin, Natchez, Mississippi.

C. J. Polignac, Orleans, France.
E. M. Law, Yorkville, South Carolina.
James F. Fagan, Little Rock, Arkansas.
Thomas Churchill, Little Rock, Arkansas.
Richard C. Gatlin, Fort Smith, Arkansas.
Matt W. Ranson, United States Senate, Washington.
J. A. Smith, Jackson, Mississippi.
Fitzhugh Lee, Glasgow, Virginia.

BRIGADIER-GENERALS.

George T. Anderson, Anniston, Alabama.
Frank C. Armstrong, Washington, D. C.
E. P. Alexander, Savannah, Georgia.
Arthur P. Bagby, Texas.
Rufus Barringer, Charlotte, North Carolina.
Pinckney D. Bowles, Alabama.
William L. Brandon, Mississippi.
John Bratton, South Carolina.
J. L. Brent, Baltimore.
C. A. Battle, Newbern, North Carolina.
R. L. T. Beale, The Hague, Virginia.
Hamilton P. Bee, San Antonio, Texas.
W. R. Boggs, Winston, North Carolina.
Tyree H. Bell, Tennessee.
William L. Cabell, Dallas, Texas.
E. Capers, Columbia, South Carolina.
James R. Chalmers, Vicksburg, Mississippi.
Thomas L. Clingman, Asheville, North Carolina.
George B. Cosby, California.
Francis M. Cockrell, United States Senate.
A. H. Colquitt (Georgia), United States Senate.
R. E. Colston, Washington, D. C.
Phil. Cook, Atlanta, Georgia.
M. D. Corse, Alexandria, Virginia.
Alexander W. Campbell, Tennessee.
Alfred Cumming, Augusta, Georgia.
X. B. DeBray, Austin, Texas.
William R. Cox, Penelo, North Carolina.
H. B. Davidson, California.
T. P. Dockery, Arkansas.

Basil W. Duke, Louisville, Kentucky.
Joseph Davis, Mississippi City.
John Echols, Louisville, Kentucky.
C. A. Evans, Atlanta, Georgia.
Samuel W. Ferguson, Greenville, Mississippi.
J. J. Finley, Florida.
D. M. Frost, Missouri.
Richard M. Gano, Dallas, Texas.
R. L. Gibson, United States Senate.
William L. Gardner, Memphis, Tennessee.
G. W. Gordon, Memphis.
E. C. Govan, Arkansas.
Johnson Haygood, Barnwell, South Carolina.
George P. Harrison, Jr., Auburn, Alabama.
Robert J. Henderson, Atlanta, Georgia.
A. T. Hawthorne, Atlanta.
J. F. Holtzclaw, Montgomery, Alabama.
Eppa Hunton, United States Senate.
William P. Hardeman, Austin, Texas.
N. H. Harris, Mississippi.
Edward Higgins, Norfolk, Virginia.
George B. Hodge, Kentucky.
J. D. Imboden, Damacus, Virginia.
Henry R. Jackson, Savannah, Georgia.
William H. Jackson, Nashville, Tennessee.
Bradley T. Johnson, Baltimore, Maryland.
George D. Johnson, Civil Service Commissioner. Washington,
D. C.
Robert D. Johnson, Birmingham, Alabama.
A. R. Johnson, Texas.
J. D. Kennedy, Camden, South Carolina.
William H. King, Austin, Texas.
William W. Kirkland, New York.
James H. Lane, Auburn, Alabama.
A. R. Lawton, Savannah, Georgia.
T. M. Logan, Richmond, Virginia.
Robert Lowry, Jackson, Mississippi.
Joseph H. Lewis, Kentucky.
W. G. Lewis, Tarboro, North Carolina.
William McComb, Gordonsville, Virginia.

Samuel McGowan, Abbeville, South Carolina.
John T. Morgan, United States Senate.
T. T. Munford, Lynchburg, Virginia.
George Maney, Nashville.
John McCausland, West Virginia.
Henry E. McCulloch, Texas.
W. R. Miles, Mississippi.
William Miller, Florida.
B. McGlathan, Savannah, Georgia.
John C. Moore, Texas.
Francis T. Nichols, New Orleans, Louisiana.
R. L. Page, Norfolk, Virginia.
W. H. Payne, Warrenton, Virginia.
W. F. Perry, Glendale, Kentucky.
Roger A. Pryor, New York City.
Lucius E. Polk, Ashwood, Tennessee.
W. H. Parsons, Texas.
N. B. Pearce, Arkansas.
E. W. Pettus, Selma, Alabama.
W. A. Quarles, Clarkesville, Tennessee.
B. H. Robertson, Washington, D. C.
F. H. Robertson, Waco, Texas.
Daniel Ruggles, Fredericksburg, Virginia.
George W. Rains, Augusta, Florida.
D. H. Reynolds, Arkansas.
William P. Roberts, Gatesville, North Carolina.
L. S. Ross, College Station, Texas.
Charles A. Ronald, Blacksburg, Virginia.
Charles M. Shelly, Alabama.
F. A. Shoup, Sewanee, Tennessee.
G. M. Sorrell, Savannah, Georgia.
George H. Stuart, Baltimore, Maryland.
Marcellus A. Stovall, Augusta, Georgia.
Edward L. Thomas, Washington, D. C.
W. R. Terry, Richmond, Virginia.
J. C. Tappan, Helena, Arkansas.
Robert B. Vance, Asheville, North Carolina.
A. J. Vaughan, Memphis, Tennessee.
James A. Walker, Wytheville, Virginia.
D. A. Weisiger, Richmond, Virginia.

L. S. Baker, Suffolk, Virginia.
E. McNair, Halleysburg, Mississippi.
T. B. Smith, Nashville, Tennessee.
N. H. Harris, Vicksburg, Mississippi.
J. Z. George, United States Senate.
Zebulon York, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
G. Z. Wharton, Radford, Virginia.
Marcus J. Wright, Washington, D. C.
G. J. Wright, Griffin Georgia.
H. H. Walker, New York.
W. S. Walker, Florida.
W. H. Wallace, Columbia, South Carolina.
T. N. Waul, Galveston, Texas.
John S. Williams, Mount Sterling, Kentucky.
Joe Shelby, Butler, Missouri.
John B. Clark, Jr., Washington, D. C.

Respectfully submitted for the information of the old Confederate veterans and others.

W. L. CABELL.

REUNION OF COMPANY D.

FIRST REGIMENT VIRGINIA CAVALRY, C. S. A.

Held at Abingdon, July 4th, 1892.

[From the Abingdon *Weekly Virginian*, July, 15, 1892.]

We stated in closing the short notice in our last issue, of the reunion of the survivors of Company D, First Regiment Virginia Cavalry, that we would give a full account in this issue, and we now proceed to comply with our promise.

The survivors were notified by a call, signed by C. T. Litchfield, Captain, and P. C. Landrum, Orderly Sergeant, published in this paper, to report in Abingdon (mounted) at 10 o'clock A. M., on July 4th, and in pursuance of the call, the following appeared and participated in the proceedings of the day, viz :

C. T. LITCHFIELD, Captain.

G. V. LITCHFIELD, Lieutenant.

H. C. Butt,	Wm. Buchanan,
Alexander Buskell,	S. D. Black,
John Bryant,	James H. Clark,
T. M. Clapp,	Thomas W. Colley,
W. L. Colley,	L. T. Cosby,
John G. R. Davis,	David Debusk,
William L. Dunn,	M. V. Edmondson,
F. S. Findlay,	Benjamin Gildersleeve,
M. H. Latham,	B. D. Ligon,
David Lowry,	Lil. Montgomery,
Charles Morrell,	R. M. Page,
James H. Page,	R. B. Preston,
Thomas Preston,	J. C. Rush,
F. S. Robertson,	J. A. Rodefer,
John B. Richards,	S. D. Sanders,
John L. Smith,	Thomas Smith,
W. L. Snodgrass,	C. F. Trigg,
Thomas K. Trigg,	John C. White.

The survivors were formed in a vacant lot at the East end of Main street, and thence marched in column of fours to a point on Main street in front of the Court-house, where the roll of all who had at any time been members of the company was called by John G. White, acting orderly sergeant in the absence of P. C. Landrum, who held that office at the close of the war. This was the first roll-call since "the day of Appomattox."

The following is the roll as called, and it is believed to be reasonably accurate, and contains a statement of the men killed and those wounded, those who died during or since the war being marked "dead":

Captain W. E. Jones (afterwards General), killed.
 Captain W. W. Blackford, wounded.

Lieutenant Rees B. Edmondson, wounded.
 Lieutenant G. V. Litchfield, wounded.
 Lieutenant Warren M. Hopkins, dead.
 Lieutenant Thomas B. Edmondson, killed:

Orderly-Sergeant James King, killed.
Orderly-Sergeant John W. Butt, killed.
Orderly-Sergeant P. C. Landrum, wounded.

James Arnett, dead.
Mansfield Asbury, dead.
William Asbury, dead.
L. D. Asbury.
Abram Allison, dead.
Walter Bailey, killed.
Thomas W. Bailey, killed.
Oscar S. Bailey.
William Bailey, dead.
James A. Bailey.
Joseph H. Baker, killed.
J. A. P. Baker.
William Bearden, dead.
Robert F. Beattie, wounded.
Fountain Beattie, wounded.
Walter Beattie, killed.
Henry C. Butt.
Randolph Buchanan, dead.
William Buchanan.
Alexander Buskell, wounded.
Richard Buskell, killed.
William D. W. Black.
Samuel D. Black.
James M. Byars.
A. H. Byars.
John Bryant, wounded.
David Barr.
William D. Barker.
James H. Bradley.
John Campbell, dead.
D. C. Carmack, dead.
A. P. R. Catron, killed.
F. M. Catron, wounded and dead.
James H. Clark.
W. D. Clark, wounded.
I. L. Clark, wounded.

Thomas W. Clark.
W. F. P. Clark, killed.
Riley Clark, killed.
W. R. Clark.
T. M. Clapp, wounded.
Thomas V. Cole, dead.
J. F. Cook.
D. C. Cole, dead.
Rufus R. Cassell, dead.
J. L. Cato.
Thomas W. Colley, wounded.
William L. Colley.
T. L. Colley, dead.
B. C. Crawford.
Thomas Crawford.
A. M. Crockett, wounded.
J. M. Cook, dead.
L. T. Cosby.
William Cubine.
John D. Cosby.
Charles H. Dulaney.
John G. R. Davis.
John M. Davis.
Thomas Davidson, dead.
J. B. Deyerle.
David Debusk.
Samuel Debusk.
G. B. Duff, dead.
J. M. Duff, dead.
William L. Dunn.
John B. Edmondson, dead.
M. V. Edmondson.
Strong Edmondson.
J. Frank Euk, dead.
F. S. Findlay, wounded.
Thomas K. Findlay, dead.
David A. Fields, wounded and dead.
Charles B. Fields, wounded.
Jacob L. Fields, dead.
Charles H. C. Fulkerson.

Jacob Fleenor.
Frank R. Fulkerson.
Charles Foster.
Samuel Fulcher, dead.
J. L. M. French.
G. C. Greenway.
Benjamin Gildersleeve.
W. T. Greenway, dead.
F. T. Gray.
R. E. Gray.
D. C. Gray.
C. P. Gray.
James Gray, dead.
J. A. Gallehon.
Melville Gammon, wounded.
Robert Grant.
William H. Hall, dead.
John D. Hall.
A. Findlay Harris.
John Hockett.
William Hockett.
Samuel Hockett.
R. M. Hickman.
George Hughlett, dead.
Basil Horne.
—— Hubble.
M. M. S. Ireson.
David Jones (captured and hung by enemy, and Colonel
Mosby hung seven of the enemy in retaliation).
Jasper S. Jones.
Robert Jones, killed.
Henry S. Jones, wounded.
William M. Johnson.
M. G. Keesling.
Robert J. Keller, dead.
H. G. King.
—— King.
M. H. Latham.
L. W. Latham.
John Larrimore.
B. D. Ligon.

David Lowry.
David Lynch, dead.
D. K. H. Lewark, dead.
John Littleford.
Willis Littleford.
S. D. Meek.
James R. Meek.
Putnam C. Miles, killed.
W. F. Montgomery, wounded.
Lilburn Montgomery.
William Morell, killed.
David Morell, killed.
Charles Morell.
J. L. Morrison.
Leander McNew.
Tobias McNew, dead.
George McNew.
J. M. McReynolds, dead.
William McReynolds, killed.
S. J. McChesney, wounded.
Wallace McChesney, dead.
M. T. Meadows, dead.
Thomas McConnell, killed.
M. J. Munday.
——— Munday.
William Mehaffey, dead.
William Meade, dead.
John S. Mosby.
David Moore.
Samuel McCall.
John D. Ornduff, dead.
M. C. Orr.
R. M. Page, wounded.
James H. Page.
John W. Page, dead.
Robert Page, dead.
M. M. Pendleton.
H. G. Pendleton, killed.
Joseph Pendleton, killed.
William Painter, dead.
R. B. Preston, wounded.

Thomas Preston.
William H. Price.
J. H. Roberts, dead.
Edward Roe.
S. E. Roe.
J. K. Rambo.
A. F. Rambo.
J. L. Ritchie.
John W. Riddle, dead.
A. D. Rosenbalm.
W. M. Roe.
Newton Roe, killed.
J. C. Rush.
John Russell, killed.
David Ryburn, killed.
F. S. Robertson.
J. A. Rodefer.
John B. Richards.
D. P. Sandoe, dead.
Robert Sanders.
J. W. S. Sanders, wounded.
S. D. Sanders.
W. E. Scott, dead.
J. J. Schwartz, wounded and dead.
William Smith.
John L. Smith.
Thomas Smith.
William (Buck) Smith, dead.
William L. Snodgrass.
W. Trigg Strother.
Thomas J. Sheppard.
C. F. Trigg.
Thomas K. Trigg.
W. W. Vaughan, wounded.
John G. White, wounded.
William White.
R. C. Williams, killed.
A. H. Webb.
William B. White, dead.
C. M. Waldon.

A committee had been appointed to write to General Fitz. Lee, Colonel W. A. Morgan (the last colonel of the regiment), Colonel W. W. Blackford, the second captain of the company, and Colonel John S. Mosby, who went into the war as a private of the company, and remained in it about one year.

Letters were read from General Lee, Colonel Morgan, and Colonel Blackford. No reply was received from Colonel Mosby, who, it is presumed, did not receive the invitation in time to reply before the day named.

These letters and replies were read by Hon. C. F. Trigg :

ABINGDON, *June 13, 1892.*

General FITZHUGH LEE, Glasgow, Va. :

DEAR SIR—There is to be a reunion of the survivors of Company D, First Virginia Cavalry, at this place on July 4th, and I have been directed to notify you of the fact, and extend to you a cordial and pressing invitation to be present and participate in the reunion, and meet again such survivors of the company as we may be able to bring together.

That company followed you as lieutenant colonel, colonel, brigadier-general, and major-general during almost the entire war, and you know, perhaps, better than any person living, the character of its service ; and the men who survive will be glad to meet again an officer whose ringing voice has so often been heard by them in command, and one who, while frequently ordering them into action, never sought to do so from a safe distance, and most frequently went forward to show them what to do and how to do it.

It is hoped that you may be able to be present, and thereby add to the enjoyment of the occasion by all the other participants.

Very truly and respectfully yours,

R. M. PAGE.

GLASGOW, VA., *June 30, 1892.*

Judge R. M. PAGE, Abingdon, Va. :

MY DEAR JUDGE—I greatly regret that my duties and engagements here are such that I cannot meet Company "D" on the 4th of July. As you know, I always had the highest opinion of the courage, capacity, and service of *old* "D" Company, of my *old*

regiment, *old* brigade, and *old* division, and I must see the old fellows once more before I die. I have promised to speak, out in your direction during the pending presidential political campaign. Why could we not have a meeting at some day at that time? So get the veterans—oh, I can't call them veterans—get the "boys" together when I can be present, and we will have a good time by "jining the cavalry" again.

Yours, very sincerely,

FITZ. LEE.

ABINGDON, *June 13, 1892.*

Colonel WILLIAM A. MORGAN,
Shepherdstown, West Virginia:

DEAR COLONEL—There is to be a reunion of the survivors of Company D, First Virginia Regiment Cavalry, at this place on the 4th of July next, and I have been directed to notify you of the fact, and extend to you a cordial and pressing invitation to be present and participate in the reunion.

In extending you this invitation I beg to say that I consider it not only most fitting but most desirable that you, the last colonel of the "Old First," should come to this reunion, and give the old soldiers of your command, who may be present, an opportunity to see again a gallant officer who never failed to lead his regiment properly, and who also, as a kind and considerate commander, endeared himself to his men.

It is hoped, Colonel, that you will come. Company D often responded to your call; will you not now respond to this call of its survivors?

Respectfully and truly yours,

R. M. PAGE.

SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA., *June 27, 1892.*

Mr. R. M. PAGE:

MY DEAR FRIEND AND COMRADE—Your very kind and complimentary letter of the 13th, inviting me to attend a reunion of old Company "D," reached me a few days ago, and in reply I beg leave

to express to you, and through you to my honored comrades of good old Company "D," my grateful appreciation of kind and flattering sentiments of your very welcome letter.

Such sentiments, coming from an old and faithful comrade, are grateful to me now. I can assure you that nothing would afford me greater or more real pleasure than to be with you all at your reunion, to meet those with whom I had the honor of being associated in the glorious old Army of Northern Virginia, when patriotism and principle were the motives that actuated all the sons of our Southland; when hardship, danger, and suffering created a mutual respect, esteem, and love for each other that will endure as long as old veterans of that army will survive. But circumstances render it impossible for me to be with you on that interesting occasion, as I am just getting over a very severe attack of the "grippe," and am not well enough to leave home; yet I can't get over the words of your letter, saying that Company "D" often responded to my call, and the appeal for me to respond to the call of Company "D" is almost irresistible, and if it were possible, I would surely be with you, to testify my high regards for Company "D" personally, and also my appreciation of the company as the bravest and most efficient body of men that any regiment can boast of.

My kindest regards and best love to all the surviving members of your grand old company who may meet with you. May a merciful Providence continue to bless and prosper them in the future as in the past. One of our best and honored citizens is the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, a brother of that gallant and true soldier, an honored member of Company "D," Lieutenant Warren Hopkins, who has crossed the dark river and is now resting from his labors.

All honor to the memory of such heroic men, and while I would enjoy being with the survivors, I could with you drop a tear to the memory of those who have answered their last roll call here and are now sleeping sweetly in the bivouac of the dead. In my humble opinion as the years roll on, the highest type of American manhood, in this the evening of the nineteenth century, is the Christian ex-Confederate soldier.

Again wishing you and your comrades a very happy time, and many more interesting reunions.

I remain your friend and comrade,

W. A. MORGAN.

ABINGDON, VA., *June 13, 1892.*

Colonel W. W. BLACKFORD, Norfolk, Va. :

DEAR SIR—There is to be a reunion of the survivors of Company D, First Virginia Cavalry, at this place on the 4th day of July next, and I have been directed to notify you and extend you a cordial and pressing invitation to be present.

I hope that it may be in your power to meet with the survivors of the company, of which you were an officer during the first year of the war between the States, and believe that the occasion will be an enjoyable one to you, and I take pleasure in communicating the invitation and beg to add my expression of personal and individual good wishes, and subscribe myself

Your friend,

R. M. PAGE.

LYNNHAVEN, VA., *June 22, 1892.*

Judge R. M. PAGE, Abingdon, Va. :

DEAR SIR—Your kind invitation to the reunion of the survivors of Company "D" has been received. It would give me great pleasure to meet my companions in arms of that company once more, and to talk over with you all the events of that stirring period now passing so far away, if my engagements permitted. I am sorry to say that it will be impossible for me to be present at that time.

Please express to the surviving members my regrets, and accept for yourself my thanks for the kind expressions in your letter.

Yours very truly,

WM. W. BLACKFORD.

Mr. Trigg also read the following letter from Sergeant M. M. S. Ireson, who was unable to attend:

WITTENS MILL, VA., *June 23, 1892.*

Captain C. T. LITCHFIELD, Abingdon, Va. :

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND AND CAPTAIN—I have delayed answering your letters, for I have received two from you in regard to the

reunion of old Company D, hoping almost against hope that I might be able to come. My wife has been confined to the house and part of the time to her room with rheumatism for the last two months, and although it hurts me to the very core, I am at last compelled to say I can not come. It is useless for me to try to express my regret and sorrow for it is too deep for expression.

I would like to meet with my old comrades and have the pleasure of taking by the hand some of the bravest men Virginia or any other country has ever given birth to. Is this a boast? No; it is the truth verified on many a bloody field by the duty performed, by being called on by Stuart, Lee and others wherever there was a hard fight to be made, where none but the brave could go, where none but the stoutest could stand. Nobly, nobly did that old company perform every duty, meet every danger in the field, on the march, leading the advance or covering the rear, half fed, half clothed, sometimes contending with foes ten to one, and whether successful or forced from the field by sheer numbers, we compelled the praise of friends and foes, and in the last act of the bloody drama led the last charge at Appomattox.

It was my duty to act as orderly sergeant in the terrible campaign of '64. It opened on the 5th day of May. On that morning I reported one captain, two lieutenants, three sergeants, three corporals and sixty-four men and horses for duty. On the 7th, near Todd's Tavern, we lost seven men. First was the generous high-souled Lieutenant Tom Edmondson, the soldiery Sergeant Pat Miles, the laughing-eyed, fun-loving Joe Baker, the quiet, brave Hiram Pendleton, killed; Sergeant Charles Dulaney, Privates Jake Schwartz and Charles Fields, wounded. On the 8th brave soldiers Rufe Williams, killed; Frank Catron and John Sanders, wounded. On the 9th, Andy Catron and Henry Jones wounded, and on the 12th, Findley Harris and William Hale, captured. On the 15th another one was lost, wounded or captured, the name being so defaced I can't tell who it was. On the 28th, E. W. Roe was killed; Corporal T. W. Colley, wounded. At Louisa Courthouse, a few days after, I am satisfied we saved the division from defeat, and later on the evening of the same day, at Trevillian's, held the key to our position until Fitz Lee could make his flank movement, which resulted in a victory over Sheridan and his cavalry corps.

Twenty-four men of First Squadron, Companys "D and K" (Company K were from Maryland) at Mrs. Stewart's Tavern, Little

River Turnpike, above Germantown, the morning after the second battle of Manassas, captured one captain, one lieutenant and fifty-four privates of the Fifth Regulars, U. S. A., a company commanded by General Fitz Lee before he resigned and joined his mother State.

In the whole of the campaign, from the Rappahannock to the James, for about sixty days (for it lasted longer with the cavalry than with the infantry), we had no rest. The horses, half fed and moving day and night, were continually breaking down. As a consequence the company steadily went down in numbers, and on July 1st I reported one captain, one lieutenant, two sergeants, one corporal and ten men for duty. I wish I could recall the names of the men, but as there were sixteen horses reported unfit for duty, it is impossible for me to tell who was reported for duty. The captain was yourself, Lieutenant, Vic. Litchfield, Sergeants, Dave Fields and myself, Corporal, C. M. Waldron. Never was any set of men called on to perform the same amount of duty in that length of time, and when we moved into the hot pine woods near Petersburg, about the first of July, the company was worn to a frazzle and nothing was left but courage. And in all of this time, if we were advancing the first squadron was in front, if retreating it was in the rear. I remember on several occasions when danger presented itself in some unexpected quarter, the regiment would be halted and we would be moved to the threatened point. Who can blame any man from being proud and even boasting that he was a member of such a company? Who that has heart in him but what would be willing to stand by one of this old company in good as well as evil report? Who that has a soul but would make any reasonable sacrifice to meet with these gallant men now turning gray, their numbers growing less every year? Oh! am I a child, for I am crying because I can't come?

And now, captain, give my love to all the boys, officers and men. They all seem like brothers to me. I hope you will have a good meeting and a good time. I could write all day, but perhaps I am taking up too much of your time and will close by asking Heaven's King to bless all the living wherever they may be, and to the brave spirits who have crossed over the river. God grant that they may be now resting under the shade trees.

Truly and fraternally yours,

M. M. S. IRESON.

ABINGDON, VA., *June 13th, 1892.*

Hon. JOHN S. MOSBY, San Francisco, Cal.:

MY DEAR SIR—There is to be a reunion of the survivors of Company D, First Regiment Virginia Cavalry, at this place on the 4th of July next, and I have been directed to notify you of the fact, and extend you a cordial and pressing invitation to be present.

You begun your service in the Confederate army as a member of that company and remained with it and the regiment to which it belonged, if I recollect aright, for more than a year, and whilst after your service with us was terminated, you attained great renown; yet I believe that the discipline and service in the First regiment were fit schooling and preparation for the broader field in which you acted, and for your achievements which have become a part of the history of that great war. And I also believe that you cannot fail to feel an interest in the company in which your name was enrolled at the beginning of the war, and I assure you that the survivors of our old company will be gratified to have you come, and as one of them, answer to the first roll call since the day of Appomattox.

Respectfully and truly yours,

R. M. PAGE.

A detail of eight men was then sent to escort the old battle flag of the regiment from its repository to the assembled company, which was done, it being carried by color Sergeant David Lowry, who bore it before the surrender and saved it on that day, and cheers rent the air as the old and tattered battle flag was brought into ranks, the cross of St. George, stained and torn, but yet the flag under which these veterans had so often fought for the Confederacy, which they loved and battled to maintain.

The large concourse assembled from town and county yelled and cheered at frequent intervals during the proceedings, ladies waived their handkerchiefs, and to many eyes came the unbidden tear, and down the furrowed cheeks of many of the older men present and in line, trickled the drop which comes of sorrow and of sadness.

After the proceedings in front of the court-house, preceded by a band, the veterans of Company D marched to the west end of Main street, and returning wheeled into Slaughter street, and thence down the connecting road, to the farm of Hon. C. F. Trigg, one and a half miles distant, where neath the shade of magnificent oaks surrounding his bold spring, they went into bivouac, and there remained until late in the afternoon.

A splendid collation had been prepared by the families of those of the old company who reside in the town, and the veterans ate as if they had regained the appetites which came from marching and fighting.

With song, story, anecdote and jest, and with reminiscences of the past, the time passed rapidly away, during which a photographer came upon the ground, and we hope obtained a good photograph of the assembled soldiers.

Company I of the Second Regiment Virginia Volunteers (the Washington Rifles) our splendid company of volunteers, commanded by Captain James C. Watson, marched to the grounds during the afternoon, went through the evolutions of the drill and the manual of arms, and fired a salute of honor to the veterans. Cheer after cheer rent the air as the old soldiers gave the rebel yell in recognition of the cheers of their young friends.

Altogether it was a most enjoyable occasion, and we but voice the sentiments of the community when we say that it was well to have the reunion and that it was well and joyously carried out. The old soldiers have a right to be proud of their company, and of the record it made in the war, and its survivors, while following the pursuits of peace, have shown that the good soldier makes a good citizen; and while they looked with enthusiasm upon their old battle flag, we doubt not that in true and real loyalty to the government they may be relied upon as strongly as any who wore the blue, and fought upon the other side, and should this nation be engaged in another war, it would have no truer citizens than those who were true to their native States, and fought to uphold the Confederacy established by those States.

We have been furnished the following letter from Captain L. C. Wilson, of the United States Army, who with seven of his men, was captured by Captain Litchfield with twenty-two of his men on the 5th day of August, 1862.

Captain Wilson wrote to Captain Litchfield as follows :

BRIGHTON, IOWA, *May 26, 1892.*

Captain LITCHFIELD, Abingdon, Va. :

DEAR SIR AND COMRADE—To-day for some cause I am reminded of you and the time you captured me about twenty miles south of Fredericksburg, Virginia, in the doctor's yard you found us. Have you ever been back to pay the doctor for the bark you fellows knocked off his locust trees with your bullets? By the way, captain, did not the doctor slip away from the house and tell you we were there? We always thought so.

I hope this will find you well, acknowledge the receipt and I will send you my photo. Send me yours, please. I send you a paper also. Remember me to the boys.

Yours truly,

L. C. WILSON.

Captain Litchfield replied to this letter, inviting him to the reunion, and his answer was as follows :

BRIGHTON, IOWA, *June 2d, 1892.*

Captain C. T. LITCHFIELD, Abingdon, Va. :

MY DEAR FRIEND—Yours of 31st ult. received to-day, and you may be sure I was glad to hear from you.

It would give me great pleasure to meet the "boys" of your old command. How I would love to shake the hand of that tall, good natured orderly-sergeant who made me feel so good as we marched out of the woods to surrender. We did not know but that you would eat us up on the spot, for you were the first armed Confederates we ever saw, and when that miserable fellow shot Sergeant Guinn after we had surrendered, we made up our minds that we were gone up sure enough.

But we soon learned the situation and found that we were captured by the brave First Virginia. But about the orderly. As I came out of the woods with fear and trembling, in front of me was your orderly. I also was an orderly. When he saw my rank he ha!

ha-ed! out a good natured laugh and said, "there comes the orderly." I tell you captain that made me feel good. I see by the "Year Book of our church that we have a congregation at Bradley's school-house, and the Elder's name is Brown.

Give my regards to all the "boys." I may plan a "raid" through your neck o'woods some day. If I do, look out.

Kindest regards,

L. C. WILSON.

We have been also furnished the following from the *Democrat*, a newspaper formerly published in this town, giving an account of a flag presentation to the company in 1861. The splendid address of Miss Hardin will more than repay perusal.

FLAG PRESENTATION.

[From the Abingdon *Democrat*, Friday April 26, 1861.]

Tuesday last, a beautiful flag was presented to the Washington Mounted Rifles, wrought by the hands of our patriotic ladies. At half-past twelve, the troop commanded by Lieutenant Blackford, formed in front of the residence of Mrs. Mitchell, when Miss Lizzie Hardin, a teacher in the Martha Washington College, advanced and addressed them as follows:

SOLDIERS—In the ages when cowardice was a crime and courage the virtue of a God, the men armed and went forth to battle amid the exhortation of the women, to "return with their shields or upon them." To day, the women of Abingdon would imitate their example, and though when you are far distant, amid the perils of war, many a heart here will be still with anguish—though full oft, from blood forsaken lips shall be sent up for you, a cry to Him who is "mighty to save," yet, with a firm hand we would give you this banner, and in an unfaltering voice, we bid you bear it on to "victory or death." We would bid you in the day of the battle look upon it—think of your mountain homes, and remember 'tis for them you strike. Think of the mothers, the sisters, the wives you have left behind, and remember 'tis for them you draw the sword. Tamely, and for years have we submitted to insult and oppression, and shall

we longer bow our necks, like slaves, to the yoke? Shall the descended of the men of '76 hear the clanking of their chains and fear to break them? God forbid! what though you perish in the attempt?

"The coward died a thousand deaths,
The brave man dies but one!"

Then men of Virginia, show yourselves worthy of the name you bear! From the women of your native mountains, take this flag beneath its fold, go forth to meet the oppressor, and fear not to die!

After Miss Hardin concluded, Lieutenant R. B. Edmondson, on behalf of the troop, responded in a short but spirited speech in which he pledged the company to defend the flag with their lives, and return it to the fair donors untarnished by dishonor.

J. T. Campbell, Esq., then, in a few remarks, in which he referred to a daughter having made the presentation, called for three cheers for Miss Hardin. They were given with hearty, good will.

The veterans decided to meet next year at such a time as a committee appointed for the purpose shall fix, and late in the afternoon they marched back to town, wheeled into line in front of the courthouse, and there broke ranks and went to their homes.

APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE.

ACCOUNT OF THE SURRENDER OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY, APRIL 9, 1865.

By Colonel Herman H. Perry.

Interesting and Hitherto Unpublished Particulars.

[From the Atlanta, Georgia, *Constitution* November, 1892.]

The story of General Lee's surrender must ever have a sad interest for those who admire the brave.

While much has been written about that event, still there is lacking that inside information of the incidents which led up to it.

A most interesting paper, read before the Confederate Veteran's Association, of Atlanta, spreads much light on the subject. It is from the pen of Colonel Herman H. Perry, now of Waynesboro, Georgia, who was assistant adjutant-general on the staff of General Sorrell.

Colonel Perry was himself the officer who received from the hands of General Grant's messenger the written demand upon General Lee that he should surrender.

THE LETTER PRODUCED.

The letter of Colonel Perry is addressed to Hon. Robert L. Rodgers, of West End, and is by him made public :

"*Dear Sir*—I received your favor of to-day, which request to send to you an account of the transactions of my receiving the first demand for the surrender of General Lee's army before reaching Appomattox. I remember having written to you last year that I would write it for your use as a matter of history. I did it in pencil at the time, and I laid it away and have not referred to it since. I have now disinterred it from a lot of old papers in my office and send it without any further polish or correction. I wish you would read it to Captain J. W. English and see if his memory and mine agree about it. I have been often importuned to write this before, but I have refrained from doing it because so many 'heroes' have appeared since the war ended who never handled a sword or gun then, and have been so injudiciously lauded by the press that I did not care to have the appearance of being on the list. But let us refer now to the scenes which were the closing acts of the glorious Southern Confederacy as the closing history of the times."

THE EVENTFUL NIGHT.

It was night, April 7, 1865. We had crossed the river near Farmville and had taken up a position about, as near as I remember, a mile from the crossing, which the Confederates had attempted to burn, but unsuccessfully. General Miles, commanding a Federal brigade, made a mad attempt to throw the Confederates into confusion on their left by a flank movement (perhaps that was his purpose), but it was a very unfortunate move, for his lines were in a few minutes nearly cut to pieces and his brigade placed *hors de combat*.

A furious picket-firing and sharp-shooting began on both sides, while wounded and dead Federals lay between the two lines.

Mahone's division was now in the rear guard at this point of General Lee's army. General Lee's forces were reduced now to their minimum strength, but a fiercer, more determined body of men never lived. They simply waited for General Lee's orders.

About 5 o'clock P. M. a flag of truce appeared in front of General Sorrell's brigade (General Wright's old brigade), of which the writer of this account was the adjutant-general. A courier was sent to division headquarters to announce it. Colonel Tayloe, a splendid young Virginian, had been assigned temporarily to the command of General Sorrell's brigade, General Sorrell having been almost mortally wounded near Petersburg. In a short while Colonel Tayloe was ordered to send a staff officer to answer to the flag of truce.

THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

The writer was assigned to this duty, at the Confederate front lines. As the top of the earthworks was reached a number of Federal sharp-shooters fired at me, and two balls passed through the uniform coat I wore and one ball wounded a Confederate soldier in the hand, who had risen up with others from behind the works, out of curiosity to see what was going to take place. That ended the truce business for that afternoon. After nightfall and after everything on both sides had lapsed into silence, pickets were put in front of our lines about one hundred yards. Captain James W. English, one of the bravest, coolest, most faithful and vigilant officers in the Confederate army, was in charge of the line in front of our brigade. I had selected him for the reason that I knew that he would not fail me if I depended on his courage and faith. Colonel Tayloe knew nothing of our command or its officers, and the responsibility rested on me to select the right men in the crisis there was now on us. We apprehended a night attack.

At 9 o'clock at night, as the moon was about to rise, Captain English reported that a flag of truce was again offered on the Federal line on our front. It was reported again at our division headquarters, and I was again sent out to answer it as before. I put on an army revolver, put aside my sword, and advanced about fifty yards from our pickets, halted and called for the flag. Where I stood there were scattered around several Federal dead and wounded.

One of the latter asked me to do something for him. I told him I would very soon, making this promise only to encourage him, for I could really do nothing for lack of authority as well as lack of means. I asked his name and was rather astonished when he said he was General Miles' adjutant-general, and that his name was Boyd, as I now remember it. A response to my call in front took my attention, though I remember that the wounded officer said he had been shot through the thigh.

I advanced some distance and met a very handsomely-dressed Federal officer. We stopped in front of each other, about seven or eight feet apart. I soon recognized the fact that my worn Confederate uniform and slouched hat, even in the dim light, would not compare favorably with his magnificence, but as I am six feet high I drew myself up as proudly as I could and put on the appearance, as well as possible, of being perfectly satisfied with my personal exterior. The officer spoke first, introducing himself as General Seth Williams, of General Grant's staff.

After I had introduced myself he felt in his side pocket for documents, as I thought, but the document was a very nice-looking silver flask, as well as I could distinguish. He remarked that he hoped I would not think it was unsoldierly courtesy if he offered me some very fine brandy. I will own up now that I wanted that drink awfully. Worn down, hungry, and dispirited, it would have been a gracious God-send if some old Confederate and I could have emptied that flask between us in that dreadful hour of misfortune. But I raised myself about an inch higher, if possible, bowed, and refused politely, trying to produce the ridiculous appearance of having feasted on champagne and pound-cake not ten minutes before, and that I had not the slightest use for as plebian a drink as "fine brandy."

He was a true gentleman, begged pardon, and placed the flask in his pocket again without touching the contents in my presence. If he had taken a drink, and my Confederate olfactories had obtained a whiff of the odor of it, it is possible that I should have "caved." The truth is, I had not eaten two ounces in two days, and I had my coat-tail then full of corn, waiting to parch it as soon as an opportunity might present itself. I did not leave it behind me, because I had nobody I could trust it with.

As an excuse which I felt I ought to make for refusing his proffered courtesy, I rather haughtily said that I had been sent forward only

to receive any communication that was offered, and could not properly accept or offer any courtesies. In fact, if I had offered what I could it would have taken my corn.

GENERAL GRANT'S LETTER.

He then handed me a letter, which he said was from General Grant to General Lee, and asked that General Lee should get it immediately, if possible. I made no reply, except to ask him if that was all we had to transact, or something to that effect. He said that was all. We bowed very profoundly to each other and turned away. In a moment I was called again by General Williams, and he asked if I would meet one of the colonels of General Miles's brigade, whose name I have forgotten, but who, if living and remembering the incidents, I hope will write to me at Waynesboro, Georgia. I hesitated a moment and replied that I would. The colonel came up and presented to me some of the effects taken from the trunk of General Mahone that evening, which had been captured by the Federal forces. They were pictures of General Mahone's family, and, if I remember rightly, letters from his wife. I took them and promised to deliver them, thanking him for his kind consideration. He asked me if I knew anything of Lieutenant or Captain Boyd, who was either killed or wounded, and was in our lines. I related what had occurred as I came forward. He asked me to send him to them. I had no authority to do this, but I said for the sake of humanity I would take the authority, at the risk of a court-martial, and I asked him if any of our men were suffering in his lines to do likewise in relieving them. I went back, met Captain English, and asked him to attend to it, and he took four men, as he afterward told me, and sent Captain Boyd forward to a detail of Federal soldiers, who received him. Is Captain Boyd alive now? I would like to know. He can thank Captain English and his Confederate pickets for saving him from a long night of suffering.

IN GENERAL LEE'S HAND.

In twenty minutes after I got back in our lines a Confederate courier, riding a swift horse, had placed in General Lee's hand the letter which was handed to me, the first demand for the surrender of his devoted army. In an hour's time we were silently pursuing our

way toward the now famous field of Appomattox. We marched all day of the 8th of April, and slept in bivouac not more than three or four miles from Appomattox, where the demand was made again, and was acceded to, and the Confederacy of the South went down in defeat, but with glory.

We arrived on the field of Appomattox about 9 o'clock on the 9th day of April, the day of capitulation. The negotiations lasted during that day. The general order from General Lee was read to the army on the 10th of April. This is as I remember it. General Lee published his last order to his soldiers on that day.

I sat down and copied it on a piece of Confederate paper, using a bass-drum head for a desk, the best I could do. I carried this copy to General Lee, and asked him to sign it for me. He signed it, and I have it now. It is the best authority, along with my parole, that I can produce why, after that day, I no longer raised a soldier's hand for the South. There were tears in his eyes when he signed it for me, and when I turned to walk away there were tears in my own eyes too. He was in all respects the greatest man that ever lived, and as an humble soldier of the South, I thank Heaven that I had the honor of following him.

FORT SUMTER.

WHO FIRED THE FIRST GUN ON THE FORT?

Roger A. Pryor Declined, and Captain James was Allowed the Distinction.

Since the publication of the claim made by Major W. M. Gibbs, of South Carolina, that he was the man who fired the first shot on Fort Sumter, there has been a great deal of discussion over the subject, says the *New York World*. Few people know that a distinguished citizen and an official of New York could have had that questionable privilege had he desired. Roger A. Pryor, then a distinguished young Virginian, afterwards a general in the Confederate army, and now a judge of the New York Court of Common Pleas, declined to fire on the flag of his country.

An Associated Press dispatch from New Orleans gives a statement made by General G. T. Beauregard, which would seem to settle the dispute. General Beauregard's statement also discloses that another prominent citizen of New York was concerned in the preliminaries to the bombardment—Banker A. R. Chisholm, of No. 61 Broadway.

General Beauregard denies Major Gibb's claim and points out that Captain George S. James, who was in charge of Fort Johnson, where General Beauregard was in command of the Confederate forces, fired the first shot. The General wrote to Colonel Chisholm about the affair, calling attention to Major Gibb's claim, and Colonel Chisholm sent back a letter, which, he said yesterday, was his recollection of the occurrence. Colonel Chisholm wrote :

COLONEL CHISHOLM'S STATEMENT.

"My recollections of the firing of the first or signal gun on Fort Sumter April 12, 1861, are as follows: First, as my private boat and six negro oarsmen, with myself as your aide-de-camp, were the principal means of communication between you and the forts on the islands around Charleston harbor, it fell to my lot, in company with Senator James Chestnut and Captain Stephen D. Lee, afterwards lieutenant-general, to deliver to Major Robert Anderson, in command of the United forces in Fort Sumter, your final note for the demand of the surrender of that work, and the specific authority for us to notify Major Anderson that your guns would not open on him if he would agree not to fire on our batteries as on a previous visit to Fort Sumter under a flag of truce. He had stated to us that he was about starved out. General Roger A. Pryor, who was on a visit to Charleston, accompanied us. After being detained in the guard-room of the fort, we notified Major Anderson that we could not wait any longer for his reply. He then came from the consultation with his officers to the guard-room, and stated to us that he would not agree not to fire on our battery, that his flag had been fired upon twice, and if this was done again, he would open his batteries. This left us no alternative but to carry out General Beauregard's instructions, which were that his batteries would open on Fort Sumter in an hour.

CAPTAIN JAMES THE MAN.

"Major Anderson said to us: 'Gentlemen, I will await your fire.' With Captain Foster he accompanied us to the outside of the sally-

port, when we entered the boat and proceeded to Fort Johnson, then in command of Captain George S. James, who met us on the wharf. We delivered to him, as per your instructions, the order to fire the signal gun. Captain James seeing General Pryor in the boat, said to him: 'Mr. Pryor, I have always been a great admirer of yours, and now offer you the honor of firing the first shot at Fort Sumter.'

"General Pryor felt flattered, but, with many thanks, declined the honor. I asked him why he did not accept it. His reply was that it would not do for him to fire that shot, as his State had not yet seceded."

"Captain James then said: 'I will not give that privilege to any other man.'"

When Judge Pryor was asked about the matter yesterday he said:

"I haven't bothered about the thing; it's too old and the war's been over too long. Since you mention the circumstance, though, I believe the facts are as General Beauregard and Colonel Chisholm state them. However, I am too much engrossed with the present and future to talk about ancient history of that kind."

HENRY LAWSON WYATT.

THE FIRST CONFEDERATE SOLDIER KILLED IN BATTLE.

It is somewhat remarkable that North Carolina, which was the last State to leave the Union, should have furnished the first soldier to the grim monster who during the next four long and weary years was to claim such a host of victims. Secession was not popular in North Carolina; the State was so thoroughly for the Union that in February, 1861, after seven of the States to the South had seceded, and after delegates from those States had visited North Carolina to induce her to secede, her people refused to call even a convention to consider the question of secession. It was not until President Lincoln called on North Carolina for her quota of troops to crush the seceding States that her determination changed. It then became evident that North Carolina must fight for her Southern sisters, or against them. The dispatch in which the Governor answered the call of President Lincoln voiced the sentiment of the whole people.

Governor Ellis telegraphed that the President could get no troops in North Carolina. The die was cast, a convention was called, and on May 20, 1861, the State left the Union. North Carolina was slow in casting the die. But when this was done she entered the Confederacy with all the *elan* of Southern character. She was to furnish upwards of one-sixth of the whole number of men in the Confederate army; forty thousand of her sons, more than twice as many as came from any other State, were to fall on the field of battle or to die in prison; and her Twenty-Sixth regiment was to suffer on the first day at Gettysburg a loss of eighty-six and three-tenths per cent., the greatest loss sustained by any one regiment on either side during the war.* The resources of North Carolina were such and had been so well husbanded by her Governor, Vance, that as far as she was concerned the war might have been continued a

* These are the figures of Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. F. Fox, in his *Regimental Losses in the American Civil War, 1861-'65*. Colonel Fox estimates the total forces of the Confederacy at about six hundred thousand men. The military population of North Carolina, in 1861, was one hundred and fifteen thousand three hundred and sixty-nine, the vote cast for governor, in 1860, being one hundred and twelve thousand five hundred and eighty-six. Moore in his Roster of North Carolina troops, puts the total enrollment at one hundred and four thousand four hundred and ninety-eight, but the enumeration of one regiment and of various companies is missing. In November, 1864, Adjutant-General Gatlin reported one hundred and eight thousand and thirty-two men in the Confederate service. This did not include nine thousand nine hundred and three junior and senior reserves, nor three thousand nine hundred and sixty-two home guards and militia officers, nor three thousand one hundred and three troops in unattached companies or in regiments from other States. The total according to this report footed up one hundred and twenty-five thousand men. Colonel Fox says that North Carolina lost forty thousand two hundred and seventy-five men killed in battle, by wounds and disease; South Carolina comes second with seventeen thousand six hundred and eighty-two; Virginia was fourth with fourteen thousand seven hundred and ninety-four. These figures need no comment.

[The records of the office of the Adjutant-General of Virginia, unfortunately were despoiled by Federal authorities, upon their occupation of Richmond, April 3, 1865. Virginia, it should also be remembered was, in different sections occupied at different times by Federal troops during the war. It would be difficult to arrive at her representation by numbers in the Confederate armies, or her losses on Virginia soil and elsewhere. She had in the field her strength from lads to feeble old men—ED.]

year longer, and the first soldier who fell in battle for the Lost Cause was to come from North Carolina.*

This soldier was Henry Lawson Wyatt. He was born in Richmond, Virginia, February 12, 1842. His parents were Isham Belcher and Lucinda N. L. Wyatt. He was apprenticed to the carpenter trade at an early age, and in October, 1856, accompanied his father to North Carolina, and ultimately settled in Tarboro, Edgecombe county. Here he followed his trade and by faithful work and upright deportment made friends in the community. This is the brief narrative of the first nineteen year's of Wyatt's life. From this time his career is a part of the history of a great struggle.

It became evident in April, 1861, that North Carolina must secede or fight the Southern States. Private parties, anticipating the action of the State, were organizing and drilling troops for service. One of the first of these companies was the "Edgecombe Guards" of Edgecombe county. It was organized April 18, 1861, and on that day Henry Lawson Wyatt enlisted in it as a private soldier. It consisted of eighty-eight privates, nine non and four commissioned officers. Its captain was John Luther Bridgers, of Edgecombe county. Its commanding colonel was Daniel Harvey Hill, of Mecklenburg, who became later a lieutenant-general in the Confederate service. The company became known as A, of what was then the First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers. This regiment was the first of all the North Carolina troops to organize and take the field. Its term of enlistment was for six months and it was disbanded in the fall of 1861. After the enlistment of ten regiments of State troops, this became known as the Bethel regiment from its first battle, and by this name it has passed into history.

The battle, from which it took its name, was fought Monday, the tenth of June, 1861, at Bethel, or Big Bethel, or Bethel church, situated on the Yorktown road, nine miles from Hampton, Virginia. It had been occupied on the night of the 6th of June by the Confederates from Yorktown. These troops consisted of the First North Carolina regiment, Colonel D. H. Hill commanding, with Lieutenant-Colonel Charles C. Lee as second in command, and four pieces of Randolph's battery. Colonel Hill found a branch of Back river in his front and encircling his right flank. On his left was a dense and

* It is not claimed that Wyatt was the first Confederate soldier killed. Captain John Q. Marr of the Warrenton (Virginia) Volunteers had been shot by pickets on June 1.

almost impenetrable wood except about one hundred and fifty yards of old field. The rear was covered by the road, a thick wood and a narrow cultivated field. The position had the inherent defect of being commanded by an immense open field on which the enemy might be readily deployed. Colonel Hill determined to make an enclosed work. The bridge over the river to his right was commanded by the artillery, an eminence beyond the creek was occupied and a battery put into place. The work of fortification was kept up during the 7th and 8th and on the 9th, which was Sunday, the men worked and prayed by turns. They were aroused at three on Monday to advance on the enemy, but finding him too strong fell back on their entrenchments and awaited his approach. A reinforcement of one hundred and eighty men from the Third Virginia regiment was stationed on the hill on the extreme right. Company G, First North Carolina, later Bethel regiment, was thrown over to protect the howitzer, and Company A, First North Carolina, took post in the dense wood beyond and to the left of the road. The Confederates, about fourteen hundred strong, awaited the enemy in their entrenchments. At 9 A. M. his heavy columns approached rapidly and in good order.

These troops had been sent out from Hampton by Major-General Butler, then commanding in the department of Virginia. They were commanded by Brigadier-General E. W. Pierce, and were about thirty-five hundred strong, consisting of eight hundred and fifty men of the Fifth New York Volunteers, under Colonel Duryea; six hundred and fifty of the Third New York, under Colonel Townsend; seven hundred and fifty from the Seventh New York, Fourth Massachusetts, and First Vermont, under Colonel Bendix, of the Seventh New York, with others from the Second New York, under Colonel Carr, and from the First New York, under Colonel Allen, with a detachment from the Second United States Artillery with several pieces.

The Federals attacked gallantly, but after a fight of two hours and a half were defeated, having lost eighteen killed, fifty-three wounded and five missing. The Confederates lost one killed and eleven wounded. This death happened towards the close of the action. A strong column of Federals, consisting of Massachusetts troops, under the leadership of Major Theodore Winthrop, crossed over the creek, and appeared at the angle on the Confederate left. Here they were opposed by Companies B, C and G, First North Carolina,

and by Captain Bridgers, with Company A, who had been recalled from the swamp where he was first posted, and had retaken, in splendid fashion, the work from which Captain Brown, of the artillery, had been compelled to withdraw a disabled gun to prevent its capture. The enemy made a rush, hoping to get within the Confederate lines. They were met by a cool and deliberate fire, but were concealed in part by a house. Volunteers were called for to burn this house. Corporal George Williams, Privates Henry L. Wyatt, Thomas Fallon and John H. Thorpe, of Company A, advanced to perform the duty. Their duty was to charge across an open field, two hundred yards wide, in face of the enemy's lines, and commanded by his sharp-shooters. They behaved with great gallantry, but had advanced only about thirty yards when Wyatt fell, pierced through the brain by a musket ball. The other three were wounded, and remained on the earth until a shell from a howitzer fired the house, and helped to route the enemy. About the same time that private Wyatt fell on the Confederate side, the gallant Major Winthrop fell on the other, one of the first officers to fall in the war. He was a native of Connecticut, and his native State has long since perpetuated his memory.

The conduct of young Wyatt was spoken of in the highest terms by J. B. Magruder, colonel commanding the Confederate forces, by his own regimental commander, D. H. Hill, by George W. Randolph, then in charge of the Richmond Howitzers, and afterwards Secretary of War for the Confederacy, and by all who on that day were witnesses of his gallant but unavailing heroism.

The remains were taken to Richmond and interred in the soldier's section in Hollywood, near where the Confederate monument now is. A board of pine, inscribed with his name, regiment, time and place of death, was his only monument. In 1887 this had rotted away and was found face downward. I do not know that the grave has yet been properly marked.

But the State of North Carolina has shown her sense of duty and gratitude to the young hero. The General Assembly, of 1891, ordered an oil painting (25x30) of Wyatt, to be made at the public expense. The work was executed by Miss Mary A. E. Nixon, an artist of Raleigh, and now adorns the main reading-room of the State Library. Persons who knew the young soldier in life, say that the artist has caught the very spirit of his daring and chivalrous soul.

It is also proposed to surmount the Confederate monument in Raleigh, of which the corner-stone was laid in October, 1892, with a statute of Wyatt with an appropriate inscription.*

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

THE PART TAKEN BY MAHONE'S BRIGADE.

An Address delivered by Comrade John R. Turner, before A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans of Petersburg, Virginia, on the evening of March 3d, 1892.

[The following address, it has been announced, will be republished by Hon. George S. Bernard, Petersburg, Virginia, in his valuable and interesting compilation "War-Talks of Confederate Veterans," which will comprehend the several addresses which have been delivered before A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans, "with *addenda* giving statements of participants, eye-witnesses and others, in respect to campaigns, battles, prison-life and other war experiences." Such individual and unbiassed testimony has a value not to be underestimated.—ED.]

COMRADES :

Having for years felt a desire to verify some of my impressions of the Battle of the Wilderness, in which, on the 6th of May, 1864, I participated as a member of the Petersburg Riflemen, Company E, Twelfth Virginia regiment, Mahone's brigade, and particularly wishing to verify my recollection as to the striking incident of Dr. Benjamin H. May, the gallant color-bearer of our regiment,

* Young Wyatt's mother had been left a widow, and toward the close of the war married a man named Cook, and removed to Bath county, Virginia. She died in 1891. The ambrotype from which the painting, now in the State Library was made, was secured from Mrs. M. P. Clarke, of Richmond. The official reports of the battle of Bethel will be found in Official Records of War of Rebellion, series I, Vol. II, pp. 77-104.

STEPHEN B. WEEKS.

refusing to give up his colors to Colonel (later General) G. M. Sorrel, of Longstreet's staff, a few weeks ago I wrote to General Sorrel to make some inquiries of him as to his recollection of this incident, and promptly received from him a reply confirming my own impressions in many particulars and giving several additional particulars. His letter was so interesting that I determined at once to read it to the camp, but after reflection it occurred to me that I might get together the recollections of other participants in the action and read them all as interesting details of that part of this celebrated action in which our particular command figured so conspicuously.

With this purpose, I turned over my correspondence with General Sorrel to several members of our camp, who were present in this action as members of the Twelfth Virginia regiment, and requested each of them, after reading it, to furnish me his recollection of the incidents referred to, and also any other details or incidents of the engagement that they could recall. The several responses of the gentlemen of whom this request was made, together with the statements of other participants, will be furnished in the order in which they were given, and I feel satisfied that my correspondence with General Sorrel, supplemented by these statements, will interest you as they have interested me.

My letter to General Sorrel I mailed to Savannah, Georgia, and was as follows :

"PETERSBURG, VA., *January 13, 1892.*

"*General G. M. SORREL, Savannah, Ga. :*

"DEAR GENERAL—Being anxious to know if your recollection and mine accorded, as to certain movements made at the Battle of the Wilderness, May 6th, 1864, in which we both participated, I take the liberty of addressing you this communication, and hope (if not trespassing to much upon you time), you will do me the kindness to favor me with a reply.

"You will remember Mahone's brigade, of Anderson's division, was quartered near Madison Run Station. We broke camp on the morning, I think, of the 4th, and bivouacked near Rapidan Station that night. In the early morning of the 6th we made a forced march to the battle-field, which we reached about ten o'clock.

"Mahone's brigade was ordered very soon afterwards to the right in the Wilderness. After going some distance through the thicket, we encountered the enemy, apparently bivouacking, and little expect-

ing any attack from that direction. They fled pell-mell before us, leaving their light camp equipage scattered in every direction, making scarcely any resistance until they reached the Orange plank-road ; when, having a natural fortification, strengthened hurriedly by them, they stoutly resisted us. Just at this point you dashed up to the front of my regiment, the Twelfth Virginia, and approached our color-bearer, Benjamin H. May (as gallant a soldier as ever carried a flag or shouldered a musket, and who was killed at Spotsylvania Courthouse the 12th of May), and asked him for his colors to lead the charge. He refused to give up his colors, but said: 'We will follow you.' With great enthusiasm we followed you in the direction of the plank-road. The enemy broke and fled before us. I remember seeing you then dash with great speed up the road in the direction, I suppose, of General Longstreet, to inform him that the way was clear. Our color-bearer, in the excitement of the moment, failed to observe that the other regiments of the brigade had halted at the plank-road. We became detached and passed over the road forty or fifty yards before halting. Our colonel, Colonel D. A. Weisiger, observing that we were in advance of the brigade, ordered us to fall back on a line with the brigade. In doing so the other regiments, mistaking us for the enemy, fired into us, killing and wounding several of our men, and I always thought the same volley killed General Jenkins and wounded General Longstreet, this apparently putting an end to all operations for the day, as there seemed to be very little done afterwards during the day.

"I had the pleasure of a short conversation with General Longstreet returning from Gettysburg, three years ago, and he told me that, while he knew he was wounded by his own men, he never knew exactly how it occurred. He said everything was working beautifully up to this point, and what seemed to be an opportunity for a brilliant victory was lost by this unfortunate circumstance.

"I have so often thought of your bravery and gallant bearing as you led us through the woods up to the plank-road, I feel that I would like to know with certainty whether or not my recollections are correct as to the part you took in that charge.

"Wishing you a long life, much happiness and great prosperity.

"I am, very truly, your comrade,"

"JOHN R. TURNER."

To this letter General Sorrel replied as follows :

“NEW YORK, *January 19th, 1892.*

(LEE'S BIRTHDAY.)

“JOHN R. TURNER, ESQ.,

A. P. Hill Camp, C. V., Petersburg, Va. :

“DEAR SIR—Your letter of January 14th was forwarded to me from Savannah, and am very glad to hear from you. The events you describe are so long ago, that one's memory may be pardoned if slightly treacherous as to details, but I may say at once that your recital of the incident and the movement of Mahone's brigade at the Battle of the Wilderness conforms accurately to my own recollection of it, excepting, of course, the too partial and flattering view you take of my own personal service there. But I will give you briefly my own version of it, which really is nearly your own.

“Longstreet's corps had to move at the earliest hour in the morning of the 6th of May, and, arriving at the battle-field, was just in time to be thrown across the plank-road and check the enemy whose attack had begun on A. P. Hill's corps. This of itself was a magnificent performance of the corps—to form line in the dense thicket after a hasty march, in the midst of troops suddenly attacked and retiring from the front in disorder. Being done during the enemy's attack, it displayed the steadiness characteristic of Longstreet's famous corps. This checked that attempt, and for a short time there was some quiet. It was then, too, you will recollect, that General Lee was about to lead the Texas brigade into action, so threatening was the situation. He was almost forcibly stopped by his officers and the entreaties of the soldiers.

This incident is given by Colonel Charles S. Venable, of General Lee's staff, as follows (in his address before the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, October 31, 1873):

“It was here that the incident of Lee's charge with Gregg's Texas brigade occurred. The Texans cheered lustily as their line of battle, coming up in splendid style, passed by Wilcox's disordered columns, and swept across our artillery pit and its adjacent breast-work. Much moved by the greeting of these brave men and their magnificent behavior, General Lee spurred his horse through an opening in the trenches and followed close on their line as it moved rapidly forward. The men did not perceive that he was going with them until they had advanced some distance in the charge; when they did, there came from the entire line, as it rushed on, the cry, ‘Go back, General Lee! Go back!’ Some historians like to put this

in less homely words; but the brave Texans did not pick up their phrases. 'We won't go unless you go back!' A sergeant seized his bridle rein. The gallant General Gregg (who laid down his life on the 9th of October, almost in General Lee's presence, in a desperate charge of his brigade on the enemy's lines, in the rear of Fort Harrison), turned his horse towards General Lee, remonstrating with him. Just then I called his attention to General Longstreet, whom he had been seeking, and who sat on his horse on a knoll to the right of the Texans, directing the attack of his divisions. He yielded with evident reluctance to the entreaties of his men, and rode up to Longstreet's position. With the first opportunity I informed General Longstreet of what had just happened, and he, with affectionate bluntness, urged General Lee to go further back. I need not say the Texans went forward in their charge and did well their duty. They were eight hundred strong, and lost half their number killed and wounded on that bloody day. The battle was soon restored and the enemy driven back to their position of the night before."

It was soon after this that General Longstreet said to me that, if I were to collect some troops over on the right, get them in good line and in touch with each other, and make a strong movement forward, swinging by the right, he felt sure a splendid success would follow. I proceeded to follow out these directions, with full authority to control the movement. There were three brigades in addition, perhaps, to other troops, that I succeeded in getting into good form and ready to move. These were Mahone's, Wofford's, and I believe the other was Anderson's. The movement soon began, at a given signal, our right swinging swiftly around, driving everything before it. The lines in front of us made some sharp resistance, but they were quickly overcome, and our troops—Mahone's brigade, notably distinguished in the affair—rushed forward through the dense undergrowth, carrying everything before them. It was then that the incident occurred of which you speak, about poor Ben. May. He was doing all that man could do with his colors, but seemed to be somewhat embarrassed by the bushes, and I thought perhaps I might help him to get them forward, mounted as I was. As you say, he positively refused to let them leave his own hands, and I was filled with admiration of his splendid courage. I think it was on the 12th that poor May was shot, and I received from a member of the Twelfth Virginia an affectionate message that he sent me. His message was: "Tell Colonel Sorrel I couldn't part

with the colors; *but we followed him.*" I have always remembered him as one of the bravest of Confederate soldiers. The Twelfth Virginia did splendid service that day, and the regiment and myself became great friends. Till the end of the war, whenever in marches or elsewhere, I met it, I was always honored with its friendly greetings. As our troops reached the plank-road, you will recollect that a volley was given to the enemy who were trying to rally on the opposite side. By this volley General Wadsworth and his horse (while trying to rally his men), were both killed, and his soldiers could make no stand against us. Our rapid movement through the woods had disordered our line, as you correctly describe it. Leaving them for a moment, while recovering good order, I hastened to General Longstreet with a view to bringing up supports to follow up our splendid success. I met the general near by, Jenkins brigade immediately behind him. He had heard the sound of our rifles, and, with the quick instinct of the general that he was, was following us up with a strong and powerful support to pursue his victory. I had scarcely taken more than a few steps with him when a sudden and unexpected fire, at first scattering, then heavier, broke out from our men. The general was shot down by my side, and at the same time, General Jenkins, one or two staff officers and several couriers. I have never known accurately who started this fire; there is yet some confusion about it, but it was fatal, and had the effect, by disabling the general, of putting a stop to the heavy blow he was about inflicting on the disordered enemy. Later in the day, you will remember, we made another attack rather more direct, with a strong force, on the enemy who had got behind some intrenchments; but we there sustained a repulse, and that about closed the principal features of the Battle of the Wilderness, on the 6th of May.

"The importance of our flank attack, which I have described here so briefly, was not underestimated by the enemy in his subsequent reports. The official report of the battle by General Grant, or his immediate subordinate, describes the tremendous attack of these three brigades, which turned his own left flank and nearly brought about a wide-spread disaster to the Federal army. I cannot but think it would have so ended, had not General Longstreet, in the flush of his success, and with ardent, fresh troops in hand, been struck down in the very act of delivering this blow.

a thousand Confederate throats, the men in the finest spirits as they pressed on—all of this always comes vividly back to me at the mention of the Wilderness.

"I have always thought that the mounted officer whom I saw and particularly noticed, his gallant bearing attracting my attention; was Colonel Sorrel, and still so believe. I noticed this officer just as the line was ascending the slope north of the marshy flat. He was, I think, less than fifty yards to the left of our company.

"The move through the woods in pursuit of the retreating Federals was highly exciting, the men seeming to have lost all sense of danger, although hostile bullets were doing some deadly work. The rapid charge soon brought our regiment to the southern edge of the Orange plank-road, arrived at which, we were so close upon the enemy that two—I think three—of us fired simultaneously at one retreating Federal on the north side of the plank-road, and not forty yards distant. As we fired, the Federal soldier fell. Leroy Edwards,* who was at my side, and one of those who fired, exclaimed, 'I hit him!' I am not sure that I also did not so exclaim—I know I *thought* I hit him and that it was under my fire he fell. In a few seconds we were at his side, and to our surprise he did not appear to be badly hurt. Leroy Edwards, as tenderhearted as he was courageous, first spoke to him, and offering to help, or helping him to get on his feet, said in the most sympathetic way, 'I hope you are not hurt.' This striking incident, illustrating the feeling of a true and chivalrous soldier towards his fallen enemy, impressed me very much.

"Just after this, our line—I mean the part of it composed of the Twelfth regiment—being in a flat about fifty yards north of the plank-road, and depressed about five or six feet below the level of the roadway, was reformed, and facing southward moved back towards the plank-road, ascending a gentle slope as we neared it, when suddenly we were startled by a sharp volley of musketry coming from a line of troops about forty or fifty yards south of the plank-road, the bullets from which volley fiercely whizzed over our heads. I well remember my own thoughts—*The enemy are in our rear, and we are in a bad box.* This flashed through my mind. Immediately the men fell upon their faces, and would doubtless have at once begun to return this fire, but several cried out, 'You are firing into

"I am sketching this off to you hastily and entirely from memory, and while there may be some omissions, or inaccuracies as to detail, I think the account is not far wrong. With best wishes, I am yours very truly and sincerely,"

"G. M. SORREL."

*Leroy S. Edwards, of Richmond, Virginia.

In a subsequent letter, under date of January 24th, 1892, assenting to my reading our correspondence, General Sorrel, says:

"Please give my heartfelt regards, remembrances and all good wishes to the brave veterans you are associated with. They were my comrades too, and I shall never forget them or the tremendous days that brought us together."

To Comrade George S. Bernard, a member of my company, I first turned over this correspondence with General Sorrel, and requested his recollections of the battle.

Here is his reply:

"I have read with much pleasure your correspondence with General Sorrel, and am glad you propose to read it to the camp. It furnishes an interesting page of the unwritten history of the war. It connects our regiment and brigade with a most important move in the Battle of the Wilderness, and shows how, when this move seemed about to prove a great success, it was arrested by an unfortunate accident.

"I did not witness the incident of the flag. Ben. May's refusal to let the colors go from his hands was highly characteristic of the man. A splendid fellow he was, as brave as a lion and as gentle as a woman, resembling in this particular his distinguished uncle, Captain Robert B. Pegram, of naval fame.

"The general appearance of the woods, with its scrubby oaks and other trees, in which we encountered the enemy, the marshy flat and gentle slope on either side at the point we first struck them, the enemy at the top of the slope on the north side, an occasional blue coat and a Federal flag indistinctly visible for an instant through the foliage of the thick undergrowth, say, less than a hundred and fifty yards ahead of us, our men in line of battle just at the foot of the slope on the north side moving rapidly forward, some mounted officers riding along with the line encouraging the troops, one of these officers conspicuously leading, the men loading and firing as they moved forward, all yelling and cheering as they saw the enemy hastily retiring, the woods echoing with the rapid discharge of musketry, and the 'rebel yell' vigorously sounded from more than your friends.' 'Show your colors!' 'Show your colors!!' It immediately became apparent to us and to the men on the south side of the plank-road that a mistake had been made, and the firing ceased.

"A part of our brigade, during the short space of hardly more than ten minutes that we were down the slope of the hill on the north side of the plank-road, had moved to their right, so as to occupy exactly the ground over which we had passed a short time before, and not knowing that we were across the road, and seeing us coming in line of battle from the direction of the enemy, naturally took us to be Federals, and greeted us with a shower of Confederate lead, most of which, fortunately, passed over our heads.

"When these men saw their mistake, and knew that their fire had taken effect on some of our men, they were greatly distressed. 'Boys, we are *so sorry!* We are *so sorry!*' Many of them earnestly said, 'We did not know you were our friends.' No such protestations were of course necessary, but the manly fellows who had made the mistake seemed to think it necessary thus to assure us.

"In my diary on the morning of the 7th of May I wrote an account of this action, from which I take the following extracts :

" 'About ten o'clock our brigade went into action on the enemy's left flank, and Lieutenant Patterson* was told by Dr. Pryor† this morning that General Longstreet told him that the brigade behaved very well, and the Twelfth regiment most gallantly. We drove the enemy beautifully for a half mile or more through the woods, killing and wounding many of them. The casualties in the Twelfth were five killed—Wm. F. Pucci,‡ Company A; D. McCracken, Company

* Captain John R. Patterson, of Petersburg.

† Rev. Dr. Theodorick Pryor.

‡ Mr. W. W. Tayleure gives the following pathetic incident as to young Pucci :

"Just a few days before the spring campaign opened with this battle, there was quite a religious revival going on in the camps, and many were induced to join the church. Young Pucci had written home to his mother asking her advice upon the subject. A letter was received by me for him, and one to me also, asking me to advise him to do so. On the morning of the 6th of May, when we were ordered to pack up and march, I tried to find young Pucci, and in calling for him over the camp I at last found him, all ready for the march, but with others he was kneeling on all fours, with his face in his hands, praying. I did not disturb him, and soon we were on the march. Shortly afterwards we were engaged with the enemy, and through fire and smoke we pushed our way, while the enemy fled, leaving their dying and dead to the ravages of the flames. Almost the first news I received was the death of young Pucci, shot through the head while pursuing the retreating Federals."

B; John Mingea, Company B; W. A. Jelks, Company B; and R. B. Barnes, Company F; and forty-seven wounded, two of whom, it is thought, are mortally wounded—Ben. White, Company C, and William Delbridge, Company I. Among the wounded are Captain Stephen White, Company C; Sergeant George Morrison,* Company A; and private John Lee, of Company E. There were unfortunately three cases of accidental wounding in the regiment. What were the casualties in the other regiments of the brigade I have not heard. Among those in the brigade, however, I hear of Captain R. Taylor, of General Mahone's staff, and of one of the General's couriers, Bernard,† being wounded, and also Lieutenant-Colonel Minetree, of the Forty-First.

“A most unfortunate affair occurred just as the Twelfth was returning from the advanced position to which they had charged the enemy. They were fired into by the Forty-First—and I hear also a part of the Sixty-First—regiment, who took us to be the enemy. This fire wounded, and perhaps killed, some of our men, but, what is most unfortunate, it wounded General Longstreet and killed General Jenkins, who were riding along the plank-road just at the time. Our division and Heth's are now in line of battle in reserve. From what I can gather, we gained not much by the fight of Thursday, except four pieces of artillery, and, I hear, three thousand prisoners. We lost heavily in wounded, judging from the large number we met on the road yesterday morning. In the fight of yesterday we had greatly the advantage, driving the enemy a half mile and killing large numbers of them.

* * * * *

“Among the incidents of the fight I must mention the conspicuous gallantry of a member of our company, Jim Farley,‡ now of the sharpshooters, who received two wounds, one in the shoulder and the other in the face, but continued to charge on with the regiment to the most advanced position. The gallantry of Lieutenant-Colonel Sorrel, of Longstreet's staff, was also very conspicuous. He led us into action on horseback, waving his hat and crying out: “Come on, Virginians!”

“General Wadsworth, of the Yankee army, was found wounded (it is believed mortally) in that portion of the field over which the

* George J. Morrison, of Petersburg.

† George S. Bernard, Petersburg, Virginia.

‡ James A. Farley, killed at the Crater, July 30, 1864.

left of our brigade charged, and is therefore supposed to have been wounded by our brigade.' "

"About twelve months ago I made a copy of the account of this action given in my diary and sent it to Leroy Edwards. From his reply acknowledging its receipt I make the following extract :

"The fight that day, the burning woods, our marchings and counter-marchings before and after the engagement, are well in my memory, and are accurately recorded in your diary. Our company was not one hundred yards from the spot where Longstreet was wounded and General Jenkins was killed; indeed, the same volley that disabled these generals likewise struck down two of the color-guard of the Twelfth regiment. I cannot forget the gallantry of May * (our ensign) at that critical moment, when our men (Sixteenth Virginia?) were striking us down, nor do I forget gallant May's bearing when Sorrel (of Longstreet's staff) asked May to let him (Sorrel) carry the colors of the Twelfth, and May's indignant reply. This incident occurred before we reached the plank-road. May was knee-deep in a swamp, and Sorrel's horse was floundering in the mud. At this moment young Lee, of Company E, was wounded. We soon reached the plank road and hastily dislodged the enemy.

[Here follows a diagram, which we omit.]

"This rough drawing presents my recollections of the swamp or marsh in which the May and Sorrel incident occurred (I. A.) and about the location of Lee when he was wounded. Our advance was then to the plank-road, where we found some hastily-constructed earthworks, breast-high, and where we met very little resistance. The organization of the regiment, and, indeed, the brigade, was then very imperfect. Soon after passing over the breastworks (k. k. k.) we were recalled to the plank-road. I remember John Patterson's voice in the call. As soon as we reached the plank-road on the advance, Sorrel galloped down the road to our left, and soon after our return to the road at k. k. k. May was waving the Twelfth flag and warning our friends (Sixteenth Virginia?) who were advancing to the plank-road. It was immediately after two of our color-guard were shot down, at M, that I heard of General Longstreet's wound.

* Mr. W. W. Tayleure, of Brooklyn, New York, who was first sergeant of the Petersburg Riflemen, writes: "Ben. May stood upon a stump with his lithe graceful form, a smile upon his face, waving our battle-flag until it was recognized. It was a beautiful and grand sight; one for an artist."

I did not see him or General Jenkins, but locate the point at O, probably a hundred yards from M.'"

I turned over to Comrade Hugh R. Smith, who was the adjutant of our regiment, all of the foregoing correspondence, and received from him the following letter in reply :

"Lieutenant-Commander JOHN R. TURNER :

"DEAR COMRADE—Your correspondence with General Sorrel, as well as the recollections of the Battle of the Wilderness given by Comrades Bernard and Edwards, I find very interesting reading. The accounts given of the battle about coincide with my own recollection of it.

"My remembrance of the affair is that our brigade was advancing in line of battle, and the woods being on fire caused our regiment (the Twelfth Virginia) to swerve to the right, thereby becoming somewhat separated from the rest of the brigade, and we seemed to come into contact with the left flank of the enemy, who were holding the plank-road, and I thought at the time that we were sent there especially to dislodge them.

"I distinctly remember the Sorrel May incident, and also recall the fact that, as we crossed the plank-road in pursuit of the Federals, I looked down the road—towards Orange Courthouse, I mean—and saw the fresh troops coming up, with General Longstreet at their head, Sorrel having gone to them to let them know that the road was clear.

"We advanced beyond the plank-road to a ravine and then fell back to the road, and about this time the firing by our troops, from whom we had become separated, began, and looking in that direction I recognized Major Etheredge, of the Forty-First Virginia regiment, that regiment having been on our immediate left in the beginning of the movement, and I immediately hastened over to him and informed him that they were firing into their friends, and the order to cease firing was immediately passed down the line, but not until Longstreet was wounded and Jenkins killed, as set forth in the other accounts.

"General Anderson at once assumed the command of Longstreet's forces, but the wounding of the latter general put a stop to the forward movement that was being so successfully prosecuted.

"Your friend,

"HUGH R. SMITH."

In reply to a letter written to Comrade Putnam Stith, now in Florida, I received from him a communication sent me from Fort Meade, Florida, under date of February 9, 1892, in which he says:

"I was present at the Wilderness fight, and remember that orders to 'charge' were brought by General (then Lieutenant-Colonel) Sorrel, of Longstreet's staff. I remember that our part of the line was ordered to move forward by Sorrel in person. I think he attempted to take our colors out of the hands of Ben. May to carry them himself, but he did not know the stuff that Ben. was made of one who could carry colors where any other man could. Of course Ben. refused to give up his colors and carried them as gallantly as we were led by Sorrel. The bearing of Sorrel was such as to attract my attention, and I think the attention of every man in the brigade. More conspicuous gallantry on the field I never saw.

"I claim that we made a brigadier of him that day. His conduct on that field certainly entitled him to the distinction soon afterwards conferred on him by General Lee.

"In making that charge we got far in advance of the balance of our command. A halt was ordered. Soon afterwards we were fired into by our own men, who, coming up, mistook us for the enemy. I think that was the time when Longstreet was shot. Hugh Smith saved us serious damage by waiving his handkerchief on the point of his sword. I have always thought that, had it not been that Longstreet was shot then by his own men, we would have put the Federals across the river that night and changed the whole of Grant's flank movement, which terminated in the siege of Petersburg.

"I don't remember that we saw Sorrel after that day, until the evening we marched into Petersburg from across James river. On the march to Petersburg we met people going out of town. Some of them knew that the Federals were at the water-works. Others knew that they were even in town and by that time had full possession. By these accounts we were worked up to a high pitch of excitement. We finally crossed Pocahontas bridge and marched through town, greeting our friends on every side. I, and I reckon most of the command, fully expected to charge the Federals on the heights. In going up Sycamore street, when we reached Marshall, we saw Sorrel riding up Marshall and close to us. He was recognized at once. I believe every man took off his hat simultaneously and cheered, calling out, 'Lead us, Sorrel! Lead us as you

did in the Wilderness!’ He removed his hat and bowed very low, remarking that nothing would please him more than to lead those men in another charge, but that no fighting was to be done that evening, as we were only going out a short distance to form a line and rest.

“I have met the general since the war and talked with him about this incident, which he remembered perfectly, and if I am not very much mistaken, he remarked that it was a proud day for him.

Now, John, I am not a good hand at either writing or talking, but, if I have succeeded in giving you any pleasure by this simple narrative, I am amply repaid for the time and labor it has cost me.”

A letter to Mr. William C. Smith, of Nashville, Tennessee, of Company B, Twelfth Virginia regiment, requesting his recollection of the engagement, brought me a reply under date of February 26th, 1892, from which I take the following extracts :

“I cannot recall much of the route along which we passed except that we moved in a northeasterly direction, somewhat ; nor can I recall the place at which we bivouacked on the night of the 4th. On the night of the 5th, however, we bivouacked near a place called Vidiersville. In the meantime, reports reached us that fighting was going on in that part of Orange county known as the Wilderness, and from the early start taken on the morning of the 6th and the rapidity of the march, it became evident that the Wilderness was our destination.

“After reaching the plank-road, which was about 9 o’clock A. M., we were hurried along to the scene of action. By 10 o’clock or a little after, on the 6th, we were on the ground, but we had no sooner arrived than we filed to the right from the plank-road, moving quite rapidly in a direction apparently at right angles to it, and after going some distance, about a third of a mile I suppose, we formed line o battle very quickly, and at once commenced a forward movement on the enemy. We had not proceeded very far, however, in line of battle, when Colonel Sorrel (afterwards brigadier-general), General Longstreet’s assistant adjutant-general, appeared on the scene, and placing himself in front of the right wing of the Twelfth Virginia regiment, with his hat in one hand, and grasping the reins of his horse with the other, he exclaimed, ‘Follow me, Virginians! Let me lead you!’

"The gallantry of this officer on that occasion is as vivid to me now as if it had been but yesterday. I do not remember to have seen during the whole period of the war a finer exhibition of prowess than I witnessed that day in Colonel Sorrel, in the Battle of the Wilderness. During the charge of Mahone's brigade on the 6th, and just a few minutes before it reached the plank-road, the writer received a slight, but very painful wound on the ankle of his right foot, which disabled him for two or three days, and hence cannot speak from personal observation as to what occurred during the remainder of the fight. Soon after reaching the field infirmary, however, which I found about three-fourths of a mile to the rear from where I was wounded, I was informed by a member of my company, who had been brought from the front wounded, that the left of the Twelfth Virginia regiment had become detached from the regiment of the brigade on its left (I think it was the Forty-First Virginia) during the charge, and the Twelfth Virginia was far in advance of the brigade when it was discovered, and that in returning to resume its proper position, the Forty-First Virginia, supposing it to be a part of the enemy, had fired into the Twelfth Virginia, killing and wounding quite a number of its members.

"I can recall the name of but one only who was killed by this unfortunate mistake, and that was John Mingea, who was a member of my company. A more gallant and faithful soldier, or a more perfect gentleman, was not known in the ranks of the Twelfth Virginia regiment. He was a resident of this city (Nashville, Tennessee), at the commencement of the war, and in company with the writer left this city April 29th, 1861, for the purpose of enlisting in a company in his native State. Together we returned to Petersburg in 1861, and together we went to Norfolk and enlisted May 10th, 1861. He was my personal friend, and in camp one of my constant companions. It is not strange, therefore, that his death, and the circumstances attending it, should be so readily recalled while writing my recollections of the Battle of the Wilderness. My recollection is there was very little fighting, if any, after 2 o'clock P. M. of the 6th, on that part of the line in which Mahone's brigade had been engaged before 12 o'clock. I was at the infirmary, not over three-quarters of a mile distant from where I was wounded, and where the brigade had its hottest fire, lying in a tent bathing my foot, which had become very much swollen, and I remember distinctly there was very little firing during the afternoon after 2 o'clock on the right of the plank-road.

“Early the next morning, the 7th, I was informed by Dr. Claiborne that he had orders to move, and that some time during the day we would leave, as the army was moving. Being unable to walk, and being unwilling to be left behind, I sent word to Hugh, my brother, the adjutant of the Twelfth Virginia, to send me his horse, that I wanted to keep up with the army. He complied with my request, and I went along with the brigade to Spotsylvania Courthouse, where I rejoined my company, though my wound was still very painful, and took a part in that engagement.

“There was one feature of the Battle of the Wilderness that impressed me very much, and that was the meagre use of artillery. The nature of the country thereabouts and the thick undergrowth throughout that section may account for this, no doubt, although the loss of men, especially on the Federal side, was very great. Quite a number of Federals were brought to our infirmary, among them General Wadsworth, who was mortally wounded.”

Comrade Joseph E. Rockwell, sergeant Company A, of the Twelfth Virginia regiment, having had the foregoing correspondence submitted to him, sent me a reply, in which he says:

“Our movements forward were made with all possible haste, but owing to entangled undergrowth in some places, and the marshy nature of others, our line of battle was not well preserved, as in our impetuosity to get forward many of our extreme right became separated from our main forces in the charge.

“The enemy were in retreat, and we had the pleasure of seeing their backs for a considerable distance, except at intervals, when the smoke from the burning woods would conceal them from view, as the woods by accident or design had been fired by the enemy, and many of their dead and wounded comrades lying about the fired wood; but we had no time to help them then.

“Pressing on for a few yards further, for some reason we came to a halt, that is, our part of the command, which I am under the impression was in advance of our colors. Here the retreating enemy came upon their reserves, and we had it quite hot, until many of our comrades were shot down. I was fortunate enough to catch a friendly ball myself, and as no surgeon would take the responsibility of cutting for it, I have carried it from that time to the present with special affection and as a cherished memento of that sanguinary battle. My thoughts then very naturally reverted to our brigade

surgeon, Dr. James W. Claiborne, whom I found at his infirmary, about a mile to the rear, and principally occupied in attending the enemy, of which he had a large number, many of them desperately wounded, and among them was General Wadsworth, of New York, who was brought to our infirmary with a minie wound in the forehead, and was placed alone in an officer's tent, which had been put in position for his especial benefit. He died, however, in a few minutes after being placed on his back in this tent.

"Permit me in closing to mention the name of Private Dillon, of Company A, Twelfth Virginia regiment, 'a low private in the rear rank,' when out of action. His conspicuous modesty gave place to conspicuous gallantry while in the field, and his peculiarity being that of crying while fighting, he was crying in earnest and fighting hard when I left the field."

To Comrade E. M. Feild, lieutenant-colonel of the Twelfth Virginia regiment at the Battle of the Wilderness, and subsequently its colonel, I next submitted the foregoing correspondence, and here is his reply:

"I was present at the Battle of the Wilderness, in command of about one hundred and seventy of the picked men of Mahone's brigade, who had but a short time before been organized by General Mahone into a battalion of sharpshooters, composed of five companies. Soon after the brigade reached the Wilderness, on the morning of the 6th of May, we moved out to the right and south of the plank road, and so extended our line of battle that was then formed in the woods facing east. I then advanced the battalion of sharpshooters as skirmishers about one hundred and fifty yards in front of the brigade.

"I do not know exactly how long we had been there, when General Mahone, riding up, informed me that an attack was about to be made on the flank and front of the enemy's lines on the south side of the plank-road; that General Longstreet had sent two brigades through an old railroad cut to attack the enemy on his (the enemy's) left flank, and that with his (Mahone's) brigade he would attack in front. He directed me to move forward slowly and gently with my sharpshooters until I heard the cheers of the flanking brigade, when I was to advance quickly to the front and attack.

"Ordering the men forward, we moved very slowly to the front for some distance, when, hearing a tremendous 'rebel yell' on our right, we pushed forward as rapidly as the thick undergrowth would

allow, but did not go very far, when, coming to a slight opening about forty yards wide and seventy long, which looked as if it were the site of an old pond, I saw the enemy's line of battle on the opposite or eastern side of this opening, moving to their right in column of fours at a double quick. Seeing this, I gave the order to the sharpshooters to commence firing, which order was repeated in a loud tone by all of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the battalion, which I saw attracted the attention of the enemy. I saw four men just at this time step out of line and prepare to fire, and thinking it the part of a good skirmisher to seek protection when possible, and seeing a dead tree about the size of my body about three feet from me, I stepped quickly behind it, but not in time to escape a bullet which passed through my clothes, grazing my spine slightly, giving me great pain at the time and causing paralysis of my lower limbs that evening, so that I could scarcely use them. I came near leaving the field, thinking that I had been shot through, but was obliged to smile after finding the extent of my injury, and thought how I, who had been selected to command the picked men of Mahone's brigade, would have been laughed at had I left the field for so slight an injury. A sergeant of the Sixty-First regiment, just as I was struck, fell at my feet, shot through the brain.

"The enemy's line at this place was somewhat broken by our fire, but a much larger number than composed my force of sharpshooters halted and returned our fire. While this was going on I could hear our brigade behind us advancing, and judging from the sound made by the canteens of the men striking against the bushes that the brigade was in easy supporting distance of us, I gave the order to the sharpshooters to charge, which order being repeated by all the officers of my command, was, I thought, mistaken by the brigade for an order for them to charge, as they immediately came forward very rapidly.

"I had gotten nearly across the opening, above referred to, when our brigade reached it, and as the men in our rear opened fire on the enemy before us without regard of the sharpshooters being in their front, I quickly withdrew to the rear with my men, and in that position went forward with the brigade until we reached the plank-road. Before we moved forward, and whilst we were about this opening, I was particularly struck by the coolness and gallantry of General Mahone. Our brigade had about reached the point at which we

first saw the enemy, as above described, and a considerable number of the enemy being gathered in knots at short range (about seventy-five yards distant) on our left flank and firing into it, this caused the left of the Sixth Virginia regiment to double back until it had gotten to be twenty-five or thirty ranks deep. At this time General Mahone dashed up on his horse and in a clear shrill voice, which could be heard above the rattle of the muskets, asked, 'What regiment is this in this confusion?' Being answered that it was the Sixth Virginia, he exclaimed, 'The Sixth Virginia regiment of *my brigade—that splendidly drilled regiment—in this condition?*' It is needless to tell that the men were in their places as quickly as possible, and promptly moved forward.

"The brigade having swung around to the left, we soon had the entire force of the enemy on the south of the plank-road routed, leaving in our hands a large number of dead and wounded, among the latter General Wadsworth, whom I remember seeing lying on the ground as we passed along. I reached the plank-road with the Sixth regiment, where we halted and commenced to re-form on the south side of the road. I saw coming down the plank-road from the west General Longstreet and staff, followed at some little distance by a column of men, which extended as far as I could see, and was moving at a double quick. General Longstreet, when about one hundred yards to our left, left the plank-road with his staff and others, moving diagonally into the woods on the north of the road in our front. He had with him a large and beautiful headquarter flag (which was something new in the army). I was now on the extreme left of the brigade, ordering the sharpshooters to assemble on the left, when I heard someone say, 'Look out, boys, they are coming back! There they come! There they come!' General Mahone was at this time to my right, saying to the men, all of whom as well as General Mahone, thought those in the immediate front were the enemy advancing, 'Steady, men, steady! Get in your places! Get in your places!' Suddenly one or two of the regiments to my right opened fire. This firing soon ceased, as the men found out they were firing upon their friends, but not until they had killed General Jenkins, mortally wounded Ben. White,* of the Twelfth Virginia, and wounded General Longstreet and others severely.

"So much time elapsed after the wounding of Longstreet and before General Anderson assumed command, the enemy had time

* Benjamin B. White, Petersburg, Virginia.

to re-form their ranks, and we being largely outnumbered, it became necessary for us to fall back to about the position occupied by our line before making the attack. When I was sitting on a log that evening, General Mahone came up, and taking a seat by me, said, 'Colonel Feild, it was very unfortunate for our cause that Longstreet was wounded. Had this not occurred, we would have driven Grant across the river before night in spite of all he could have done. We had two miles of his left thoroughly routed, and this part of the line driven back on the other troops would have demoralized his whole army.'

"I had almost forgotten to say I was surprised when I learned that the Twelfth Virginia had crossed the plank-road, and that it was on this regiment that a portion of the brigade fired. When the firing was going on I thought that the Twelfth was in its position on the right of the brigade.

"We had no further fighting that evening. I was left in charge of the sharpshooters in front of the brigade during the night, which I consider one of the most unpleasant of my life. The woods were on fire, and the cries of the wounded made the night hideous. General Anderson being assigned to the command of Longstreet's corps, General Mahone was placed in command of his division, and Colonel D. A. Weisiger, of the Twelfth regiment, assumed command of Mahone's brigade. This left my regiment, the Twelfth, of which I was lieutenant colonel, without a field officer. I, thinking it but right that I should return to it, so stated to General Mahone, who agreed with me, and I accordingly took command of the regiment the next morning. I must state, however, that it was great reluctance that I gave up the command of the sharpshooters, the finest body of men that I had ever seen, the picked men of Mahone's brigade."

In order that there may be a better understanding of the plan of that part of the great battle in which our brigade and regiment took part, as narrated in the foregoing letters and statements, I have deemed it best to conclude this address by making some extracts from the official records to be found in Volume xxxvi, part 1, series I of "*The War of the Rebellion*," and from Swinton's "*Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*."

General Longstreet, in his report (*Rebellion Record*, Volume xxxvi, part 1, page 1054), says:

“About 10 o'clock Major-General M. L. Smith and the others sent out to examine the enemy's position reported that the left of the enemy's line extended but a short distance beyond the plank-road. Special directions were given to Lieutenant Colonel Sorrel to conduct the brigades of Generals Mahone, G. T. Anderson, and Wofford beyond the enemy's left, and to attack him on his left and rear (I have since heard that the brigade of General Davis formed a part of this flanking force), the flank movement to be followed by a general advance, Anderson's brigade on the right and Wofford's on the left, Mahone being in the centre. They moved by the flank until the unfinished railroad from Gordonsville to Fredericksburg was reached. Forming on this railroad, facing to the north, they advanced in the direction of the plank-road till they encountered the enemy in flank and rear, who was then engaging the brigades of Gregg, Benning, and Law in front. The movement was a complete surprise and a perfect success. It was executed with rare zeal and intelligence. The enemy made but a short stand, and fell back in utter rout, with heavy loss, to a position about three-quarters of a mile from my front attack.

“I immediately made arrangements to follow up the success gained, and ordered an advance of all my troops for that purpose. While riding at the head of my column, moving by the flank down the plank-road, I became opposite the brigades which had made the flank movement, and which were drawn up parallel to the plank-road and about sixty yards therefrom, when a portion of them fired a volley, which resulted in the death of General Jenkins and the wounding of myself. I immediately notified the commanding general of my being obliged to quit the field, and the command devolved on Major-General Field.

“To the members of my staff I am under great obligations for their valuable services. They conducted themselves with their usual distinguished gallantry. Much of the success of the movement on the enemy's flank is due to the very skillful manner in which the move was conducted by Lieutenant Colonel Sorrel.”

General Joseph B. Kershaw, in his report (*Rebellion Record*, Volume xxxvi, part 1, page 1061), says:

“The lines being rectified, and Field's division and Wofford's brigade, of my own, having arrived, upon the suggestion of Brigadier-General Wofford a movement was organized, under the orders of the

lieutenant-general commanding, to attack the enemy in flank from the line of the Orange railroad, on our right, with the brigades of General Anderson of Field's division, and Brigadier-General Wofford's, of my own, supported by Mahone's brigade, while we continued to hold the enemy in front, who was at intervals bearing down upon our lines, but always without any success. This movement, concealed from view by the dense woods, was eminently successful, and the enemy was routed and driven pell-mell as far as the Brock road, and pursued by General Wofford to some distance across the plank-road, where he halted within a few hundred yards of the Germanna road. Returning with General Wofford up the plank-road, and learning the condition of things in front, we met the lieutenant-general commanding coming to the front almost within musket-range of the Brock road. Exchanging hasty congratulations upon the success of the morning, the lieutenant-general rapidly planned and directed an attack to be made by Brigadier-General Jenkins and myself upon the position of the enemy upon the Brock road before he could recover from his disaster. The order to me was to break their line and push all to the right of the road toward Fredericksburg. Jenkins' brigade was put in motion by a flank in the plank-road, my division in the woods to the right. I rode with General Jenkins at the head of his command, arranging with him the details of our combined attack. We had not advanced as far as the position still held by Wofford's brigade, when two or three shots were fired on the left of the road, and some stragglers came running in from that direction, and immediately a volley was poured into the head of our column from the woods on our right, occupied by Mahone's brigade. By this volley General Longstreet was prostrated by a fearful wound; Brigadier General Jenkins, Captain Alfred E. Doby, my aid-de-camp, and Orderly Marcus Baum were instantly killed.

"As an instance of the promptness and ready presence of mind of our troops, I will mention that the leading files of Jenkins' brigade on this occasion instantly faced the firing and were about to return it; but when I dashed my horse into their ranks, crying, 'They are friends!' they as instantaneously realized the position of things and fell on their faces where they stood. This fatal casualty arrested the projected movement. The commanding general soon came in person to the front and ordered me to take position with my right resting on the Orange railroad. Though an advance was made later in the day, my troops became no more engaged, except General Wof-

ford, who moved against the enemy in the afternoon on the left of the plank-road, and met with some success in that quarter and suffered some loss."

General William Mahone, in his report (*Rebellion Record*, Part 1, page 1090), says :

"The next day (May 6th) we were with our troops on the plank-road, and where the fight was already earnestly progressing at an early hour. We were at once assigned a position in support of a part of the line of Lieutenant-General Longstreet's front, but very soon after we were ordered to join and co-operate with Anderson's and Wofford's brigades, of that corps, in an attack upon the enemy's flank. As the senior brigadier, I was, by Lieutenant-General Longstreet, charged with the immediate direction of this movement. Wofford and Anderson were already in motion, and in a few minutes the line of attack had been formed, and the three brigades, in imposing order and with a step that meant to conquer, were now rapidly descending upon the enemy's left. The movement was a success—complete as it was brilliant. The enemy were swept from our front on the plank-road, where his advantages of position had already been felt by our line, and from which the necessity for his dislodgment had become a matter of much interest. Besides this valuable result, the plank-road had been gained and the enemy's lines bent back in much disorder; the way was opened for greater fruits. His long lines of dead and wounded which lay in the wake of our swoop furnished evidence that he was not allowed time to change front, as well as the execution of our fire. Among his wounded, Brigadier-General Wadsworth, commanding a division, fell into our hands.

"Lieutenant-Colonel G. M. Sorrel, of General Longstreet's staff, who was with me in conducting this movement, and Captain Robertson Taylor,* Assistant Adjutant-General of Mahone's brigade, who was wounded in the fight, specially deserve my earnest commendation for efficiency and conspicuous gallantry on this occasion.

"The casualties of the brigade were as follows: Officers, one killed and three wounded; men, nineteen killed, one hundred and twenty-three wounded, seven missing; total, twenty killed, one hundred and twenty-six wounded, seven missing."

The historian Swinton, in his work above mentioned, at page 433, says :

* Of Baltimore, Maryland

"The contest that signalized Longstreet's arrival on Hancock's front, and restored the integrity of the shattered Confederate right, now died away ; and for some hours—up to nearly noon—there was a lull. During this time Longstreet's troops continued to arrive, and when at length his line had acquired breadth and weight by the incoming force, it was advanced, and Hancock's troops, which had first halted, now began to feel a heavy pressure. The attack first fell on the left of the advanced line, held by the brigade of Frank. This force Longstreet's troops fairly overran, and brushing it away, they struck the left of Mott's division, which was in turn swept back in confusion ; and though Hancock endeavored, by swinging back his left, and forming line along the plank-road, to secure the advanced position still held by his right, it was found impossible to do so, and he had to content himself with rallying and re-forming the troops on the original line, along the Brock road, from which they had advanced in the morning. Wadsworth, on the right of Hancock, opposed the most heroic efforts to the onset of the enemy ; but after several ineffectual charges, his troops broke into the retreat, and while striving to rally them, that patriotic and high-souled gentleman and brave soldier received a bullet in his head, and died within the enemy's lines the following day.

"But in the very fury and tempest of the Confederate onset the advance was of a sudden stayed by a cause at the moment unknown. This afterwards proved to have been the fall of the head of this attack.

"Longstreet had made his dispositions for a decisive blow ; for while advancing one force in front, he sent another to move around Hancock's left, and lay hold of the Brock road. At the time the Union troops were giving ground, and the Confederates were pushing on, that officer, with his staff, rode forward in front of the column, when suddenly confronting a portion of his own flanking force, the cavalcade was mistaken for a party of Union horsemen, and received a volley, under which Longstreet fell, severely wounded."

In a foot note to the last paragraph Mr. Swinton says :

"General Longstreet stated to the writer that he saw they were his own men, but in vain shouted to them to cease firing. He also expressed, with great emphasis, his opinion of the decisive blow he would have inflicted had he not been wounded. 'I thought,' said he, 'that we had another Bull Run on you, for I had made my dispositions to seize the Brock road.' But on my pointing out that

Hancock's left had not advanced, but remained on the original line, covering that road, he admitted that that altered the complexion of affairs."

Before concluding this address it is due to General Mahone, and to the officers and men of his brigade, by whose fire General Longstreet was struck down at the critical moment of the Battle of the Wilderness, as has been narrated in the foregoing accounts of the engagement, to say that no blame attaches to him or to them for the unfortunate accident, which no ordinary forethought, it seems, could well have avoided, but which must rather be considered one of those mysterious interpositions by the Almighty in the affairs of men deemed necessary to shape for His own purposes the course of human events. The brigade—men and officers—won laurels in this action; and it has afforded me much pleasure to contribute what has been read this evening towards the history of its famous career, and in so doing to record specially the splendid conduct of the gallant Sorrel and no less gallant May, the ensign of the Twelfth Virginia.

ADDENDA.

Since the foregoing address was delivered, several letters and statements from participants have been received. From these it has been deemed proper to make some extracts, under the belief that they will throw light upon and add interest to what has been already said:

Colonel (now General) V. D. Groner, of Norfolk, Virginia, who, as colonel of the Sixty-First Virginia regiment, commanded that regiment at the Battle of the Wilderness, in his letter dated March 5, 1892, says:

"The Twelfth was on the right, the Forty-First next; then came in order the Sixty-First, Sixteenth and Sixth regiments. We moved in this direction at right angles with the road some little distance, and then wheeled to the left, the Twelfth being on the extreme right, Forty-First next, in echelon, and then the Sixty-First, Sixteenth and Sixth. Mahone, I think, had been given another brigade, but what it was I do not remember. In front of the Sixth and Sixteenth we met General Wadsworth's command. There was considerable fighting on the left of the Sixty-First, but Wadsworth being mortally

wounded and a large number of his command captured or killed, our entire front was soon cleared of the enemy.

" I discovered on the report Lieutenant Colonel Minetree,* in command of the Forty-First, that the Twelfth had been lost. I halted the brigade, reported to Mahone, and went forward myself, to see if I could find where the Twelfth was. We had halted only about sixty or seventy yards from the road, but there was a dense woods in front of us and a great deal of fire and smoke. In fact, I do not think I have ever seen a battle-field where there was more destruction to life and more horrors than that of the Wilderness."

Captain John R. Patterson, who, as first lieutenant of Company E, Twelfth Virginia regiment, commanded that company in the action, in a statement furnished by him, says :

" I distinctly remember seeing Colonel Sorrel attempt to take the flag from the gallant Ben. May. This occurred when we near the plank-road. Before we reached the plank-road I recollect looking down the line to my left, and seeing Sergeant George J. Morrison, of Company A, one of the best soldiers in the regiment, throw down his gun and start to the rear. Although we were then driving the enemy, the thought flashed through my mind that, if such a man as George Morrison was going to the rear, the bottom of the fight must be out on that part of the line ; but as we advanced, swinging around to the left, I learned that he had been shot through the body.

" Just before I saw George Morrison, as above narrated, I remember hearing General Mahone, who at the time was riding immediately in rear of our part of the line, about ten feet from where I was, whilst we were pressing forward under heavy fire, say in his accustomed calm and imperturbable tone, ' Steady in the Twelfth ! '

" Our regiment crossed the plank-road, and I remember seeing numbers of the enemy in utter confusion and route running through the woods. In a little opening about twenty yards in our front, a single man appeared, when one of our boys next to me raised his gun to shoot him, when I said, ' Don't shoot ! We will catch him.' Just then the Federal soldier dodged behind a tree, and as we approached jumped out and started to run again. I then said to the

*Colonel Joseph P. Minetree, Petersburg, Virginia, who states there were two companies of the Twelfth regiment on its extreme left, who remained in the line with the Forty-First Virginia, and on its right, who did not go across the plank-road with the main body of the regiment.

man whom I had just before prevented from firing, 'Let him have it !' At the crack of the gun the retreating Federal fell dead. This was on the north side of the plank-road.

"The regiment was now halted, and we were ordered to return to the balance of the brigade. As we came back over the ground over which the enemy had just been driven, the other regiments of the brigade naturally supposed we were the enemy and fired into us. As soon as this fire opened, knowing what it was, I fell flat on the ground in the plank-road. Some one exclaimed, 'Show your colors!' I shall never forget what I consider one of the bravest acts I ever witnessed. The color-bearer stepped out on the plank-road and calmly waived his colors over his head, although a line of our own men, not more than fifty yards—indeed, not that far—in his front, were at the time pouring a deadly fire into us, which resulted in killing and wounding some of the best men in our regiment."

Judge D. M. Bernard, of Petersburg, of Company E, Twelfth Virginia regiment, furnishes the following statement :

"I have read with pleasure the correspondence and statements relating to the Battle of the Wilderness, you have handed me for perusal.

"I was a member of the corps of sharpshooters of Mahone's brigade, commanded by Colonel Feild at the Battle of the Wilderness, and remember well that we passed through marsh, swamp and burning woods. I was struck with the coolness and soldiery bearing of Colonel Feild, and with the dash and gallantry of a mounted staff-officer, who, I believe, was Colonel Sorrel. Whilst we were advancing through the woods, I picked up a fine pair of officer's gloves, which I immediately handed to this staff officer, who was at the time riding near me. Receiving the gloves with a smile he thanked me for them, saying, 'They are the very things I need.'

"I was not an eye-witness of the May-Sorrel flag incident, but remember hearing of it about the time of its occurrence. So gallant an act was to be expected of Ben. May, as all who knew him can testify. I well remember, too, and can never forget, how, not many days after this battle, when he had received his mortal wound at Spotsylvania Courthouse, my heart was melted while shaking, in our last good-bye, the poor fellow's hand, hot with the fever that I knew must and which did in a few hours burn out his noble life."

To the foregoing the following letter from Major Andrew Dunn, of Petersburg, may be added :

PETERSBURG, VA., *July 1, 1892.*

"Mr. GEORGE S. BERNARD:

"DEAR SIR—You have requested me to give you my recollection of the wounding of General Longstreet in the Battle of the Wilderness. As a member of his staff—I was one of his aide-de-camp, I was within a few feet of him at the time he was wounded. We were on our horses on the plank-road. A few minutes previously I had suggested to him that he was exposing himself very much, I thought. That is our business, was his reply, which silenced me. When the volley, a shot from which wounded him, was fired, he fell from his horse heavily to the ground, and I thought he had been killed. I went immediately to him and found him breathing. Drs. J. S. Dorsey Cullen and Randolph Barksdale, of his medical staff, were immediately sent for and took him to the rear.

"Your comrade,

"ANDREW DUNN."

DAVIS AND JOHNSTON.

LIGHT THROWN ON A QUARREL AMONG CONFEDERATE LEADERS.

A QUESTION OF RANK.

How Lee Came to be Put over Johnston—Davis Accused of Favoritism—
What Recent Researches Made by a Member of the
Board of War Publications Regarding
the Controversy Show.

[From the *Evening Star*, Washington, D. C., July 16, 1892.]

The last two volumes of the *Rebellion Records* relating to the Atlanta campaign, five in number, are being issued by the board of publication, and in them we have the full text of many important reports and orders never before printed, as well as a good deal of correspondence more or less valuable and interesting.

Not the least instructive part of these popular volumes of war records is that which relates to General Joseph E. Johnston, who was removed from the command of the Confederate army just before that great campaign closed, after he had fought with varying success, and, at all events, successfully retreated before Sherman from Dalton to Atlanta, covering a distance of one hundred miles and a period of seventy days. This event was the culmination of a quarrel of long standing between Jefferson Davis and General Johnston.

Although maintained with a sort of stilted dignity calculated and doubtless intended to deceive the outside world, beneath all it was the deepest, bitterest personal feud of the war, and, like most antagonisms in high place, was apparently without adequate cause. There never was any real concord between the two men from the day Johnston assumed command at Harper's Ferry, May 23, 1861, until the war closed with Davis' flight and Johnston's surrender at Durham's station, April 26, 1865.

Many of the misfortunes of the Confederacy can be directly traced to the hostility between Davis and Johnston, and no doubt their dissensions were of direct and material benefit to the North. It must be true that many things were done and many other things left undone by both which would have been otherwise but for their eternal controversies. Their estrangement had its beginning in a question of rank raised by Johnston, which grew until it poisoned the whole South and finally intrenched itself in the Confederate Congress.

Every enemy Davis had, from whatever cause, naturally and at once became the friend and active partisan of Johnston, lauding his military genius to the skies, and, as a matter of course, belittling the President's statemanship. It is along these lines the quarrel was maintained, not only by the two principals—now dead—but by their respective admirers and supporters.

So far as the official records are concerned, the case is practically closed with these Atlanta volumes, which carry affairs down to when Davis, officially alleging Johnston's failure to arrest Sherman's advance, superseded him in front of Atlanta with General John B. Hood, July 17, 1864, though it is true when the Confederacy was on its last legs, at Lee's wish and suggestion, that Davis again called Johnston to command the forlorn hope in North Carolina. But after this event neither of the belligerents had much time to devote to personal quarrels, although Johnston in his "Narrative" does not fail to point out the absurdity of some of the President's last ditch

plans and suggestions in the conferences of the Confederate civil and military leaders on the eve of the final surrender in North Carolina.

In 1874 General Johnston published his "*Narrative of Military Operations.*" In 1880 appeared General Hood's "*Advance and Retreat.*" And in 1881 the ex-President entered the arena with his "*Rise and Fall*" of the Confederacy, followed in 1884 by "*General Beauregard's Military Operations.*" Mrs. Davis' singular book, "*Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States,*" was issued in 1890, after her husband's death.

Johnston's book was almost wholly devoted to an explanation of his relations with the Confederate executive; a large proportion of Mr. Davis' to a statement of his side of the controversy, and Mrs. Davis gives many pages to a re-statement of the ex-President's case and to a bitter attack on Johnston. Her book is of little historical value, both in respect of matter and method. Beauregard had a quarrel of his own with the President, though not so deep and irreconcilable as the other, and consequently the "*Military Operations*" are mostly in vindication of himself, but with a good deal of incidental matter relating to the other two, generally favorable to Johnston. Hood naturally took sides with President Davis, and attempts to justify his own magnificent failure by violently attacking Johnston's previous operations in the Atlanta campaign.

THE QUESTION OF RANK.

Let us consider the question of rank, which was the primary cause of this quarrel. Joseph E. Johnston was brigadier-general and quarter-master general of the United States army, which position he resigned April 22, 1861, to "go with his State," which had seceded on the 17th. He says he considered the separation permanent. Robert E. Lee resigned the colonelcy of the First Cavalry, United States army, April 25, 1861. These two men—both Virginians—had been class-mates at West Point, Lee graduating No. 2, and Johnston No. 13, in the class of '29. Samuel Cooper was colonel and adjutant-general of the United States army, and he resigned March 7, 1861, to join the Confederacy. He was born in New York, from which State he was appointed to West Point, where he graduated in 1815. Albert Sidney Johnston (killed at Shiloh), a Kentuckian by birth, but for many years a prominent citizen of Texas, graduated from West Point No. 8 of the class of '26. He resigned

May 3, 1861, as colonel of the Second Cavalry and Brevet Brigadier-General United States army, and cast his fortunes with the South.

March 6, 1861, a Confederate act of Congress provided for the appointment of four brigadier-generals, that being the highest grade at first created. March 14th a fifth brigadier was added, and it was further provided that in appointments to "original vacancies" in the Confederate army "the commissions issued shall bear one and the same date, so that the relative rank of the officers of each grade shall be determined by their former commissions in the United States army, held anterior to the secession of these Confederate States." May 16 a supplementary act provided that the five brigadiers should "have the rank and denomination of generals, instead of brigadier-general."

Under the act of March 6 Cooper, Lee and J. E. Johnston had been appointed brigadiers in the Confederate States army. The act of May 16, without further action, made them generals, and it was so understood, as it appears that on July 20 Davis notified Johnston, in answer to an inquiry made while he was marching to reinforce Beauregard at Bull Run, in July, that he ranked as general. This was before any nominations were made. Yet on the 31st of August President Davis nominated five generals, to rank as follows:

1. Samuel Cooper, May 16.
2. Albert Sidney Johnston, May 28.
3. Robert E. Lee, June 14.
4. Joseph E. Johnston, July 4.
5. Gustave T. Beauregard, July 21.

This action of the President greatly incensed Johnston. Under the law he claimed that he was the ranking general, and on September 12 protested to the President in very strong language against his illegal action in the arrangement of the commissions. Johnston felt that he had been wronged. But he says in the "*Narrative*" that there was no language in his letter which could be construed as improper from a soldier to the President. Johnston had previously (July 24) written to Adjutant-General Cooper protesting against General Lee's acting as commander of "the forces." On the 29th he again protested that he should disregard all orders coming from "headquarters of the forces" as illegal. These letters all show the raspy state of mind he was in on the subject of rank.

According to Mrs. Davis, on both the letters to Cooper the President simply indorsed the word "insubordinate." His answer to the letter to himself shows great irritation:

"RICHMOND, VA., *September 14, 1861.*

"General J. E. JOHNSTON:

"SIR—I have just received and read your letter of the 12th instant. Its language is, as you say, unusual; its arguments and statements utterly one-sided, and its insinuations as unfounded as they are unbecoming.

"I am, &c.,

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

It may be noted that up to this date his official telegrams and letters to the General were couched in the most friendly tone. In an indirect way he had previously justified his appointments on the ground that the laws were "new and unsettled by decisions" and that "their provisions were special." Afterward the President studiously avoided the question.

DAVIS' POSITION.

After the war, in his "*Rise and Fall*," Davis gives his views of this question at the time. He held that Johnston's position of brigadier in the old army was simply staff, and did not entitle him to command troops without special assignment, and evidently intends to leave the inference that by reason of this Cooper, Sidney Johnston and Lee all ranked him.

His reasoning is of doubtful cogency, and greatly weakened by the fact that if Johnston's previous rank of brigadier-general was merely staff, so also was that of Samuel Cooper, who had been adjutant-general of the old army, with only the rank of colonel. Yet, for reasons of his own, the President coolly ignored the staff argument as well as that of rank, and made Cooper the senior general of the Confederate army. This point seems to have entirely escaped the keen observation of Johnston as well as all other commentators. And notwithstanding Mrs. Davis' claim that the President was scrupulous in his strict construction of the law, it is a strange fact that in promoting Cooper he clearly and probably intentionally violated a plain statute of the Confederate Congress.

Mr. Davis is mistaken, as I think, in asserting that Robert E. Lee had held the higher rank in the United States army. Johnston and Lee were made lieutenant-colonels respectively of the first and second

cavalry on the same day, viz., March 3, 1855. Johnston was promoted to be brigadier and quartermaster-general, June 28, 1860. Lee was still really only lieutenant-colonel when he resigned, though it is true he had been nominated as colonel about a month previously, but the Senate had not yet confirmed him. During the Mexican war, in which both were distinguished, Johnston was a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers, two grades above Lee, who was then but a captain of engineers.

There was more tenable ground for assuming that A. S. Johnston ranked J. E. Johnston. He was acting brigadier-general by brevet, dated November 18, 1857, in command of a department, and had been made a full colonel March 3, 1855, the same day the other two were commissioned lieutenant-colonels. But the Confederate statute did not draw any line between the staff and other officers of the old army who might resign and seek service with them. It was purely arbitrary on Davis' part to so construe the law and then act upon the assumption that Cooper, A. S. Johnston and Lee ranked J. E. Johnston.

The candid inquirer of to-day will observe that the Confederate President was disingenuous in this matter. If merit based on services had been considered in the appointments J. E. Johnston must inevitably have headed the list, for his ability and energy had largely contributed to win the first battle at a date when Lee was hardly known outside of Richmond and before the other Johnston had entered upon active service. There are grounds for the supposition that Davis withheld action purposely until the arrival of A. S. Johnston from California, whom he intended to be a beneficiary. Cooper was an old-time Washington favorite and crony, and it is well known the president was infatuated with Sidney Johnston. Undoubtedly both these appointments, however excellent, were dictated by an obstinate personal favoritism.

Lee's subsequent career in a sense certainly vindicated the President's action in selecting him to rank Johnston, but this cannot be said of Albert Sidney Johnston. As commander in the West he signally failed to comprehend the natural lines of Federal advance into the interior and his dispositions to meet the central attack were painfully feeble. Grant, with a small force, was permitted to leisurely advance and capture the isolated post of Donelson and thereby, without further effort, drive him out of Kentucky three hundred miles south into Mississippi. A bold, energetic concentration at the

threatened point might have stopped Grant and probably held the line of Kentucky many months longer—such as characterized the movement of Joe Johnston in the previous July to the battle-field of Bull Run, which stopped the Federals in Virginia. But after idly observing the battle from afar, with troops enough to turn the scale, when all was over he calmly marched away to the southward, seeking a new line of defense.

EXAGGERATING HIS GRIEVANCE.

But whatever Davis' motive for overslaughting Johnston with his juniors, the exaggerated importance the latter attached to what seems at this distance a secondary matter is surprising and gives one a bad impression of this otherwise admirable character. He morbidly dwelt upon the President's injustice with the feverish pertinacity of a crank, wholly unobservant of the fact that notwithstanding his technical loss of rank he was actually in command of the chief army of the Confederacy—at the post of honor and danger, the cynosure of all eyes.

But Johnston regarded his own present interest and dignity as paramount, unlike Lee forgetting that time and success would rectify everything. When they were touched he became sour, even sullen, and watchful and suspicious of those he deemed his enemies. His mental vision was conspicuously practical and far-reaching in all other matters except those which concerned himself. His nature was positive; he was an unbending, unyielding personality. This was the rock upon which he split.

The foregoing statement of the original *casus belli* incidentally affords the reader a view of the characters of the two men involved in the quarrel. After the acrimonious correspondence concerning the question of rank the belligerents settled down into a stately attitude of jealous and guarded hostility, suspected but not fully known to the public.

About this time there was also some friction concerning the organization of the army into brigades by States, which Davis favored. Johnson's delay in this matter irritated the President, and the General in turn was incensed by the irregular interference of Secretary Benjamin with army movements, who sent orders direct to subordinates, ignoring the commanding general. Notwithstanding Johnston's protests, the Secretary continued this indefensible course.

AFTER THE BULL RUN BATTLE.

The growing Southern dissatisfaction because the loudly heralded victory of Bull Run did not at once end the war was vigorously used in the fall of 1861 to foment opposition to the administration. It was generally believed that the President had prevented the pursuit of the Federals on that ill-fated day, and in consequence the victory was barren of results. Both Johnston and Beauregard encouraged this view. The rumors of his responsibility caused Davis in a letter, dated November 21, 1861, to ask Johnston to squarely state if he (Davis) obstructed pursuit, and it is noteworthy that Johnston answered in the negative.

Davis, who was present on the field, asserts that at a conference on the night of the 21st he favored energetic pursuit, and dictated an order for such to General Thomas Jordan, Beauregard's chief of staff, which was not obeyed. Jordan substantially corroborates this, but Johnston in his "*Narrative*" and Beauregard in the "*Military Operations*" both emphatically contradict the President's version.

On the 22d, twenty-four hours after the battle, there was a second conference at Manassas between the President and his two generals, and all were satisfied with the result of the day's operations. So, if it was a mistake not to press on to Washington, it plainly appears neither of the three realized it at the time. But public opinion viewed it differently, and explanations were soon necessary on the part of those in authority.

In his "*Narrative*" Johnston says he was condemned by the President and public opinion for not capturing the Federal Capital, but in extenuation of his failure urges the lack of present force and previous preparation for such movement. Both the generals place the responsibility for failure on the President's shoulders because he did not put the army in condition to advance effectively. Davis says he returned to Richmond and began to reinforce the army as rapidly as possible. In his "*Rise and Fall*" he holds the two generals wholly accountable for the failure to achieve valuable results after Bull Run. In this opinion (of Johnston, at least) he is seconded by General Early, who took part in the battle.

These are the substance of their various statements on this subject, at the time and since the war. A curious commentary on all this is that while the victorious generals claimed large captures of

wagons, stores, arms and cannon at Bull Run they urged their inability to advance on Washington at the heels of a routed army for want of these very things. The rebel army itself had been pretty well shaken up, and a large portion of it was little better than a mob; the commanders lacked information of the extent of the Yankee stampede; they also lacked experience, and hence lacked nerve to act with vigor. In fact, neither the President nor Johnston was responsible for the failure to capture the entire Federal army and the capital.

Another cause of irritation to Davis was Johnston's official report of this battle, which advanced the theory that his march from the Shenandoah to join Beauregard was discretionary. But it is clearly shown that his movement was directed by positive orders from Richmond.

CONFLICTING STATEMENTS.

In the effort to justify themselves each, in the heat of the quarrel, makes conflicting statements. Johnston, in summing up, argues that the Confederates were too weak for offensive operations, yet at the Fairfax conference, September 30, we find him perfectly willing, apparently, to invade Maryland with an army of sixty thousand men. And he makes cause against the president for professing to be unable to reinforce the army to that extent. This point he cites to show that the president was never willing to give him force enough and that when properly equipped he favored aggression. It is not probable, however, that Johnston was really anxious to invade Maryland. Four weeks later his effective force was forty-seven thousand two hundred, and on December 31, 1861, fifty-seven thousand three hundred and thirty-seven, yet he made no offensive movement. But relative conditions may have changed. The Antietam and Gettysburg campaigns in the East and the Bragg and Hood invasions in the West underiably demonstrate the correctness of Johnston's judgment that the South was too weak for offensive warfare.

Johnston's sudden retreat in the spring of 1862 from Fairfax back to the Rappahannock before McClellan's slow advance, with the unnecessary destruction of large quantities of greatly needed stores, is the subject of much animadversion by Davis. But notwithstanding, when McClellan advanced from the peninsula, the President no doubt reluctantly, placed Johnston in command of the army assembled on the new front to defend Richmond.

Many new causes of dissatisfaction on both sides occurred in this short campaign. The hostility of the two men is said to have been aggravated by a personal quarrel maintained between their wives, growing out of social grievances about this time, though there is no record of such. There was, of course, a lack of mutual confidence, fatal to success. Davis complained that the general was silent and reserved as to his plans, overruled Johnston's wish to abandon the lower peninsula at once, and pretends to doubt if he even intended or hoped to hold Richmond. This, however, is evidently an after-thought. On his part, Johnston tells us that he constantly urged upon the military authorities the absolute necessity of concentrating to overwhelm McClellan and no notice was taken of his views. As soon as he was compelled to leave the command he states that Davis at once hastened to adopt his suggestions and collect a large army. This looks like truth.

Their dispute gives an inside view of Confederate affairs which will be invaluable to the future historian. Davis, for obvious reasons, clearly understates the Confederate forces engaged in the seven days' campaign. Johnston is emphatic in the assertion that the army was reinforced by fully 53,000 men, naming the detachments that were brought forward before Lee ventured to attack McClellan. This would give an aggregate of 109,000. In her book Mrs. Davis states Lee's effective force at 80,762. The Confederate official records on this head are incomplete and unsatisfactory, but there is ample warrant for stating Lee's army at not less than 95,000 men, including Magruder's forces, left to defend Richmond.

SUCCEEDED BY LEE.

Johnston soon ceased to annoy the executive as general-in-chief of the Virginia army. At the battle of Fair Oaks he was unfortunately wounded, and Lee succeeded to and ever after retained the command of that army. It is said that Johnston viewed his successor with jealous suspicion, perhaps even dislike, but Lee's reputation was so overshadowingly great and well established that he did not venture to attack it openly. He notes a singular fact, that two telegrams from Davis at Montgomery in the spring of 1861, directed to him through General Lee, offering him a brigadier-generalcy, were never delivered. His friends say Johnston always felt that he should have been reinstated in the Virginia command after his recovery.

But public opinion warranted and even compelled Davis to assign Johnston to the chief western command in the following November. It included the departments of Bragg, Pemberton, Holmes and others. He at once began urging the policy of concentration, but says he soon found his command was really only nominal. In a letter as early as November 24, 1862, Johnston warned the military authorities that "as our troops are now distributed Vicksburg is in danger." Later, when Grant was closing his toils around Pemberton, he peremptorily told the government that it must choose between Mississippi and Tennessee; but both would probably be lost, but that the one might be saved by concentrating all their available forces in its defence. These suggestions were not followed. Under Davis' obstinate adherence to the system of diffusion instead of concentration both were eventually lost.

Pemberton's disastrous Vicksburg campaign followed. Davis, to shift responsibility, was not slow in ascribing the misfortune mainly to Johnston's feeble policy. He endeavors to leave the impression that Johnston's general command gave him authority to transfer troops from one department to another, but, in fact, it appears that Johnston was prevented by the administration from giving any personal attention to Vicksburg until it was too late. And the President's telegram to Governor Pettus is proof of his knowledge that the force of Johnston was inadequate to relieve Pemberton.

It was to be expected that Pemberton would attempt to make a scapegoat of Johnston, but the latter correctly says that Pemberton either misunderstood or disobeyed all his orders and wholly misapprehended Grant's warfare. The truth is that Grant outgeneraled them all. Davis' favorite was a mere child in this Union general's hands.

CONFEDERATE COMMANDERS IN THE WEST.

Davis was unfortunate in his western commanders. Pemberton went the way of A. S. Johnston, Beauregard and Van Dorn, losing the Mississippi as his predecessors had lost Kentucky and Tennessee. Then he spasmodically concentrated under Bragg in an abortive attempt to retrieve affairs at Chickamauga, but immediately afterward the old system of diffusion was resumed by sending Longstreet to Knoxville, affording Grant ample time on exterior lines to swoop down and clean out the last of the President's favorites. After this blow Davis was ready to give Johnston actual command of the active western army.

The Richmond authorities desired Johnston to take the offensive. He insisted on being largely reinforced for that purpose, and there was an immediate disagreement as to lines and details. Meanwhile Sherman had completed his concentration, and the campaign of 1864 began with his advance southward. Johnston impeded Sherman's march, declined to fight except on his own terms, and was gradually pushed back to Atlanta, in what is generally admitted to have been a masterly retreat. But Davis was dissatisfied, believing that Johnston had missed several opportunities to fight a successful general battle. On July 17 Johnston was superseded in the command by Hood, who immediately fought some disastrous battles under spur from Richmond, followed by the loss of Atlanta. With depleted forces he finally took the general offensive, and was defeated and practically destroyed at Franklin and before Nashville, closing the war in the West, and making possible and easy the march through Georgia and the Carolinas.

NEVER READY FOR ACTION.

In brief, the cause of his removal and the ground of complaint against Johnston was that under no circumstances would he fight, and that he did not intend to defend Atlanta. This is the essential point made in all Davis' recitations concerning him in the Bull Run, Peninsular, Vicksburg and Atlanta campaigns. And, it must be confessed, the official records go far toward corroborating the President's estimate of his general's character. His argument is that Johnston, like McClellan, was never exactly ready for action, was always largely outnumbered, always wanted re-inforcements, always exaggerated obstacles, and always opposed every plan proposed by his government.

It has often occurred to me that had McClellan and Johnston been continued in their respective commands the war would have lasted indefinitely. They were much alike. Both doubted the capacity and courage of their soldiers to overcome given obstacles. Neither believed in the efficacy of fighting. Both were largely endowed with the art of expeditiously moving an army in retreat from the presence of the enemy. Neither had any good will toward or confidence in his government, and both were "hampered" thereby. It is doubtful if either had complete confidence in his cause.

Johnston, in vindication of his Atlanta campaign, says that Sherman was relatively stronger than Grant over Lee, that his own effective force was less than fifty thousand men and his total losses less

than ten thousand. Johnston, Hardee and A. P. Stewart all claim that the fighting spirit of the army was not impaired by the retreat, and cite the stubborn fights before Atlanta and at Franklin as proof of it. His ultimate plan was to fight and crush Sherman, far from his base in the interior, on the first favorable opportunity. He pertinently observes, that like himself, Lee was falling back before Grant in Virginia, yet constantly gaining in military renown, and further, that Lee, Bragg and Pemberton were forgiven faults for which he was condemned.

He points with telling force to the fact that a trial of the cyclone policy of offence against the Federals was immediately fatal to the objects of the campaign and of the war, and expresses the opinion that if either Hardee or Stewart had been placed in command, instead of Hood, Atlanta would have been saved. Finally, in general, he holds that it was a lack of statesmanship, and not military resources or leadership to which the failure of the South is to be ascribed. It was not the greater population and resources of the North that conquered. Johnston expresses the opinion that at first the Southern was a more effective soldier than the man of the North by reason of his experience from youth with firearms and natural aptitude for the military life. Yet in the very earliest battles these "inexperienced" Northern soldiers inflicted the greatest loss on their enemy that occurred during the war on either side.

CONFIRMED BY DAVIS' OWN LOGIC.

It is a singular fact that Davis himself indirectly argues in the same direction, and so does Mrs. Davis, without being aware of it. Military success is nearly always a requisite of successful revolution, and the South uniformly had that if we may believe Davis, who does not even admit that Gettysburg was a defeat. The conclusion, then, is inevitable that it was alone to false statesmanship, as Johnston asserts, that the Confederacy owed its downfall. This is a point worth the attention of our race of modern philosophers.

Hood's book, as well as his final official report, is a scathing criticism of Johnston. The report was probably written under the eye of the President. He says Johnston employed in the campaign over seventy thousand men; that he lost fully twenty-two thousand and left the army disheartened and demoralized. He states that the two opposing armies were not greatly unequal. The army "travelled by

day and labored at night," retreated for seventy days without fighting a general battle, and yet lost about one third its original number. Davis makes pretty much the same statements. It is susceptible of proof that at New Hope Church Johnston must have had fully seventy-five thousand men in line or at hand. When Johnston read Hood's report he notified the adjutant-general that he would prefer charges against the officer, but the war ended ere he could execute his threat.

Davis indorsed upon Johnston's official report of his Atlanta operations:

November 12, 1864.

The case as presented is very different from the impression created by other communications contemporaneous with the events referred to. The absence of the reports of subordinates suggests a reason for the want of fullness on many important points.

JEFF'N DAVIS.

General Johnston was permitted to see this indorsement and communicated a reply to the adjutant-general, closing as follows:

RICHMOND, *December 21, 1864.*

General S. COOPER, Adjutant and Inspector General:

GENERAL— * * * I regret the want of fullness in the report, but am gratified that the President understands the cause of it.
Most respectfully your obedient servant,

J. E. JOHNSTON, *General.*

These two indorsements furnish a fair indication of the characters of these two great players on the world's stage and of their attitude toward each other. Always polite and dignified, but always bitter.*

LESLIE J. PERRY.

* This review, whilst it explains in some degree an unfortunate variance, is too ultra to be pleasing to any Southerner. The author is a member of the Publication Board of the War Record Office.—ED.

THE MEDICAL HISTORY

OF THE .

CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY AND NAVY,

COMPRISING THE

Official Report of Surgeon Joseph Jones, M. D , LL. D. , Surgeon General of the United Confederate Veterans ; a Report of the Proceedings of the Reunion of the Survivors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate States Army and Navy, July 2, 1892, at N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga, Tennessee, Address of Surgeon-General Jones, with Statistics of the Armies of Mississippi and Tennessee, 1861-'5, and Results of Great Battles, and Official Correspondence of Dr. Jones as to the Forces and Losses of the Southern States, 1861-'5, with Reference to the Number and Condition of the Surviving Confederate Soldiers who were Disabled by the Wounds and Diseases Received in Defence of the Rights and Liberties of the Southern States.

[The historical value and interest of the following papers is manifest. Professor Joseph Jones, M. D., LL.D., a born devotee to useful research and faithful demonstration is a representative of intrinsic worth, and beneficent life in several generations. He entered the Confederate States Army, modestly, as a private in the ranks, but in a short time his ability constrained his commission as a surgeon, and he was detailed by the able and astute Surgeon-General, Doctor S. P. Moore (whose useful services as a citizen of Richmond, is held in grateful memory), to investigate camp diseases, and the native remedial resources of the South, to supply a vital want which the Federal authorities had created by declaring medicine contraband of war. His own voluminous publications, the experience of the Confederate Medical Staff and published provision and results, attest the priceless value of his acumen and service. He was the first Secretary of the *Southern Historical Society*, organized in New Orleans, May 1, 1869, and it is held an honor by the present secretary, to be, in a line, his successor.]

I Official Report of Joseph Jones, M. D., of New Orleans, Louisiana, Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans, Concerning the Medical Department of the Confederate Army and Navy.

156 WASHINGTON AVE., NEW ORLEANS, LA.,
June 30, 1890.

*To his Excellency JOHN B. GORDON, General
Commanding United Confederate Veterans, Atlanta, Ga. :*

GENERAL—I have the honor to submit the following :

The Medical Department of the Confederate States was a branch of the War Department, and was under the immediate supervision of the Secretary of War. The Surgeon-General of the Confederate States was charged with the administrative details of the Medical Department—the government of hospitals, the regulation of the duties of surgeons and assistant-surgeons, and the appointment of acting medical officers when needed for local or detached service. He issued orders and instructions relating to the professional duties of medical officers, and all communications from them which required his action were made directly to him. The great struggle for the independence of the Southern States ended twenty-five years ago, and all soldiers in the Confederate army, from the Commanding General to the private in the ranks, were, by the power of the conquering sword, reduced to one common level, that of *paroled prisoners of war*.

The objects of the Association of Confederate Veterans of 1890 are chiefly *historical and benevolent*. We conceive, therefore, that the labors of the Surgeon-General relate to two important objects.

First. The collection and preservation of the records of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy.

Second. The determination by actual investigation and inquiry, the numbers and condition of the surviving Confederate soldiers who have been disabled by wounds and diseases, received in their heroic defense of the rights and liberties of the Southern States.

To accomplish the first object, the following circular, No. 1, has been issued :

1. The Collection and Preservation of the Records of Medical Officers of the Confederate Army and Navy.

CIRCULAR NO. I.

OFFICE OF SURGEON GENERAL UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., *April 9, 1890.*

*To the Survivors of the Medical Corps of the
Confederate States Army and Navy :*

COMRADES—The surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on this day, twenty five years ago, practically ended the struggle for independence of the Southern States, and during this quarter of a century death has thinned our ranks, and our corps can now oppose but a broken line in the great struggle against human suffering, disease and death. S. P. Moore, Surgeon-General of the Confederate Army, is dead ; Charles Bell Gibson, Surgeon-General of Virginia ; Surgeons L. Guild, A. J. Ford, J. A. A. Berrian, J. T. Darby, W. A. Carrington, S. A. Ramsey, Samuel Choppin, Robert J. Breckenridge, E. N. Covey, E. S. Gaillard, Paul F. Eve, O. F. Manson, Louis D. Foard, S. E. Habersham, James Bolton, Robert Gibbes, and a host of medical officers of the Confederate States Army are dead. The Association of the United Confederate Veterans was formed in New Orleans June 10, 1889, the objects of which are historical, social and benevolent. Our illustrious commander, General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, has ordered the United Confederate Veterans to assemble in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on July 3, 1890. It is earnestly hoped that every surviving member of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy will meet upon this important occasion, and promote by his presence and his counsels the sacred interests of the United Confederate Veterans. It is of the greatest importance to the future historian, and also to the honor and welfare of the medical profession of the South, that careful records should be furnished to the Surgeon-General of the United Confederate Veterans, embracing the following data :

First. Name, nativity, date of commission in the Confederate States Army and Navy, nature and length of service of every member of the Medical Corps of the Confederate States Army and Navy.

Second. Obituary notice and records of all deceased members of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy.

Third. The titles and copies of all field and hospital reports of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy.

Fourth. Titles and copies of all published and unpublished reports relating to military surgery, and to diseases of armies, camps, hospitals and prisons.

The object proposed to be accomplished by the Surgeon-General of the United Confederate Veterans, is the collection, classification, preservation and the final publication of all the documents and facts bearing upon the history and labors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate States Army and Navy during the civil war, 1861-'65. Everything which relates to critical period of our national history, which shall illustrate the patriotic, self-sacrificing and scientific labors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate States Army and Navy, and which shall vindicate the truth of history, shall be industriously collected, filed and finally published. It is believed that invaluable documents are scattered over the whole land, in the hands of survivors of the civil war of 1861-'65, which will form material for the correct delineation of the medical history of the corps which played so important a part in the great historic drama. Death is daily thinning our ranks, while time is laying its heavy hands upon the heads of those whose hair is already whitening with the advance of years and the burden of cares. No delay, fellow comrades, should be suffered in the collection and preservation of these precious documents.

To this task of collecting all documents, cases, statistics and facts relating to the medical history of the Confederate Army and Navy, the Surgeon-General of the United Confederate Veterans invites the immediate attention and co-operation of his honored comrades and compatriots throughout the South.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed]

JOSEPH JONES, M. D.

FORMATION OF THE MEDICAL CORPS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY
AND NAVY.

The entire army of the Confederate States was made up of volunteers from every walk of life, and the surgical staff of the army was composed of general practitioners from all parts of the Southern country whose previous professional life, during the period of unbroken peace which preceded the civil war, 1861-'65, gave them but little surgery, and very seldom presented a gunshot wound. The study of the hygiene of vast armies hastily collected to repel invasion,

poorly equipped and scantily fed, as well as the frightful experience of the wounded upon the battle-field, and the horrible sufferings of the sick and wounded in the hospital, unfolded a vast field for the exercise of the highest skill and loftiest patriotism of the medical men of the South. This body of men, devoted solely to the preservation of the health of the troops in the field, and the preservation of their precious lives, and the surgical care of their mangled bodies and limbs, and the treatment of their diseases in field and general hospital, responded to every call of their bleeding country, and formed upon land and upon sea one indivisible corps, which penetrated all arms of the service, and labored for every soldier, however exalted or however low his rank. When the storm of war suddenly broke upon the Confederacy, and the thunders of cannon were heard around her borders, and her soil trembled with the march of armed battalions ; when her ports were blockaded, and medicines and surgical instruments and works were excluded as contraband of war, the medical practitioners of the South gave their lives and fortunes to their country, without any prospect of military or political fame or preferment. They searched the fields and forests for remedies ; they improvised their surgical implements from the common instruments of every day life ; they marched with the armies, and watched by day and by night in the trenches. The Southern surgeons rescued the wounded on the battle-field, binding up the wounds, and preserving the shattered limbs of their countrymen ; the Southern surgeons through four long years opposed their skill and untiring energies to the ravages of war and pestilence. At all times and under all circumstances, in rain and sunshine, in the cold winter and the burning heat of summer, and the roar of battle, the hissing of bullets and the shriek and crash of shells, the brave hearts, cool heads and strong arms of Southern surgeons were employed but for one purpose—the preservation of the health and lives and the limbs of their countrymen. The Southern surgeons were the first to succor the wounded and the sick, and their ears recorded the last words of love and affection for country and kindred, and their hands closed the eyes of the dying Confederate soldiers. When the sword decided the cause against the South, and the men who had for four years borne the Confederacy upon their bayonets surrendered *prisoners of war*, the members of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy returned to their desolate homes and resumed the practice of their profession, spoke words of cheer to their distressed

countrymen, administered to the sufferings of the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers, and extended their noble and disinterested charities to the widows and orphans of their bereaved and distressed country.

Whilst political soldiers rose to power and wealth upon the shoulders of the sick and disabled soldiers of the Confederate army, by sounding upon all occasions "*their war records*," the modest veterans of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy were content to serve their sick, wounded and distressed comrades, asking and receiving no other reward than that "peace which passeth all understanding," which flows from the love of humanity, springing from a generous and undefiled heart. It is but just and right that a Roll of Honor should be formed of this band of medical heroes and veterans.

MAGNITUDE OF THE LABORS OF THE MEDICAL CORPS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AND NAVY.

Some conception of the magnitude of the labors performed in field and hospital service, by the officers of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army, may be formed by the consideration of the following general results :

KILLED, WOUNDED AND PRISONERS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

Year.	Killed.	Wounded.	Prisoners.
1861	1,315	4,054	2,772
1862	18,582	68,659	48,300
1863	11,876	51,313	71,211
1864 } 1865 }	22,200	70,000	{ 80,000
<hr/> Total, 1861-5	<hr/> 53,973	<hr/> 194,026	<hr/> 202,283

During the period of nineteen months, January, 1862, July, 1863, inclusive, over one million cases of wounds and disease were entered upon the Confederate field reports, and over four hundred thousand cases of wounds upon the hospital reports. The number of cases of wounds and disease treated in the Confederate field and general hospitals were, however, greater during the following twenty-two months, ending April, 1865. It is safe to affirm, therefore, that more than three million cases of wounds and disease were cared for by

the officers of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army during the civil war of 1861-1865. The figures, of course, do not indicate that the Confederacy had in the field an army approaching three millions and a half. On the contrary, the Confederate forces engaged during the war of 1861-1865 did not exceed six hundred thousand. Each Confederate soldier was, on an average, disabled for greater or lesser period, by wounds and sickness, about six times during the war.

LOSSES OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, 1861-1865.

Confederate forces actively engaged during the war of 1861-1865	600,000
Grand total deaths from battle, wounds and disease.....	200,000
Losses of Confederate army in prisoners during the war on account of the policy of non-exchange adopted and enforced by the United States	200,000
Losses of the Confederate army from discharges for disability from wounds and disease and desertion during the years 1861-1865	100,000

If this calculation be correct, one-third of all the men actually engaged on the Confederate side were either killed outright on the field or died of disease and wounds; another third of the entire number were captured and held for indefinite periods prisoners of war; and of the remaining two hundred thousand, at least one-half were lost to the service by discharges and desertion.

At the close of the war the available active force in the field, and those fit for duty, numbered scarcely one hundred thousand men.

The great army of Northern Virginia, surrendered by General Robert E. Lee on the 9th of April, 1865, could not muster ten thousand men fit for active warfare. Of this body of six hundred thousand men, fifty-three thousand seven hundred and seventy-three were killed outright, and one hundred and ninety-four thousand and twenty-six wounded on the battle-field. One third of the entire Confederate army was confided to the Confederate surgeons for the treatment of battle wounds; and, in addition to such gigantic services, the greater portion, if not the entire body of the six hundred thousand men, were under the care of the medical department for the treatment of disease.

Well may it be said that to the surgeons of the medical corps is due the credit of maintaining this host of troops in the field. Such

records demonstrate, beyond dispute, the grand triumphs and glory of medicine, proving that the physician is the preserver and defender of armies during war.

These records show that the medical profession, however indispensable in the economy of government during peace, become the basis of such economy during war. These statistics show the importance of medicine and its glorious triumphs, and elevate it logically to its true position in the estimation of not only the physician, but in that also of the warrior and statesman. The energy and patriotic bravery of the Confederate soldier are placed in a clear light when we regard the vast armies of the Federals to which they were opposed.

The whole number of troops mustered into the service of the Northern army, during the war of 1861-1865, was two million seven hundred and eighty-nine thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, or about three times as large as the entire fighting population of the Confederate States. At the time of the surrender of the Confederate armies, and the close of active hostilities, the Federal force numbered one million five hundred and sixteen of all arms, officers and men, and equalled in number the entire fighting population of the Southern Confederacy.

Opposed to this immense army of one million of men, supplied with the best equipments and arms, and with the most abundant rations of food, the Confederate government could oppose less than one hundred thousand war-worn and battle-scarred veterans, almost all of whom had, at some time, been wounded, and who had followed the desperate fortunes of the Confederacy for four years with scant supplies of rations, and almost without pay; and yet the spirit of the Confederate soldier remained proud and unbroken to the last charge, as was conclusively shown by the battles of Franklin and Nashville, Tennessee; the operations around Richmond and Petersburg; the last charge of the Army of Northern Virginia; the defense of Fort McAllister on the Ogeechee river in Georgia, where two hundred and fifty Confederate soldiers, in an open earthwork, resisted the assaults of more than five thousand Federal troops, and never surrendered, but were cut down at their guns; at West Point, Georgia, where there was a similar disparity between the garrison and the assaulting corps, where the first and second in command were killed, and the Confederates cut down within the fort; the defense of Mobile in Alabama, and the battle of Bentonville in North Carolina.

NUMBER OF OFFICERS AND ROSTER OF THE MEDICAL CORPS OF
THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AND NAVY.

The destruction by fire of the Medical and Surgical Record of the Confederate States, deposited in the Surgeon-General's office in Richmond, Virginia, in April, 1865, has rendered the preparation of a complete Roster of the Medical Corps very difficult, if not impossible.

A general estimate of the aggregate number of medical officers employed in the Medical Department of the Southern Confederacy may be determined by the number of commissioned officers in the Confederate army down to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Each regiment in the Confederate army was entitled to one colonel, one surgeon, and one or two assistant surgeons, and a medical officer was generally attached to each battalion of infantry, cavalry or artillery. Generals, lieutenant-generals, major-generals and brigadier-generals, frequently, if not always, had attached to their staff medical directors, inspectors or surgeons of corps, divisions and brigades.

We gather the following figures from the elaborate and invaluable "Roster of General Officers, etc., in Confederate Service," prepared from official sources by Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., of Augusta, Georgia.*

CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

Generals	6
Provisional Army :	
Generals	2
Confederate States Army—Regular and Provisional :	
Lieutenant-Generals.....	21
Major-Generals.....	99
Brigadier-Generals.....	480
Colonels.....	1,319
Total.....	1,927

* Roster of General Officers, Heads of Departments, Senators, Representatives, Military organizations, &c., &c., in Confederate Service during the war between the States. By Charles C. Jones, Jr., late Lieutenant-Colonel of Artillery. Richmond, Va. *Southern Historical Society*, 1876.

If it be estimated that for each of these officers, one surgeon and two assistant-surgeons were appointed, and served in field and hospital, then the Confederate Medical Corps was composed of about the following :

Surgeons.....	1,927	
Assistant-Surgeons.....	3,854	
	<hr/>	5,781

This estimate places the number of surgeons and assistant-surgeons at too high a figure, as may be shown by the following considerations :

a. Many regiments and battalions had not more than two medical officers.

b. The casualties of war were much more numerous, and promotion was much more rapid, amongst the line officers than in the Medical Staff.

A more accurate estimate of the actual number of medical officers actively engaged in the Confederate army during the war 1861-'65, may be based upon the number of regiments, battalions and legions of infantry, cavalry and artillery, furnished by the individual States, during the civil war :

Total number of regiments—infantry.....	536
“ “ cavalry.....	124
“ “ artillery.....	13
	<hr/>
Total.....	673

These regiments were furnished by the individual States, as follows :

	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.
Alabama.....	57	3	...
Arkansas.....	34	6	...
Florida.....	9	3	...
Georgia.....	67	10	...
Kentucky.....	11	9	...
Louisiana.....	34	1	1
Maryland.....	1
Mississippi.....	51	5	1
Missouri.....	15	6	...
North Carolina.....	60	5	4

South Carolina.....	33	7	3
Tennessee.....	70	12	...
Texas.....	22	32	...
Virginia	64	19	4
Confederate.....	8	6	...
<hr/>			
Total.....	536	124	13
Grand total regiments...	673		

Total number of battalions—infantry	67
“ “ cavalry.....	28
“ “ artillery	50
<hr/>	
Total.....	145

Total legions—infantry.....	13
“ “ cavalry.....	3
“ “ artillery.....	...
<hr/>	
Total... ..	16

Total battalions and legions.....	161
Total regiments.....	673
Total regiments, battalions and legions comprising the Confederate army during the war 1861–1865	834

If one surgeon and two assistant-surgeons be allowed to each separate command actively engaged in the field during the civil war, 1861–1865, the numbers would be as follows :

Surgeons.....	834
Assistant-surgeons.....	1,668
<hr/>	
Total.....	2,502

The medical officers of the Confederate navy numbered :

Surgeons.....	22
Assistant-surgeons.....	10
Passed assistant-surgeons.....	41
<hr/>	
Total medical officers C. S. N....	73

If to the above be added the surgeons of the general hospitals, recruiting and conscript camps, the entire number of medical officers in the Confederate army during the war 1861-1865 did not amount to three thousand.

The Surgeon-General of the United Confederate Veterans has endeavored to construct an accurate roster from his labors in the field and hospital during the war, and from the official roll of the Confederate armies in the field, and thus far he has been able to record the names and rank of near two thousand Confederate surgeons and assistant-surgeons.

The official list of the paroled officers and men of the Army of Northern Virginia, surrendered by General Robert E. Lee, April 9th, 1865, furnished three hundred and ten surgeons and assistant-surgeons.

The co-operation in this most important work is solicited from every surviving member of the Medical Corps of the Southern Confederacy.

When perfected, this Roster will be published as a roll of honor and deposited in the archives of the United Confederate Veterans.

The Determination of the Number and Condition of the Surviving Confederate Soldiers who were Disabled by the Wounds and Diseases Received in the Defence of the Rights and Liberties of the Southern States.

To accomplish this important and benevolent work, the following inquiries have been addressed to the Governors of the Southern States, namely: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia:

CIRCULAR NO. 2.

OFFICE SURGEON-GENERAL, UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
156 WASHINGTON AVENUE, 4TH DISTRICT,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., *April 9th, 1890.*

To His Excellency Governor ———, State of ——— :

The attention of your Excellency is respectfully directed to the fact that in the year 1889 the Association of the United Confederate

Veterans was formed in New Orleans for historical, social and benevolent purposes. Our illustrious Commanding-General, His Excellency General John B. Gordon, has ordered the assembling of the Confederate Veterans in Chattanooga, Tennessee, 3d of July, 1890. The welfare of the United Confederate Veterans will be materially promoted if your Excellency will furnish the Surgeon-General with the following data:

1. The number of troops furnished to the Confederate States by the State of —.

2. Number of wounded during the civil war 1861–1865.

3. Number of killed during the civil war 1861–1865.

4. Number of deaths by wounds and disease.

5. Number of Confederate survivors now living in the State of —.

6. The amount of moneys appropriated by the State of — for the relief and support of the survivors of the Confederate Army from the close of the civil war in 1865 to the present date, 1890.

7. Name, location and capacity of all establishments, hospitals or homes, devoted to the care of maimed, sick and indigent survivors of the Confederate States Army.

8. A detailed statement of the moneys expended by the State of — for the support of the maimed, disabled and indigent survivors of the Confederate Army.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOSEPH JONES, M. D.,
Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans.

It was earnestly desired that prompt and full reports on the part of the Chief Executives of the Southern States would have enabled the Surgeon-General to place in the hands of the Commanding General of the United Confederate Veterans, at the first reunion, on the 4th of July, 1890, full statistics of the number of disabled Confederate veterans cared for by the individual States. But replies have been received from only six of the thirteen States of the late Confederacy, and in three of these States it appears that no official assistance has been rendered by the State authorities to the Confederate veterans of 1861–1865.

The Southern States are morally bound to succor and support the men who were disabled by the wounds and diseases received in their service, and the widows and orphans of those who fell in battle.

The Confederate soldiers who engaged in the struggle for constitutional liberty and the right of self-government were neither rebels nor traitors ; they were true and brave men, who devoted their fortunes and their lives to the mothers who bore them, and their precious blood watered the hills, valleys and plains of their native States, and their bodies sleep in unknown graves, where they shall rest until the last great trumpet shall summon all alike, the conquered and the conqueror.

The survivors have no government with its hundreds of millions for pensions ; in the loneliness and suffering of advancing years and increasing infirmities, they can look alone to the States which they served so faithfully in battle, in victory and in defeat.

The noble soldiers who composed the illustrious armies of Northern Virginia and Tennessee made a gallant fight against overwhelming odds for what they believed to be sacred rights and constitutional liberty. The contest was decided by the sword against them.

These matchless soldiers accepted the issue in good faith ; they returned to their homes ; they resumed the avocations of peace, and engaged in building up the broken fortunes of family and country. These brave soldiers have discharged the *obligations of good and peaceful citizens as well as they had performed the duties of thorough soldiers on the battle-field*. It has been well said that no country ever produced braver or more intelligent and chivalric soldiers or more industrious, law-abiding and honorable citizens than were the soldiers who surrendered with the Confederate flag. The earth has never been watered by nobler or richer blood than that shed by those who fell beneath its folds.

I have the honor, General, to remain

Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH JONES, M. D.,
Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans.

II. Brief Report of the First Reunion of the Survivors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy, July 2, 1890, in N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga, Tennessee—Address of Surgeon-General Joseph Jones, M. D., United Confederate Veterans, Containing War Statistics of the Confederate Armies of Mississippi and Tennessee ; also Casualties of Battles of Belmont, Donelson, Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga ; Engagements from Dalton to Atlanta ; Battles Around Atlanta, Jonesboro, Franklin and Nashville.

The meeting of the Confederate surgeons, assembled by invitation in N. B. Forrest Camp, was called to order by Surgeon G. W. Drake of Chattanooga, Medical Director of the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, who explained its objects and extended a hearty welcome in a brief but eloquent address.

Surgeon Drake introduced Joseph Jones, M. D., of New Orleans, Surgeon-General of the United Confederate Veterans, who spoke as follows :

“Comrades, survivors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy, we meet for the *first reunion* since the close of the war between the Northern and Southern States in this Camp, which bears the name of N. B. Forrest, one of the greatest cavalry leaders of the American war of 1861–1865. In the midst of this peaceful and beautiful city, we are surrounded by the mementoes and emblems of war. Dr. J. B. Cowan, Chief Surgeon, and Dr. John B. Morton, Chief of Artillery of General N. B. Forrest’s cavalry, and Dr. A. E. Flewellen, Medical Director of the Army of Tennessee under General Braxton Bragg, and many other distinguished representatives of the Confederate Army and Navy, are with us ; and we are glad to welcome once more the noble forms and brave countenances of the Confederate veterans.

As the speaker stood this day upon the summit of Lookout Mountain, at an elevation of two thousand six hundred and seventy-eight feet, the mountains and valleys of Tennessee and Georgia presented a panorama of wonderful beauty and unsurpassed historical interest. At the foot of the mountain, which stands silent and alone, like the Egyptian Sphinx, winds the beautiful Tennessee, embracing the growing and active city of Chattanooga, like a crown of jewels, spreading around and over Cameron’s Hill, once crowned with stern battlements and frowning cannon. Here at our feet lies Moccasin Bend, as beautiful as a garden with its fields of waiving grain. Up

this steep mountain side charged the Northern hosts, and here was fought "The Battle Above the Clouds." The eye ranges over Waldron's Ridge and Missionary Ridge, rendered historic by bloody and desperate battles. Twenty-seven years ago the soldiers of General Bragg, ranged along the crest of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, held the Northern army closely invested within the military and fortified camp of Chattanooga, and sustaining upon their bayonets the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy in the West, they resisted the southward flow of the red tide of war, and for a time protected the mountains, hills and valleys of Georgia from the devastating march of Northern hostile armies.

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA, GEORGIA.

To the south winds the river of Death along whose densely wooded bank, on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, lay thirty thousand dead, dying and wounded Confederate and Federal soldiers.

The battle of Chickamauga, Georgia, is justly regarded as one of the most bloody conflicts of the war.

General Bragg's effective force on the first day of the battle, September 19, 1863, exclusive of cavalry, was a little over thirty-five thousand men, which was in the afternoon reinforced by five brigades of Longstreet's corps numbering about five thousand effective infantry, without artillery. The Confederate loss was in proportion to the prolonged and obstinate struggle, and two-fifths of these gallant troops were killed and wounded.

Dr. A. E. Flewelling, the Medical Director of the Army of Tennessee, who is with us at this reunion, active and energetic in body and mind, at the age of seventy years, gave the following estimate of the Confederate losses in this bloody battle of Chickamauga:

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA—CONFEDERATE LOSSES.

<i>Corps:</i>	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Polk.	440	2,891	3,331
Hill.....	311	2,354	2,665
Buckner.....	436	2,844	3,280
Walker.....	367	2,045	2,412
Longstreet.....	260	1,656	1,916
Forrest.....	10	40	50
Grand total.....	1,824	11,830	13,654

The full and revised returns of all the Confederate forces engaged in this bloody battle show that the estimate of the Medical Director of the casualties was below and not above the actual loss.

The aggregate casualties of the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, were officially reported by General Braxton Bragg, as two thousand and twelve killed, twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine wounded, and two thousand and eighty-four missing ; total, seventeen thousand and ninety five.

From the original reports in the possession of General Braxton Bragg, we consolidated the following :

On the 19th of September, Lieutenant-General Polk's corps numbered thirteen thousand three hundred and thirteen effective officers and men, artillery and infantry ; on the 20th, eleven thousand and seventy-five. During the two days' battle, Polk's corps lost, killed four hundred and forty-two, wounded three thousand one hundred and forty-one, missing five hundred and thirty-one ; total four thousand one hundred and fourteen.

On the 19th of September, Lieutenant-General Longstreet's corps numbered two thousand one hundred and eighty-nine ; on the 20th, seven thousand six hundred and thirty-five ; loss, killed four hundred and seventy-one, wounded two thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, missing three hundred and eleven ; total three thousand six hundred and sixty-nine.

Lieutenant General D. H. Hill's corps numbered, September 19th, seven thousand one hundred and thirty-seven ; on the 20th, eight thousand eight hundred and twelve ; loss, killed three hundred and eighty, wounded two thousand four hundred and fifty-six, missing one hundred and sixty-eight ; total three thousand and four.

Major-General S. B. Buckner's corps numbered, September 19th, nine thousand and eighty ; on the 20th, six thousand nine hundred and sixty-one ; loss, killed three hundred and seventy-eight, wounded two thousand five hundred and sixty-six, missing three hundred and forty-one ; total three thousand two hundred and eighty-five.

Major-General W. H. F. Walker's corps, September 19th, seven thousand five hundred and thirty-seven ; 20th, five thousand nine hundred and seventy-four ; loss, killed three hundred and forty-one, wounded one thousand nine hundred and forty-nine, missing seven hundred and thirty-three ; total three thousand and twenty-three.

On the 19th of September the number of Confederate officers and men engaged were :

Infantry officers.....	3,343
Infantry enlisted men.....	34,096
	<hr/>
Total infantry.....	37,439
Artillery—Officers	76
Enlisted men.....	1,791
	<hr/>
Total.....	1,867
Total infantry and artillery.....	39,306

On the 20th of September the number of Confederate officers and men engaged were :

Infantry—Officers.....	3,648
Enlisted men.....	35,124
	<hr/>
Total infantry.....	38,772
Artillery—Officers.....	68
Enlisted men.....	1,617
	<hr/>
Total artillery.....	1,685
Total infantry and artillery.....	40,457

Total officers and men killed, wounded and missing, artillery and infantry, September 19 and 20, 1863: killed, two thousand and twelve; wounded, twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine; missing, two thousand and eighty-four; total, seventeen thousand and ninety-five.

RIGHT WING, COMMANDED BY LIEU'T GENERAL LEONIDAS POLK.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Polk's corps	442	3,141	531	4,114
Hill's corps.....	380	2,456	168	3,004
Walker's corps.....	341	1,949	733	3,023
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	1,163	7,546	1,432	10,141

LEFT WING, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

Longstreet's corps.....	471	2,887	311	3,669
Buckner.....	378	2,566	341	3,285
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	849	5,453	652	6,954

Grand total right and left wing: killed, two thousand and twelve; wounded, twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine; missing, two thousand and eighty-four: total, seventeen thousand and ninety-five.

Nearly one-half of the army consisted of reinforcements, just before the battle without a wagon or an artillery horse, and nearly if not quite one-third of the artillery horses were lost on the field; the medical officers had means greatly inadequate, especially in transportation, for the great number of wounded suddenly thrown upon their hands, in a wild and sparsely settled country; many of the wounded were exhausted by two days' battle, with limited supply of water, and almost destitute of provisions.

The fruits of this glorious victory, purchased by an immense expenditure of the precious blood of the Southern soldiers, were lost to the Southern Confederacy through the indecision and indiscretion of the Confederate commander.

CASUALTIES OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE, NOVEMBER, 1863.

The casualties of the Army of Tennessee during the subsequent disasters of Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain and Knoxville, Tennessee, are comparatively small in comparison to the magnitude of the operations.

The losses of the Confederate forces were:

Knoxville, November 18 to 29—Killed, two hundred and sixty; wounded, eight hundred and eighty; total, one thousand one hundred and forty.

Lookout Mountain, November 23 and 24—Killed, forty-three; wounded, one hundred and thirty-five; total, one hundred and seventy-eight.

Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863—Killed, three hundred and eighty-three; wounded, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two; total, two thousand two hundred and sixty-five.

Tunnel Hill, November 27—Killed, thirty; wounded, one hundred and twenty-nine; total, one hundred and fifty-nine.

Aggregate of these engagements—Killed, seven hundred and sixteen; wounded, three hundred and two; total, three thousand seven hundred and forty-two.

We have, then, as a grand aggregate of the Confederate losses in battle in the operations around Chattanooga, Tennessee:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Battle of Chickamauga, Georgia, September 19 and 20.....	2,012	12,999	2,087
Knoxville, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Tunnel Hill, Nov. 18, 29	716	3,026	—
	—	—	—
Total.....	2,728	16,025	
Aggregate loss.....			20,840

This estimate does not include the losses in prisoners sustained by General Bragg's army at Knoxville, at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, which would swell the total loss to over thirty-thousand men.

The desperate and bloody nature of the Confederate operations around Chattanooga, in the months of September and November, 1863, will be seen by a brief view of the preceding great battles fought by the armies of Mississippi and Tennessee, and of the subsequent campaigns under General Joseph E. Johnston and General J. B. Hood, in 1864 and 1865.

At the battle of Belmont, Missouri, on the 7th November, 1861, the Confederate forces, under the command of General Leonidas Polk, defeated the Federal forces under General U. S. Grant, with a loss to the former of killed, one hundred and five; wounded, four hundred and nineteen; missing, one hundred and seventeen; total, six hundred and forty-one.

The Confederate operations of 1861 and 1862, as conducted by General Albert Sidney Johnston, at the battle of Shiloh, were characterized by the most appalling disasters.

Fort Henry, Tennessee, fell February 6, 1862, with an insignificant loss of five killed, eleven wounded, sixty-three prisoners.

Fort Donelson, Tennessee, after three days' fighting, February 14, 15 and 16, 1862, surrendered, with a loss of killed, two hundred and thirty-one; wounded, one thousand and seven; prisoners, thirteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine; total Confederate loss, fifteen thousand and sixty-seven. With the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, the Cumberland and Tennessee were opened to the passage of the iron-clad gunboats of the Northern army; Kentucky passed under the Federal yoke; Nashville, the proud political and

literary emporium of Tennessee, was lost, and this noble State became the common battle-ground of hostile and contending armies.

Both sides levied recruits and supplies from the unfortunate citizens of Tennessee; Columbus, Kentucky, was abandoned, and the fall of Island No. 10, Fort Pillow and Memphis followed.

The unbroken tide of Federal victory in the West was rudely arrested by the armies gathered by General Albert Sidney Johnston and General G. T. Beauregard near the southern shore of the Tennessee, at Corinth, Mississippi.

The brave Confederate commander, General Albert Sidney Johnston sealed his devotion to the Southern Confederacy with his life, on the 6th of April, 1862, whilst leading to victory the gallant soldiers of the Armies of Mississippi and Tennessee.

At the battle of Shiloh, April 6 and 7, 1862, the effective total of the Confederate forces, comprising the Army of Mississippi, before the battle, numbered, forty thousand three hundred and fifty-five, and after the bloody repulse of the 7th, the effective total was only twenty-nine thousand six hundred and thirty-six. General Beauregard, in his official report, places his loss at Shiloh at one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight killed outright, eight thousand nine hundred and twelve wounded, nine hundred and fifty-nine missing, making an aggregate of casualties of ten thousand six hundred and ninety-nine.

The losses at Shiloh were distributed among the different corps of the Confederate army as follows :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
First Corps, Major-General Polk.....	385	1,953	19
Second Corps, Major-General Bragg.....	553	2,441	634
Third Corps, Major-General Hardee.....	404	1,936	141
Reserve, Major-General Breckenridge....	386	1,682	165
Total.....	1,728	8,012	959

The suffering of the Confederate wounded were great, indeed, as they lay upon the cold ground of Shiloh during the night of the 6th, exposed to the pitiless rain and the murderous fire of the gunboats. In the subsequent siege of Corinth, less than fifty thousand Confederate troops successfully resisted the advance of one hundred and twenty-five thousand Federal troops abundantly supplied with food and water, and armed and equipped with most approved weapons of modern warfare.

The losses of the Confederate forces from disease during the siege of Corinth equalled, if they did not exceed, the casualties of the battle of Shiloh.

General Beauregard, by his masterly evacuation of Corinth, eluded his powerful antagonist. The Armies of Mississippi and Tennessee, under the leadership of General Bragg, inaugurated the campaign of 1862 for the recovery of Tennessee and Kentucky.

At the battle of Perryville, Kentucky, October 8, 1862, the Army of Mississippi, under the command of General Leonidas Polk, lost, killed, five hundred and ten; wounded, two thousand six hundred and thirty-five; missing, two hundred and fifty-one; total, three thousand three hundred and ninety-six.

In the Kentucky campaign of 1862, the Confederate troops under the command of Generals Braxton Bragg and E. Kirby Smith manifested their powers of endurance on long and fatiguing marches, and their excellent discipline in retreating in good order in the face of overwhelming hostile forces.

At the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, and January 1, 1863, the Confederate army lost nearly one-third of its number in killed and wounded.

General Bragg, in his official report of this battle, estimates the number of his fighting men in the field on the morning of the 31st of December at less than thirty-five thousand, of which about thirty thousand were infantry and artillery. During the two days' fighting General Bragg's army lost one thousand six hundred killed and eight thousand wounded; total, nine thousand six hundred killed and wounded.

From the 6th of April, 1862, to the close of the year 1863, the Army of Mississippi and Tennessee lost in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro and Chickamauga six thousand and forty-six killed on the field, and thirty-two thousand and thirty-five wounded; total killed and wounded, thirty-eight thousand and eighty-one.

We do not include in this estimate the loss sustained at Perryville, in Bragg's Kentucky campaign, or in numberless skirmishes and cavalry engagements. More than fifty thousand wounded men were cared for by the medical officers of the Army of Tennessee during a period of less than twenty-one months.

The deaths from disease exceeded those from gun-shot wounds, and the sick from the camp diseases of armies greatly exceeded the wounded, in the proportion of about five to one; and during the

period specified, embracing the battles of Shiloh and Chickamauga, the sick and wounded of the Armies of Tennessee and Mississippi numbered more than two hundred thousand.

Surely from this mass of suffering humanity, valuable records and practical precepts in the practice of medicine and military surgery must have been evolved. It was and is the solemn duty of every member of the Medical Corps of the Army of Tennessee to place the results of his experience in a tangible form, accessible to his comrades ; and no officer, however important his position during the Confederate struggle, has the right to withhold for his personal benefit the Hospital and Medical Records of the Army of Tennessee. These views are applicable to the medical and surgical statistics of the several armies of the late Confederacy east and west of the Mississippi.

The Armies of Tennessee and Mississippi, under the command of General Joseph E. Johnston, sustained a loss of killed, one thousand two hundred and twenty-one, wounded, eight thousand two hundred and twenty-nine ; total, nine thousand four hundred and fifty—in the series of engagements around and from Dalton, Georgia, to the Etowah river, May 7th to May 30th, 1864 ; series of engagements around New Hope Church, near Marietta, June 1, July 4, 1864.

The Army of Tennessee (the Army of Mississippi being merged into it), under the command of General J. B. Hood, during the series of engagements around Atlanta and Jonesboro July 4 to September 1, 1864, loss, killed, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three, wounded, ten thousand seven hundred and twenty-three ; total, twelve thousand five hundred and forty-six.

During a period of four months the Armies of Tennessee and Mississippi fought no less than six important battles, and sustained a loss of killed, three thousand and forty-four, wounded eighteen thousand nine hundred and fifty-two. Total killed and wounded, twenty-one thousand nine hundred and ninety-six.

During the month of October, 1864, the Army of Tennessee lost killed, one hundred and eighteen ; wounded, six hundred and twenty-two ; total, seven hundred and forty. During the month of November : Killed, one thousand and eighty-nine ; wounded, three thousand one hundred and thirty-one ; total, four thousand two hundred and twenty. These casualties include the bloody battle of Franklin, Tennessee, fought November 30, 1864.*

* Report of Surgeon A. J. Foard, Medical Director Army of Tennessee.

As shown by Colonel Mason's official report, made on the 10th of December, ten days after the battle of Franklin, the effective strength of the Army of Tennessee was: Infantry, eighteen thousand three hundred and forty-two; artillery, two thousand four hundred and five; cavalry, two thousand three hundred and six; total, twenty-three thousand and fifty-three. This last number, subtracted from thirty thousand six hundred, the strength of General Hood's army at Florence, shows a total loss, from all causes, of seven thousand five hundred and forty-seven from the 6th of November to the 10th of December, which period embraces the engagements at Columbia, Franklin, and of Forrest's cavalry.*

At the battle of Nashville, the Army of Tennessee lost in killed and wounded about two thousand five hundred, making the total loss during the Tennessee campaign about ten thousand.

According to Colonel Mason's statement, there were, including the furloughed men, about eighteen thousand five hundred men, effectives, of the infantry and artillery at Tupelo after General Hood's retreat from Nashville. Before the advance of the army into Tennessee on the 6th of November, 1864, the effective strength was thirty thousand six hundred, inclusive of the cavalry.

Thus we find at Tupelo, eighteen thousand five hundred infantry and artillery, and two thousand three hundred and six Forrest's cavalry, to which add ten thousand lost from all causes, and the total sum amounts to thirty thousand eight hundred and six effectives. General Hood thus estimates his loss in the Tennessee campaign to have been in excess of ten thousand.

Of the once proud Army of Tennessee, less than twenty thousand foot-sore, shoeless, ragged soldiers escaped with Hood's advance into Tennessee; at the same time a large army (in numbers at least) of sick, wounded and convalescents crowded the general hospitals in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi.

The life of the Confederacy was bound up in its armies, and when these armies were scattered in the field and their means of sustenance and transportation destroyed, all hope of final success perished. With the Southern Confederacy, the problem was one of endurance and resources; and no Confederate general appears to have comprehended this truth more thoroughly than Joseph E. Johnston. In his masterly retreat from Dalton to Atlanta, he opposed successfully

* General J. B. Hood, "*Advance and Retreat*," p. 298.

less than fifty thousand Confederate troops against General Sherman's powerful, thoroughly armed and equipped army of more than one hundred thousand brave, stalwart Western soldiers. In his slow retreat, General Johnston was ever ready to give battle, and whilst inflicting greater losses upon his great adversary than his own forces sustained, he, nevertheless, during this incessant fighting maintained the morale, discipline, valor and thorough organization and armament of his soldiers.

The chief executive of the Southern Confederacy, with all his lofty patriotism and burning ardor for the defence of his bleeding country, placed too high an estimate upon his own individual military genius, and failed to grasp in all its bearings the problem of the terrible death struggle of the young nation.

General Hood combined with unbounded energy and dauntless courage and glowing patriotism a fiery ambition for military glory which led him to overestimate his own military genius and resources and at the same time to underestimate the vast resources and military strategy of his antagonist.

When General Hood ceased to confront General Sherman, and opened the way for his desolating march through the rich plantations of Georgia, the Empire State of the South, the fate of the Confederacy was forever sealed. The beleaguered Confederacy, torn and bleeding along all her borders, was in no position to hurl her war-worn, imperfectly clad and poorly armed and provisioned battalions upon fortified cities.

The effort to destroy forces aggregating in Georgia and Tennessee near two hundred thousand effectives by a force of less than forty thousand men, which had cut loose from its base of supplies, exceeded the wildest dream of untamed military enthusiasm.

Of the gallant soldiers whose blood reddened the waters of the Tennessee and enriched the hills and valleys of Georgia, Tennessee furnished seventy regiments of infantry and twelve regiments of cavalry.

If the soldiers furnished by Tennessee to the Federal army be added, it is only just to say that she alone furnished more than one hundred thousand men to the American war of 1861-'65, and won afresh the title of the *Volunteer State*.

Noble Tennessee! The generous and prolific mother of brave soldiers and of beautiful and intrepid women.

What changes have been wrought in a quarter of a century! The songs of birds, the sturdy blows of the woodman's axe have sup-

planted the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry ; the soil which drank up the blood of Southern soldiers bears its precious burden of golden corn and snowy white fleecy cotton ; the laughter of women and prattle of children, and the merry whistle of the plowman fill the places of the brazen trumpet and the martial music of the fife and drum, and the hoarse shouts of contending men, and groans of the wounded and dying ; the entrenched camp and ragged village of 1865 has given place to the thriving city of fifty thousand inhabitants, with its workshops, factories, well filled stores, electric lights and railways, and its universities of science and literature.

Here in this historic place the weary invalids of the Northern clime may rest in the shadows and bathe their fevered brows in the cool breezes of these grand mountains.

In this brief record of the heroic efforts of the soldiers of the Armies of Mississippi and Tennessee to defend the Southern States from the Northern invaders, we have time but to make a brief allusion to the defence of the Mississippi river by the Confederate Government, which was characterized by a long chain of disasters.

The fall of Forts Henry and Donelson opened the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers to the iron clads of the Federals and convoyed and protected their armies as they marched into the heart of the Confederacy. The strong fortifications erected by General Leonidas Polk, at Columbus, Kentucky, were evacuated by the orders of the commanding Generals, Albert Sidney Johnston and G. T. Beauregard.

Island No. 10 fell with a loss of seventeen killed and five hundred prisoners, on the 8th of April, 1862, and the navigation of the Mississippi river was secured by the Federal fleet up to the walls of Fort Pillow, above Memphis, Tennessee.

New Orleans, the commercial emporium of the Confederacy, fell after an inglorious defence (April 18, April 28, 1862), characterized by indecision, incompetence and insubordination, with the trifling loss of one hundred and eighty-five killed, one hundred and ninety-seven wounded, four hundred prisoners; total Confederate loss, seven hundred and eighty-two.

Wise statesmanship dictated that the entire power and resources of the Southern Confederacy should have been concentrated upon the defence of the mouth of the Mississippi river. The future historian of this war will find in the fall of Forts Henry, Donelson, and of New Orleans the first and greatest disasters of the Southern cause from which unnumbered and fatal disasters flowed, and which ended in the final destruction of the Confederacy.

The evacuation of Fort Pillow was followed by the surrender at Memphis, Tennessee, June 6, 1862, after a loss of eighty-one killed and wounded, and one hundred missing, incurred in the resistance offered by the Confederate flotilla, consisting of the gunboats Van Dorn, Price, Jeff Thompson, Bragg, Lovell, Beauregard, Sumpter and Little Rebel.

The defence of Vicksburg includes: The battle of Baton Rouge, August 5, 1862, General J. Breckenridge: killed, eighty-four; wounded, three hundred and sixteen; missing, seventy-eight; total Confederate loss, four hundred and sixty-eight. Iuka, Mississippi, September 19 and 20, General Sterling Price: killed, two hundred and sixty-three; wounded, six hundred and ninety-two; missing, five hundred and sixty-one; total, one thousand five hundred and sixteen. Corinth, Mississippi, October 3 and 4, 1862, Generals Van Dorn and Sterling Price: killed, five hundred and ninety-four; wounded, two thousand one hundred and sixty-two; missing, two thousand one hundred and two; total, four thousand eight hundred and six. Port Gibson, May 1, 1863, Major-General John S. Bowen: killed and wounded, one thousand one hundred and fifty; missing, five hundred; total, one thousand six hundred and fifty. Baker's Creek, May 16, 1863, Lieutenant-General Pemberton: killed and wounded, two thousand; missing, one thousand eight hundred; total, three thousand eight hundred. Big Black River, May 17, 1863, Lieutenant-General Pemberton: killed and wounded, six hundred; missing, two thousand five hundred; total, three thousand one hundred and ten. Vicksburg, Mississippi, May 18 to July 4, 1863: Lieutenant-General J. C. Pemberton: killed, wounded, missing and prisoners, thirty-one thousand two hundred and seventy-seven. Port Hudson, Louisiana, May 27 to July 9, 1863; killed and wounded, seven hundred and eighty; missing and prisoners, six thousand four hundred and eight; total, seven thousand one hundred and eighty-eight. Jackson, Mississippi, July 9 to 26, General Joseph E. Johnston: killed, seventy one; wounded, five hundred and four; missing, twenty-five; total, six hundred.

During the operations in Mississippi and Louisiana on the east bank of the Mississippi river for the defence of Vicksburg, commencing with the battle of Baton Rouge, August 5, 1862, and ending with the evacuation of Jackson, Mississippi, July 19, 1863, the Confederate army lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, fifty-four thousand four hundred and fifteen officers and men—an army equal in numbers to the largest ever assembled upon any battle-field of the

war under any one Confederate commander. If we add to this the losses occurring in the field and general hospitals, from sickness, discharges, deaths and desertions, the loss sustained by the Confederate forces in these operations would equal an army of at least seventy-five thousand.

The heart of the Southern patriot stands still at the recital of these humiliating details. The Confederate commander, General J. C. Pemberton, was not merely outnumbered, but he was outgeneraled by his Northern antagonists.

What medical and surgical records have been preserved of this mass of suffering, disease and death? Who has written the medical history of the sufferings of the brave defenders of Vicksburg?

Fellow soldiers and comrades of the Confederate Army and Navy, I accepted the honor conferred upon me by one of the most illustrious captains of the struggle for Southern independence, not because it conferred power or pecuniary emoluments, but solely that I might in some manner further the chosen project of my life. When my native State, Georgia, seceded from the Federal union in January, 1861, I placed my sword and my life at her service. Entering as a private of cavalry, I served in defense of the sea coast in 1861, and although acting as surgeon to this branch of the service, I performed all the duties required of the soldier in the field. Entering the medical service of the Confederate army in 1862, I served as surgeon up to the date of my surrender in May, 1865. Through the confidence and kindness of Surgeon-General S. P. Moore, Confederate States Army, I was enabled to inspect the great armies, camps, hospitals, beleagured cities and military prisons of the Southern Confederacy.

The desire of my soul, and the ambition of my entire life, was to preserve, as far as possible, the medical and surgical records of the Confederate army during this gigantic struggle.

The defeat of our armies and the destruction of our government only served to increase my interest and still further to engage all my energies in this great work, which, under innumerable difficulties, I have steadily prosecuted in Augusta, Georgia, Nashville, Tennessee, and New Orleans, Louisiana, up to this happy moment when I greet the stern but noble faces of the survivors of the Confederate Army and Navy.

I hold this position, which has neither military fame nor financial resources, solely for the right which it gives me to issue a last appeal for the preservation of the Medical and Surgical Records of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy.

A veteran of more than four years' active service in the cause of the Southern Confederacy, at the end of a quarter of a century issues his last call of honor and glory to his comrades, which will be found at length in his report to the general commanding, which is now presented for the consideration of the survivors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy. (See preceding report.)

With the researches and records of the speaker taken during the war and subsequently, he has in his possession ample material for a volume relating to the Medical and Surgical History of the Confederate Army of not less than one thousand five hundred pages, and it is to be hoped that the survivors will furnish such data as will enable him to give accurate statements with reference to the labors, names and rank of the medical officers.

INSIGNIA OF THE MEDICAL CORPS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY
AND NAVY.

In conclusion, comrades, the speaker would urge the adoption of some badge or device which should serve to distinguish the survivors of the Medical Corps of the Southern Confederacy.

The objects of this reunion and of this association are historical, benevolent and social, and the medal or seal which marks its realization should embody within a brief circle these sacred and noble sentiments.

The outer circle bearing the words "*Medical Corps Confederate States of America, Army and Navy, 1861-1865,*" expresses the great historical fact, that within the circle of these four years a nation was born and exhibited to the world its existence, power and valor, in its well organized and efficient army and navy. Within the brief space of time, 1861-1865, was enacted one of the greatest and bloodiest revolutions of the ages, and a peculiar form of civilization passed forever away.

Upon the silver field and embraced by the outer circle rests a golden cross with thirteen stars—the Southern cross—the cross of the battle flag of the Southern Confederacy.

The reverse of the medal bears at the apex of the circle the letters U. C. V., and at the line under, the date 1890. The laurel leaf of the outer circle surrounds the venerated and golden head of the great Southern captain, General Robert E. Lee, who was the type of all that was heroic, noble and benevolent in the Confederate Army and Navy. Grand in battle and victory, General Lee was equally grand

and noble in defeat ; and his farewell address to his soldiers has been the most powerful utterance for the pacification of the warlike elements of his country and the rehabilitation of the waste places of the South by the peaceful arts of agriculture, manufacturers and commerce.

Whilst the Southern armies were wreathed in victory, the thunderbolts of war, which made wide gaps through their ranks, inflicted irreparable damage. When the brave soldiers of the South sank to rest upon the bosom of their mother earth, they rose no more ; the magnificent hosts which watered the plains, valleys and mountains with their precious blood were the typical and noble representatives of their race.

Whilst the North increased in resources and men, as the war went on, the Southern Confederacy was penetrated and rent along all her borders ; her fertile plains were overrun and desolated, her gallant sons fell before the iron tempest of war, and her final overthrow and subjugation followed as the night does the day.

Comrades, survivors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy, is it not our solemn duty to commemorate the deeds of our comrades who yielded up their lives in the struggle for Southern independence, on the battle-field, in the hospital and in the military prison? Shall we not adopt a simple but imperishable medal which may be handed down to our children?"

ORGANIZATION OF A MEDICAL RELIEF CORPS DURING THE REUNION
OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, AT CHATTANOOGA,
TENNESSEE, JULY 2, 3, AND 4, 1890.

An organization of a "Medical" Relief Corps was proposed by Dr. Jones, as accidents were likely to occur amongst the large army of Confederate veterans assembled from the surrounding States in Chattanooga, which would require the prompt aid of the medical profession.

The following physicians were appointed and requested to go on duty and act as a Medical Relief Corps, at the places designated, during the 3d, 4th and 5th of July, beginning at 8 A. M. each day. They will be relieved hourly, and take their turns in the order named :

At L. J. Sharp & Co.'s: Drs. E. A. Cobleigh, J. L. Gaston, G. M. Ellis, J. F. Sheppard, W. P. Creig, E. E. Kerr, W. B. Lee, Frederick B. Stapp, I. S. Dunham, D. E. Nelson, C. S. Wright, R. F. Wallace.

Snodgrass Hill : W. T. Hope, J. L. Atlee, Vaulx Gibbs, C. F. McGahan, W. B. Wells, A. M. Boyd, J. J. McConnell, W. C. Townes, Cooper Holtzclaw, A. P. Van Deever, T. C. V. Barkley.

Court-House : L. Y. Green, J. E. Reeves, G. A. A. Baxter, H. L. McReynolds. H. B. Wilson, F. M. Levenson, B. S. Wert, W. B. Bogart, E. B. Wise, H. Berlin, Y. J. Abernathy, J. R. Rathwell.

Joseph Jones, Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans.

G. W. Drake, Medical Director.

P. D. Sims, Chief of Staff.

L. H. Wilson, Register.

All visiting physicians and surgeons of the Confederate States Army and Confederate States Navy, are requested to register at L. H. Wilson's drug store, 829 Market street.

After the committee was appointed, Dr. Jones, read his report to General John B. Gordon, Commander United Confederate Veterans.

Dr. J. E. Reeves delivered a short address, in which he complimented Dr. Jones very highly on the manner and thoroughness of his report, and in conclusion offered a motion to appoint a committee to draft suitable resolutions in regard to Dr. Jones' report. The following gentlemen composed the committee : Drs. Drake, Holtzclaw, Hope, Rees and Howard.

A recess of a few minutes allowed the committee time to retire and draft resolutions. The following are the resolutions, which were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, We have been honored by the presence of Dr. Joseph Jones, Surgeon-General of the United Confederate Veterans ; and

WHEREAS, We have heard his able report to the illustrious General John B. Gordon, Commanding-General of the United Confederate Veterans, whose presence will also grace this reunion occasion ; therefore,

Resolved, That we, surviving members of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy, and the medical profession, tender to Dr. Jones our gratitude for his very able presentation of the objects to be gained by the assembling of the survivors of the Medical Corps of the Confederate Army and Navy.

Resolved, That he has placed the whole medical profession of the United States under obligations for his self-sacrificing labor in raising from oblivion the priceless statistics relating to the medical history of the Confederate Army and Navy.

Resolved, That we bespeak the earnest co-operation of the surviving surgeons of the Confederate Army and Navy, in his efforts to

procure the imperishable roster his unselfish labors have so auspiciously begun.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the press for publication.

The following insignia, prepared and presented in silver and gold by Surgeon-General Joseph Jones, will be adopted and worn by the surviving members of the Medical Corps of United Confederate Veterans : Silver disk, one inch in diameter, containing a gold cross, on which are thirteen stars ; on face inside edge, " Medical Corps, C. S. A. and C. S. N., 1861-'65." On reverse—" United Confederate Veterans, 1890." Name and rank of officer on both faces.

After a short discussion, the meeting adjourned.

The following chairman of committees will look after the visiting physicians from the States which they represent :

Alabama—B. S. West, 714 Market street.

Arkansas—G. A. Baxter, 115 east Eighth street.

Florida—F. T. Smith, 10 west Ninth street.

Kentucky—L. Y. Green, Lookout Mountain.

Louisiana—W. L. Gahagan, 10 west Ninth street.

Maryland—E. A. Cobleigh, 729 Chestnut street.

Mississippi—N. C. Steele, 722 east Seventh street.

Missouri—H. L. McReynolds, 638 Market street.

North Carolina—T. G. Magee, 518 Georgia avenue.

South Carolina—C. F. McGahan, Richardson block.

Tennessee—P. D. Sims, 713 Georgia avenue.

Texas—E. B. Wise, 713 Georgia avenue.

Virginia—G. W. Drake, 320 Walnut street.

West Virginia—J. E. Reeves, 20 McCallie avenue.

New England States—E. M. Eaton, 20 east Eight street.

Middle States—F. M. Severson, 826 Market street.

Western States—J. J. Durand, 208 Pine street.

North-western States—E. F. Kerr, 709 Market street.

Canada—G. M. Ellis, 826 Market street.

Foreign Countries—H. Berlin, 600 Market street.

W. DRAKE, M. D., *Medical Director*.

The Medical Faculty of Chattanooga, under the able leadership of the Medical Director, Dr. G. W. Drake, were untiring in their kind attentions and general hospitality to the survivors of the Medical Corps of the United Confederate Veterans.

III. Official Correspondence, 1890-'92, of Joseph Jones, M. D., Surgeon-General U. C. V., with reference to the Forces and Losses of the individual Southern States during the War 1861-'65; and with reference to the Number and Condition of the surviving Confederate Soldiers who were disabled by the wounds and diseases received in the defence of the Rights and Liberties of the Southern States.

OFFICE OF SURGEON-GENERAL UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
156 WASHINGTON AVENUE,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., *February, 1892.*

JOHN B. GORDON, *General Commanding*
United Confederate Veterans :

GENERAL—I have the honor herewith to submit the results of an extended correspondence with the Executives of the Southern States which were formerly united under the Confederate Government.

This correspondence presents many facts of interest to the United Confederate Veterans.

Immediately after the acceptance of the honorary position of *Surgeon General of the United Confederate Veterans*, the author instituted extended inquiries with the design of determining :

1. The number of troops furnished by the Southern States during the Civil War, 1861-1865.

2. The number of killed and wounded, and the deaths caused by disease.

3. An accurate statement of the moneys appropriated by the individual States for the relief of disabled and indigent Confederate soldiers from the close of the war in 1865 to the time of this correspondence in 1892.

4. The names, rank and services of the medical officers of the Confederate Army and Navy.

The nature, and, to a certain extent, the results of these labors will be illustrated by the following facts and correspondence:

STATE OF ALABAMA.

Official communications were addressed to the Governor of Alabama in 1890 and 1891 by the Surgeon-General, United Confederate Veterans, but up to the present date, February, 1892, no reply has been received.

STATE OF ARKANSAS.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, LITTLE ROCK, *June 24. 1890.**Professor* JOSEPH JONES, *M. D., New Orleans, La.*

DEAR SIR—Yours of some time since, received, and answer held with view of securing at least some of the information sought, but my time has been so occupied with official duties that I have been unable to get information. Besides this there are no records, official, in any of the State departments from which such information can be had, hence I can not comply with your request.

We are making an effort to organize the ex-Confederates in this State, and hope to succeed. We have raised a fund and will soon have a home at our capital, so as to be able to support such as are not able to support themselves.

Very truly yours,

JAMES P. EAGLE.

STATE OF FLORIDA.

TALLAHASSEE, *May 19, 1890.**Dr.* JOSEPH JONES, *Surgeon-General**United Confederate Veterans:*

SIR—Replying to yours of the 9th ultimo to the governor, I have the honor to report as follows, in reply to your queries:

1. Number of troops furnished to the Confederate States army from Florida about fifteen thousand.

2. Number of killed? I have no record showing and no means of estimating.

3. Number of wounded? I have no record showing and no means of estimating.

4. Number of deaths from wounds and disease? No record, etc.

5. Number of survivors? No means of estimating.

6. Amount appropriated for survivors to the present time?
\$120,934

7. Name, etc., of hospitals and other institutions for the care of the survivors? None.

8. Detailed statement of moneys expended for the relief of the survivors, maimed and disabled?

During the year 1885 there was expended in pensions, \$1,777.50.
During the year 1886 there was expended in pensions, \$7,653.80.
During the year 1887 there was expended in pensions, \$9,368.83.
During the year 1888 there was expended in pensions, \$32,647.76.
During the year 1889 there was expended in pensions, \$34,486.38.
For the year 1890 there has been appropriated \$35,000.

In the year 1885 there were fifty-eight pensioners, receiving pensions at the rate of \$5.00 per month.

In the year 1886 there were one hundred pensioners at the same rate.

In the year 1887 the rate was increased to \$8.00 per month, and the restriction that the pension must be necessary to support and maintenance was removed. Under this law the number of pensions for the year 1887 increased to one hundred and sixty-seven, and by December, 1888, to three hundred and eighteen, which number had increased July 1, 1889, when the law was again changed, to three hundred and eighty-four. The present law grades the pensions according to the disability and restricts it to those who are in need and unable to earn a livelihood. Under this law the pension roll has been reduced to two hundred and eighteen.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. LANG, *Adjutant-General.*

TALLAHASSEE, *August 29, 1891.*

Dr. JOSEPH JONES, Surgeon-General

United Confederate Veterans:

SIR—Replying to yours of the 17th inst., to the governor, I can only make a repetition of my former letter of May 19, 1890, to you on the same subject, to-wit:

1. The number of troops furnished the Confederate States, from Florida, was about fifteen thousand, comprising eleven regiments, and several independent corps of infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and six batteries of artillery. There are no records of these organizations extant, except an abstract of the muster-rolls of the first eight regiments of infantry, and the two cavalry regiments, with the several independent companies, subsequently forming the other three regiments of infantry.

2. There is absolutely nothing to show the number of killed, wounded, or died of disease.

3. There is no roster of the medical staff, but from personal recollection the writer can give the following names :

Dr. Thomas M. Palmer, Surgeon Second Florida regiment, from May —, 1861, till August, —, 1862, when Florida hospital was organized, and he made chief surgeon at Richmond, Virginia. Present address, Monticello, Florida.

Dr. Carey Gamble, surgeon of the First regiment, from April 3, 1861, and afterwards, of the Florida brigade, in the Army of Tennessee; now resides in Baltimore.

Dr. J. D. Godfrey, surgeon Fifth regiment, April, 1862; now resides in Jasper, Florida.

Dr. Thomas P. Gary, surgeon Seventh Florida regiment. Died at Ocala, Florida, 1891.

Dr. Richard P. Daniel, surgeon Eight regiment, May, 1862, till April 9, 1865; now resides in Jacksonville, Florida.

Dr. — Hooper, assistant-surgeon Eight regiment; killed at Fredericksburg, Virginia, in line of duty, December 12, 1863.

Dr. Theophilus West, assistant-surgeon Eight regiment, from December 12, 1863, till April 9, 1865; address, Marianna, Florida.

Dr. R. W. B. Hargis, surgeon First regiment; address, Pensacola, Florida.

Dr. J. H. Randolph, surgeon department of Florida; present address, Tallahassee, Florida.

Dr. G. E. Hawes, surgeon Second regiment; present address, Palatka, Florida.

4. Acts passed by Florida Legislature, for aid of Confederate soldiers, see inclosed copies of same.

5. There are no soldiers' homes, hospitals, or other places of refuge for old soldiers in Florida.

6. Have not complete records, and can not furnish copies of such as there are, not being in print.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. LANG, *Adjutant-General of Florida.*

(CHAPTER 3681, NO. 15)

AN ACT to provide an Annuity for Disabled soldiers and Sailors of the State of Florida.

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Florida :

SECTION 1. That any person who enlisted in the military or naval service of the Confederate States, or of this State, during the civil war between the States of the United States, who was a citizen of this State, at the time of enlistment, or who was a *bona fide* citizen of this State on January 1, 1875, who lost a limb or limbs while engaged in said military or naval service, occasioned by reason of such military or naval service, or who may thus have received wounds or injuries which afterward caused the loss of a limb or limbs, or who may have been permanently injured by wounds or disease contracted while in said service, and who may be a *bona fide* citizen of this State at the time of making application for the benefits herein provided for, shall be entitled to receive, per annum, in quarterly payments, the following allowance, or pay, to-wit: For total loss of sight, one hundred and fifty dollars; for total loss of one eye, thirty dollars; for total loss of hearing, thirty dollars; for loss of a foot or loss of a leg, one hundred dollars; for loss of all of a hand or loss of (an) arm, one hundred dollars; for loss of both hands or both arms, one hundred and fifty dollars; for loss of both feet or both legs, one hundred and fifty dollars; for loss of one hand or foot, and one arm or leg by same person, one hundred and fifty dollars; for permanent injuries from wounds whereby a leg is rendered substantially and essentially useless, ninety dollars; for permanent injuries from wounds whereby an arm is rendered substantially and essentially useless, ninety dollars; for other permanent injuries from wounds or diseases contracted during the service and while in line of duty as a soldier (or sailor) whereby the person injured or diseased has been rendered practically incompetent to perform ordinary manual avocations of life, ninety-six dollars. The benefits of this section shall inure to the widow of any soldier or sailor who was receiving a pension under the provisions of this act at the time of his death, which pension shall continue during such widowhood.

SEC. 2. That before any person shall be entitled to any of the benefits of this act, he shall make oath before some person authorized to administer oaths, stating in what company, regiment and brigade he was serving when the loss was sustained or injury received, and when it was lost or received, or when and where he contracted the disease which caused the amputation or loss of his limb or limbs, or produced the permanent disability claimed to exist.

SEC. 4. The widow of any soldier or sailor killed, or who shall have since died of wounds received while in the line of duty during the civil war between the States, who has since remained unmarried, shall receive a pension of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum during such widowhood. Proof of such death and continued widowhood shall be made as in other cases herein provided.

SEC. 5. That the benefits of this act shall accrue to the Florida State troops who may be disabled in line of duty when called into service by the authorities of this State.

SEC. 7. This act shall be in force from and after its passage and approval by the governor.

Approved June 8, 1889.

STATE OF GEORGIA.

We extract the following from the "Report of Madison Bell, Comptroller-General of the State of Georgia, covering the period from August 11, 1868, to January 1, 1869, submitted to His Excellency, Rufus B. Bullock, the Governor, January 12, 1869:"

MAIMED SOLDIERS.

By section 28, appropriation act of March, 1886, the sum of \$20,000 was appropriated to furnish artificial limbs to indigent maimed soldiers; and by section 27 of the appropriation act of December, 1866, the further sum of \$30,000 was appropriated for the same purpose. By reference to the books kept by my predecessors, I find that the first-named sum has been about exhausted, and that something over \$12,000 of the second appropriation has been drawn. By a resolution of the General Assembly, maimed soldiers, under certain circumstances, were allowed to draw from the treasury the value of an artificial limb in cases where the stump was so short that such limb could not be fitted to it, and several applications of this kind have been presented to me since being in charge of the Comptroller's office, and I have been somewhat perplexed in determining what was the proper course to pursue. Although the appropriation has not been exhausted, and this unfortunate class of our fellow-citizens has commanded my deepest sympathy, yet I have, from a stern sense of official duty, persistently refused to approve any of these claims.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, *May 15, 1890.*

MY DEAR BROTHER—I am this morning in receipt of your letter of the 3d instant, and I regret it is not in my power to furnish accurate answers to your leading inquiries. General Marcus J. Wright, of the War Record Office, War Department, Washington, D. C., will, in my judgment, be best qualified to impart the desired information. All the captured Confederate records are accessible to him. He is much interested in all matters appertaining to Confederate affairs, having been a brigadier-general in Confederate service, and can, without doubt, turn at once to documents on file in the department which will satisfy your inquiries. I believe he will deem it a pleasure to respond, as fully as his leisure will permit, to your inquiries.

I enclose a copy of the latest act passed by the Legislature of Georgia providing for the relief of disabled Confederate soldiers. The provision is not as ample as it should be, but it is better than nothing, and ministers measurably to the comfort of those who are entitled to every consideration.

By public benefaction Georgia has established no hospital or home for the shelter of her disabled Confederate soldiers, but such an institution is now being builded near Atlanta with funds privately contributed by patriotic citizens of the State. When that institution is fairly under way, it is hoped that the General Assembly may be induced to receive it as a public institution, to recognize it as a necessary charity, and to make provision for its proper sustentation.

Your affectionate brother,

CHARLES C. JONES, Jr.

Professor Joseph Jones, M. D.,

P. O. Box 1600, New Orleans, La.

APPROPRIATING ALLOWANCES FOR MAIMED CONFEDERATE SOLDIES.

(No. 48.)

AN ACT to amend an act, approved October 24, 1887, entitled "An act to carry into effect the last clause of article 7, section 1, paragraph 1, of the Constitution of 1877 and the amendments thereto."

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Georgia,* That the act approved October, 24, 1887, entitled "An act to carry into effect the last clause of article 7, section 1, paragraph 1, of the Constitution of 1877, as amended by vote of the people October, 1886," be, and the same is hereby, amended by striking therefrom the first section of said act, and inserting in lieu thereof the following, to-wit: "That any person who enlisted in the military service of the Confederate States, or of this State, during the civil war between the States of the United States, who was a *bona fide* citizen of this State on the 26th day of October 1886, who lost a limb or limbs while engaged in said military service, occasioned by reason of such military service, or who may have thus received wounds or injuries which afterward caused the loss of a limb or limbs," or who may have been permanently injured while in said service, and who may be a *bona fide* citizen of this State at the time of making application for the benefits herein provided for, shall be entitled to receive, once a year, the following allowances or pay for the purposes expressed in article 7, section 1, paragraph 1 (and the amendment thereto), of the Constitution of 1877, to wit:

For total loss of sight, one hundred and fifty dollars.

For total loss of sight of one eye, thirty dollars.

For total loss of hearing, thirty dollars.

For loss of all of a foot or loss of leg, one hundred dollars.

For loss of all of a hand or loss of arm, one hundred dollars.

For loss of both hands or both arms, one hundred and fifty dollars.

For loss of both feet or both legs, one hundred and fifty dollars.

For the loss of one hand or foot, and one arm or leg by same person, one hundred and fifty dollars.

For permanent injuries from wounds whereby a leg is rendered substantially and essentially useless, fifty dollars.

For permanent injuries from wounds whereby an arm is rendered substantially and essentially useless, fifty dollars.

For the loss of one finger or one toe, five dollars.

For the loss of two fingers or two toes, ten dollars.

For the loss of three fingers or three toes, fifteen dollars.

For the loss of four fingers or four toes, twenty dollars.

For the loss of four fingers and thumb, or five toes, twenty-five dollars.

For other permanent injury from wounds or disease, contracted during the service, and while in line of duty as a soldier, whereby

the person injured or diseased has been rendered practically incompetent to perform the ordinary manual avocations of life, fifty dollars.

The applicant shall also procure the sworn statements of two reputable physicians of his own country, showing precisely how he has been wounded and the extent of the disability resulting from the wound or injury or disease described. All of said affidavits shall be certified to be genuine by the Ordinary of the county where made, and he shall in his certificate state that all the witnesses who testify to applicants' proofs are persons of respectability and good reputation, and that their statements are worthy of belief, and also that the attesting officer or officers are duly authorized to attest said proofs and that their signatures thereto are genuine.

SEC. IV. *Be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That said act be further amended by adding : That the beneficiaries under the Acts of 1879 and the acts amendatory thereof, granting allowances to ex-Confederate soldiers who lost a limb or limbs in the service, shall be entitled to the benefits of this act, at the time the next payments are made to other disabled beneficiaries under the Act of 1887. And the sum necessary to make the payments provided by this act is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.

SEC. V. *Be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid,* That all laws and parts of * laws in conflict with this act be and the same are hereby repealed.

Approved December 24, 1888.

ATLANTA, GA , April 14, 1890.

JOS. JONES, M. D., *Surgeon-General, &c.*:

DEAR SIR—As early as possible the information you ask for will be obtained and forwarded.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

CLEMENT A. EVANS.

*In a communication from the Rev. John Jones, D. D., of Georgia, published in the *Southwestern Presbyterian*, New Orleans, Louisiana, September 22, 1892, it is stated that the total annual appropriation by the State of Georgia for the relief of and surviving widows of Confederate veterans is \$585,000, of which amount \$185,000 has this year been expended on disabled Confederates residing in Georgia.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
ATLANTA, GA., *August 27, 1891.*

Dr. JOSEPH JONES, M. D.,
Surgeon-General Confederate Veterans,
156 Washington avenue, New Orleans, La.:

DEAR SIR—Your letter making inquiry about Confederate veterans has been received. It will be referred to the adjutant-general of the State, Captain Kell, with the request that he reply to it as soon as possible.

Very truly, etc.,

W. J. NORTHEN, *Governor.*

ADJUTANT-GENERALS' OFFICE,
ATLANTA, GA., *August 27, 1891.*

Prof. JOSEPH JONES, M. D.,
Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans,
156 Washington avenue, New Orleans, La.:

DEAR SIR—Your communication of the 17th inst., headed official business, addressed to His Excellency, W. J. Northen, governor of Georgia, has been placed upon my desk. I at once called upon the governor, and informed him that while much of the information desired in your communication might be obtained by careful research, there was no clerical help in my office, and it was just impossible for me to furnish it. The governor desires me to communicate to you the above information. Regretting that he can not furnish you with the information requested.

With sincere regard, your obedient servant,

JOHN MCINTOSH KELL,
Adjutant-Inspector-General.

STATE OF KENTUCKY.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
FRANKFORT, *April 14, 1891.*

Dr. JOSEPH JONES, New Orleans, La.:

DEAR SIR—In answer to yours of the 9th inst., as to records of Confederate soldiers of Kentucky, allow me to refer you to General Marcus J. Wright, Washington, D. C. He has in charge the war papers of the Confederacy, and he, if anybody, can give the desired information.

Respectfully,

ED. PORTER THOMPSON,
Private Secretary to Governor.

P. S.—I can, however, answer as to the 6th, 7th, and 8th. No provision whatever is made by the State for her Confederate soldiers.

E. P. T.

STATE OF LOUISIANA.

BATON ROUGE, LA., *March 12, 1890.*

Dr. JOSEPH JONES, New Orleans, La.:

MY DEAR DOCTOR—Being desirous of obtaining the information which you are seeking and which you have requested me to obtain for you, I believe I have obtained the desired information from my last report as secretary of State, from page 107 to page 133 inclusive. I have, this day, mailed a copy to you.

I have also obtained from the adjutant-general's office his last report, which contains the appropriations made by the legislature for wounded and disabled soldiers, as well as to soldiers' home. I have also this day mailed a copy to you.

I have also obtained from the register of the State land office that 103 wounded and disabled soldiers have obtained land warrants under the provisions of Act No. 96, of 1884, and have actually located each 160 acres of land. The widows of Confederate soldiers who are in indigent circumstances are also entitled to the benefits of said act.

There are also, up to date, 564 Confederate soldiers who have obtained land warrants under Act No. 116 of 1886, entitling them to 160 acres of land. I would refer you particularly to the provisions of the last act. You can obtain a copy from the State Library.

In relation to the names of surgeons who served in the Confederate army, I have been informed that so far as the Army of Northern Virginia, you can have the names of the officers at New Orleans. There has been no record kept of the Army of Tennessee, unless Colonel A. J. Lewis can inform you.

I am, very truly, your obedient servant and friend,

OSCAR AROYO.

FROM THE VALUABLE "ROSTER OF THE LOUISIANA TROOPS MUSTERED INTO THE PROVISIONAL ARMY CONFEDERATE STATES," PREPARED BY COLONEL OSCAR AROYO, SECRETARY OF STATE.

The total original enlistments were:

LOUISIANA TROOPS MUSTERED INTO THE PROVISIONAL CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

Total original enrolment of infantry.....	36,243
Total original enrolment of artillery.....	4,024
Total original enrolment of cavalry.....	10,056
Total original enrolment of sappers and miners.....	276
Total original enrolment of engineers.....	212
Total original enrolment of signal corps.....	76
Total original enrolment of New Orleans State Guard.....	4,933
Grand total.....	55,820

REPORT OF THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF LOUISIANA.

Artificial Limbs.

Act 69, approved April 6, 1880, provides substantial artificial limbs for the *citizens of this State* who lost a limb or limbs in the military service of the Confederate States, and the adjutant-general is furnished with an official list of those entitled to the benefits of this act, which list serves them as a guide as to the number and kind of artificial limbs to be supplied by the State.

Section 5 of that act provides for the payment of the *pro rata* proportion of the appropriation of \$12,000 for the year 1880, and of \$8,000 for the year 1881; in case the beneficiaries take oath before the clerk of the district court of their parish, stating in their affidavits that they do not believe that the style of artificial limb contracted for by the adjutant-general would be of any practical use to them; in that case the adjutant-general is instructed to approve and indorse on the affidavits the contract price of the artificial limb to which the beneficiaries would be entitled under this act, which affidavits, so indorsed and approved, shall be the voucher of the auditor of public accounts for his warrant on the State treasurer in favor of the beneficiary.

By a latter resolution of the House of Representatives, under date of April 15, 1880, the adjutant-general is authorized and empowered to supplement the list of disabled soldiers, adopted and forwarded to him by the house, by the addition of the names of those at this time *citizens of the State*, who may forward or carry to him an affidavit made before the clerk of their parish that they lost a limb or limbs in the service of the Confederate States, approved by either of their representatives or senators, or by the addition of names of persons forwarded to him by either the Louisiana Division of Army of Northern Virginia, or Louisiana Division of Army of Tennessee.

Under this act 69, and under the resolution of the house referred to, the following artificial limbs are accounted for:

Appropriation for 1880.....	\$12,000 00
Appropriation for 1881.....	8,000 00

Act 72, approved July 1, 1882, directs that the unexpended balances appropriated by Act No. 69 of 1880, be transferred to and appropriated out of the general fund of 1882 and 1883, to be paid out according to provisions and regulations of Act 69 of 1880.

For artificial limbs in 1882.....	\$1,300 00
For repairs of same in 1882.....	1,000 00
For artificial limbs in 1883.....	1,300 00
For repairs of same in 1883.....	1,071 77

Under Act 72, the following artificial limbs and repairs to same have been furnished upon proper affidavits on file in this office:

Appropriation for 1882.....	\$2,300 00
Appropriation for 1883.....	2,371 77

Act 46, approved July 5, 1884, appropriated eight thousand dollars out of the general fund of 1884, and eight thousand dollars out of the general fund of 1885, or so much thereof as may be necessary to supply and keep supplied with substantial artificial limbs the citizens of this State who lost a limb or limbs in the military service of the Confederate States.

Section 2 of this act provides that the list of those entitled to the benefits of the act, now on file in the adjutant-general's office of this State, which may be amended by the adjutant-general by adding the names of other soldiers upon proper proof furnished him, or by striking off the names of those who have died, or who may hereafter die, shall be his guide as to the number and kinds of artificial limbs to be supplied by the State.

Section 3 of the same act authorizes the adjutant-general of the State, with the governor's approval, to contract for the manufacture of the artificial limbs required.

The remaining sections of Act 46 provide that the affidavits or certificates for relief, under this bill, be countersigned by the proper officer of the association of the Army of Northern Virginia or the association of the Army of Tennessee. That those who received artificial limbs or the value of the same in warrants from the State in 1880, are entitled to the benefits of this act in 1884, and those who were supplied in 1881 to the benefits of this act in 1885. That all warrants issued under the same act are made receivable for any licenses or taxes due and payable to the general fund for the year in which they are issued.

Appropriation for 1884.....	\$8,000 00
Appropriation for 1885.....	8,000 00

Act 115, approved July 8, 1886, directs that the unexpended balances, amounting to thirty-seven hundred and sixty-three dollars, be transferred to and re-appropriated out of the general fund of 1886, 1887, and 1888, to be paid out according to provisions and regulations of Act 46, as follows:

For artificial limbs and repairs of same in 1886.....	\$1,500 00
For artificial limbs and repairs of same in 1887.....	1,500 00
For artificial limbs and repairs of same in 1888.....	763 00
	<hr/>
	\$3,763 00

Appropriation for 1886.....	\$1,500 00
Appropriation for 1887	1,500 00

Act 32, approved June 29, 1888, directs that the unexpended balances, amounting to eight hundred and forty-five dollars and ninety-one cents, appropriated by Act 115, Acts of 1886, be transferred to and appropriated out of the general fund of 1888, to supply the *citizens of this State* who lost a limb or limbs in the military service of the Confederate States, with substantial artificial limbs, and *those* whose disabilities are such, through wounds, surgical operations, or injuries received in the line of duty as soldiers in the service of the Confederate States, that an artificial limb would be of no practical use, may have the benefit of the *pro rata* share of this appropriation, as hereinafter provided.

For the loss of the use of a leg, eighty dollars; for the loss of the use of an arm, sixty-five dollars; for the loss of the sight of an eye, sixty-five dollars; for the loss of hearing in one ear, twenty dollars; for the loss of the voice, eighty dollars; for the paralysis of any portion of the body, causing disability, sixty-five dollars. All such cases of disability to be established by the certificate of two medical practitioners of good standing in the parish or district where the beneficiary resides; all applications for relief to be approved by the proper officer of the association of the Army of Northern Virginia, or the Army of Tennessee; that all warrants issued under Act 32 are made receivable for any licenses or taxes due and payable to the general fund of the year in which they are issued.

Appropriation for 1888.....	\$845 91
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Act 50, approved July 10, 1888, appropriates six thousand dollars out of the general fund for *the year 1889*, and *nine thousand dollars out of the general fund of 1889* to supply and keep supplied with substantial artificial limbs the *citizens of this State* who lost a limb or limbs in the military service of the Confederate States, under provisions similar to those expressed in Act 69 of 1880 and Act 46 of 1884.

Appropriation for 1888.....	\$6,000 00
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The artificial limbs manufactured and furnished by Mr. A. McDermott, of New Orleans, under Acts 69 and 72, for the years 1880,

1881, 1882, and 1883, also under Acts 36 and 115, for the years 1884, 1885, 1886, and 1887, having proved satisfactory in every respect, the contract for artificial limbs required by the State of Louisiana to supply its citizens was, for the fifth time, awarded him, under Act 50, for the years 1888 and 1889.

The prices specified in the contract are as follows:

Artificial legs.....	\$80 00
Repairs to an artificial leg.....	25 00
Artificial arms.....	65 00
Repairs to an artificial arm.....	15 00

All estimated for cash or its equivalent in warrants.

The fluctuations in these warrants for the past nine years have been from 60 to 96 cents.

SOLDIERS' HOME.

The General Assembly has made the following appropriations for founding and maintaining the "Louisiana Soldiers' Home," established in 1883, on Bayou St. John, near the bridge at the end of Esplanade street, New Orleans:

Out of the revenues of 1883.....	\$ 2,500 00
Out of the revenues of 1884.....	2,500 00
For the year ending June 30, 1885.....	10,000 00
For the year ending June 30, 1886.....	10,000 00
For the year ending June 30, 1887.....	7,500 00
For the year ending June 30, 1888.....	7,500 00
For the year ending June 30, 1889.....	7,500 00
For the year ending June 30, 1890.....	7,500 00
	<hr/>
	\$55,000 00

To the above amount in State warrants may be added seven thousand dollars in cash, received from the two divisions of Louisiana Confederate Veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia and Army of Tennessee, being the amount realized from the two days' sham battles and entertainments given at the Fair Grounds, New Orleans, in September, 1883.

The Soldiers' Home now affords comfortable quarters, clothing and subsistence to fifty-one Confederate veterans, all disabled from injuries, wounds or loss of limbs in line of duty.

To fully develop and carry out the purposes intended, and to establish on a firm basis the "Louisiana Soldiers' Home," in which all classes are interested, it is hoped that the General Assembly will continue the appropriations on a more liberal scale, for the extension and maintenance of this humane and deserving institution.

STATE OF MARYLAND.

Respectfully returned, and attention invited to remarks of General Johnson. No organizations of Confederate troops were furnished by the State, which was subjugated by the United States; but many thousands of her citizens went to the aid of the Confederate States, and served in most of them in their commands to the close of the civil war. (?)

Question No. 4. None.

Question No. 5. By act of the legislature a piece of property known as Pikesville Arsenal has been donated for a Confederate home, and now shelters some fifty or more veterans.

J. HOWARD, *Adjutant General.*

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.

Official inquiries were addressed to the governor of Mississippi in 1890 and 1891.

No replies have been received to the respectful inquiries of the Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans, and in the absence of all information from Mississippi, we present with pleasure, for the consideration of the United Confederate Veterans, the following valuable communication from General Allen Thomas, who served with distinguished gallantry at the siege of Vicksburg:

RUNNYMEADE, *October 21, 1891.*

Dr. JOSEPH JONES, Surgeon-General

United Confederate Veterans:

MY DEAR DOCTOR—Your favor of September, after some delay in finding me, was received. I have been trying to refresh my memory with reference to your inquiries, but it has been so much

weakened by time and trouble that I find I am not able to give you definitely the information you desire.

To your first inquiry: "Names of the medical officers in charge of the Confederate sick and wounded during the siege of Vicksburg, name also of Medical Director?"—

I would say that Dr. Winn, of Holmesville, Avoyelles parish, was my regimental surgeon. Dr. Pierce was his assistant. Dr. Raoul Percy was also on duty; as was Dr. Walker in charge of the First Louisiana Heavy Artillery (Fuller's command). As well as I recollect; Dr. Balfour was Medical Director, and Dr. Burchel, if I mistake not, was in charge of the hospital for the sick and wounded. Of course there were many other members of the medical profession who participated in the siege, but I do not recollect their names.

2. Number of Confederates killed and wounded during the siege of Vicksburg?

Ans. I do not know the exact number, but I can approximate. I understood at headquarters at the commencement of the siege, that we had seventeen thousand men of all arms of the service; there was about eleven thousand paroled. Some time before the surrender, General Pemberton called his general officers together to ascertain if it were possible to cut our way out. This was found to be utterly impracticable. There were but eleven thousand men of all arms of the service fit for duty. And these were not in a condition to sustain continued exertions. We had no horses for either cavalry or artillery. Of course I cannot say positively the number of men paroled, but I heard it frequently stated that it was eleven thousand, leaving six thousand unaccounted for. In my opinion the great majority of these were killed or wounded.

3. Number of Confederate troops (officers and men sick and wounded) surrendered at Vicksburg?

Ans. About eleven thousand.

4. What was the condition, physical and moral, of the Confederate troops at the time of surrender; could the struggle have been protracted much longer?

Ans. The Confederate troops suffered greatly for want of proper provisions, for some time before the end of the siege. A small cup of cornmeal or rice was a day's rations, and the men, from forty-eight days' of service in open trenches, exposed to torrid sun and all weather, unable to move from their positions, without being exposed to a storm of shot and shell, were necessarily much worn

and emaciated; so apparent was this, that when I marched my brigade by a group of Federal officers, one of them exclaimed in my hearing, "Great God, can it be possible that these men held us in check for so long a time." The morale of the men was excellent. They could not have been driven; they might have been overwhelmed, but had no thought, so far as I could observe, of retreat or surrender. It would have been impossible for them to have continued the struggle much longer, as it was beyond the endurance of human nature.

5. Are there any authentic accounts of the siege of Vicksburg extant.

Ans. None that I know of. The late Jefferson Davis once asked me to write a history of the siege. I contemplated doing so, but was told that Colonel McCardle, of General Pemberton's staff, was about to publish such a work, which induced me to abandon it. Regretting that I am unable to give you more accurate dates.

I am, with the highest esteem, most truly yours.

ALLEN THOMAS.

STATE OF MISSOURI.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, *April 14, 1890.*

JOSEPH JONES, *M. D.,*

*Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans,
156 Washington Avenue New Orleans, La.:*

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of yours of the 9th instant, requesting me to furnish your association data as to the number of troops furnished the Confederate States army by the State of Missouri, etc., and have to reply that there are no records at the capital from which to furnish the information desired.

There is an ex-Confederate association in this State, Mr. James Bannerman, Southern hotel, St Louis, being the president thereof, and it is possible that by communicating with him you may be able to ascertain what you desire to know.

Regretting my inability to comply with your courteous request, I am

Yours very respectfully,

DAVID R. FRANCIS, *Governor.*

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, *August 21, 1891.*

Prof. JOSEPH JONES, M. D.,
Box 1600, New Orleans, La. :

DEAR SIR—I am in receipt of yours of the 17th, asking information concerning the Missouri troops in the Confederate army, and also requesting detailed statement concerning the relations between Missouri and the Confederacy, which would require weeks of labor to prepare, if they could be furnished at all. I have referred that portion of your letter concerning the number of troops from Missouri in the Confederate service to the Adjutant-General's department, of which General Joseph A. Wickham is the head, and have asked the Secretary of State, Captain A. A. Lesueur, who commanded Lesueur's battery in the Confederate service, to make reply to your request for copies of State papers relating to the civil war.

Respectfully,

DAVID R. FRANCIS.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, MO., *August 22, 1891.*

Dr. JOSEPH JONES, New Orleans :

DEAR SIR—Questions four, five and six of your letter to Governor Francis have been referred to me for reply, and in response would say :

1. This State has passed no law to pension or for the relief of disabled and indigent Confederate soldiers.

2. There is a home for Confederate soldiers at Higginsville, this State, which was established and is being sustained by private contributions, and at which all worthy and needy Missouri ex-Confederates will be received and cared for.

3. In order to comply with your request for "State papers, acts, etc., relating to the civil war," I would be compelled to send you copies of Session Acts, proceedings of constitutional conventions, etc., which would make a package of considerable size, and not knowing whether you would be willing to pay necessary freight or express charges, I thought best to write you for information on that point. If you wish me to send them, please say whether by freight or express.

A. A. LESUEUR, *Secretary of State.*

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.
CITY OF JEFFERSON, *August 24, 1891.*

Governor DAVID R. FRANCIS, *City.*

DEAR SIR—I have the honor to return the enclosed letter, with the information that there is no data on file in this office which will enable me to reply to the questions asked. I would suggest, that perhaps the Southern Historical Society could come nearer furnishing the information asked for than any one, unless it be General Harding.

Very respectfully,

J. A. WICKHAM, *Adjutant General.*

To General Harding :

Can you reply ?

D. R. F. *Governor.*

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, *August 25, 1891.*

JOSEPH JONES, *M. D.,*
156 Washington Avenue, New Orleans, La. :

DEAR SIR—In further answer of yours of the 17th, I enclose communications from the Department of the Adjutant-General and from General James Harding, who was a brigadier in the Confederate service. You will observe therefrom that it is impossible to give you definite information on the points mentioned in your letter. I would suggest that you correspond with the Southern Historical Society in the city of St. Louis. Captain Lesueur informs me that he has replied to the queries to which he could give satisfactory answers.

Respectfully,

DAVID R. FRANCIS.

RAILROAD AND WAREHOUSE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF COMMISSIONERS,
CITY OF JEFFERSON, *August 25, 1891.*

Hon. DAVID R. FRANCIS, Governor of Missouri:

GOVERNOR—Herewith I have the honor to return papers referred to me by you this date.

I believe it to be impossible to give the information desired by Surgeon-General Jones, with any degree of accuracy. There are no records in this State from which it can be obtained, and it is very doubtful if the records of the Confederate war department will furnish it.

As regards question No. 1, the information must be very inaccurate, as Senator Cockrell, in his address at Kansas City a few days since, stated that Missouri furnished more men to the Confederate service than any State, except one. I have given this question some attention, and am confident that twenty-five thousand will include every man and boy in the Confederate service from this State. If the Senator is right, I am out of the way only about sixty thousand!

Very respectfully,

JAMES HARDING.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
RALEIGH, *August 22, 1891.*

Prof. JOSEPH JONES, M. D.,

P. O. Box 1600, New Orleans, La.:

DEAR SIR—I am instructed by the governor to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 17th inst., asking for information in regard to the troops furnished by the State of North Carolina during the Civil War, 1861 to 1865.

The information desired is not in this office, consequently cannot be furnished by the governor. He has referred your letter to the adjutant-general of North Carolina, with request that he furnish you such information as he has in his department.

Very truly yours,

S. F. TELFAIR, *Private Secretary.*

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The following correspondence and documents embrace the sum of our present knowledge, with reference to the Confederate veterans and disabled soldiers of 1861-1865 in the State of South Carolina:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
COLUMBIA, S. C., *April 11, 1890.*

Prof. JOSEPH JONES, M. D.,
Box 1600, New Orleans, La.:

DEAR SIR—The governor has received yours of the 9th inst., and directs me to inform you that he will take immediate steps to procure as much of the information you desire as can possibly be obtained.

Very respectfully,

W. ELLIOTT GONZALES,
*Private Secretary.**

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR-GENERAL,
COLUMBIA, S. C., *June 12, 1890.*

Surgeon General JONES, *New Orleans, La.:*

SIR—Herewith I send you some pamphlets relating to late war.

The rolls of companies from this State have never been completed, some forty not having yet come in, as per report of 1886.

The number estimated to have been furnished by this State is about sixty thousand, of whom it is believed, from careful estimates, some twelve thousand were killed or died. The rolls received have mainly been made from memory, hence are far from being correct, though some are fairly so.

* Both North and South Carolina, it is believed, have made or will make provision for their native veterans. The editor has seen newspaper reference to contemplated action, but is not definitely advised as to such.

General McCrady has kindly furnished the four pamphlets. I am very sorry I cannot give you more reliable *data*. It is very doubtful if legislature will ever have the rolls obtained put in book-form.

Very respectfully,

M. L. BONHAM, Jr., *A. and I. General.*

Jno. Scofin, *Assistant.*

STATE OF TENNESSEE.

[Dictated.]

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
NASHVILLE, TENN., *April 22, 1890.*

*Hon. JOSEPH JONES, Surgeon-General, etc.,
156 Washington ave., New Orleans :*

DEAR SIR—In response to the request of your letter of recent date, I have endeavored to collect the information sought, and will communicate it to you as soon as I am able to obtain it.

Very respectfully,

ROBT. L. TAYLOR.

STATE OF TEXAS.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
AUSTIN, *May 17, 1890.*

*Prof. JOSEPH JONES, Surgeon-General
United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, La.:*

SIR—Your communication of 9th ult., to His Excellency, Governor Ross, has been referred to this office. In reply, I would state that no records, rolls, or papers of any kind, relating to the Texas soldiery in the Confederate Army, can be found here, and, therefore, I have no means of supplying the desired information.

As to indigent or helpless Confederates, private enterprise and humanity have established a "Home" in this city for Confederates, but the State is constitutionally unable to make direct appropriations

of money to help said home, but has given the rent from a large public building to this purpose, running from fifteen hundred to two thousand annually in value.

Respectfully,

W. H. KING, *Adjutant-General.*

STATE OF VIRGINIA.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

RICHMOND, VA., *August 22, 1891.*

Prof. JOSEPH JONES,

Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans,

156 Washington avenue, New Orleans, La.:

SIR—Your letter of the 17th inst. to Governor McKinney, requesting information as to the number of troops from Virginia in the Confederate armies ; character of their organizations ; numbers killed, wounded, died of disease, deserted ; roster of medical officers, etc., etc., has been referred to me for reply. I regret extremely to have to say that it is not possible to give this information. In the great fire that attended the evacuation of this city by the Confederate forces, April 3, 1865, the office of the adjutant-general, with its entire contents, was destroyed. Whatever records or files it contained capable of throwing light on the subject of your inquiries, were thus lost forever. Of course, also, all headquarters' records and papers with our armies in the field were turned over to United States officers, to whom they surrendered, and are now in Washington.

There is in this State one Soldiers' Home for disabled Confederates. It is located in the suburbs of Richmond, and affords accommodations to about one hundred and thirty inmates. The State appropriates ten thousand dollars a year to their maintenance. Besides, some seventy thousand dollars a year are appropriated for the relief of Confederate veterans disabled by wounds received in service. There are a number of Confederate camps in various parts of the State, the principal one being R. E. Lee Camp, in this city, by which maintenance is given to needy veterans.

Very respectfully,

JAS. McDONALD, *Adjutant General.*

Whilst the preceding correspondence has yielded far less definite information than was desired, with reference to the forces engaged or the losses incurred by the individual Confederate States during the conflict of 1861-1865, at the same time it is evident that several of the Southern States have acknowledged, in a measure at least, their obligations to assist the disabled and destitute Confederate veterans. Foremost amongst the Southern States stand Florida, Louisiana and Georgia in their devotion to their sons who rallied to their defence in the hour of bloody and desolating war. However insignificant the assistance tendered the disabled Confederate soldiers, in comparison with the great resources of the States formerly composing the *Southern Confederacy*, let us hope for better, nobler and more generous assistance for the disabled and impoverished Confederate soldiers, and the forlorn and struggling widows of those who yielded up their lives to a just and righteous sense of duty to their native States.

With great respect, General,
I have the honor to remain
Your obedient servant,

JOSEPH JONES, M. D.,
Surgeon-General United Confederate Veterans.

THE DEFENCE OF BATTERY WAGNER.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE CONFEDERATE SUR-
VIVORS' ASSOCIATION IN AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, ON
THE OCCASION OF ITS FOURTEENTH ANNUAL
REUNION ON MEMORIAL DAY,
APRIL 26th, 1892.

By Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. D. Twiggs.

Mr. President and Comrades :

My theme for this occasion is the defence of Battery Wagner, in Charleston harbor, South Carolina, against the combined attack of the land and naval forces of the United States, which occurred on

the 18th of July, 1863. The defence of Charleston harbor and of Fort Sumter, which commanded the channel approach to that city, is familiar to the civilized world. The memories of that heroic struggle have been preserved by history, and embalmed in story and in song; and while incidental reference will be made to these defences during a long and memorable siege, my remarks will be confined chiefly to the military operations against Wagner on the 18th July. The almost unexampled magnitude of the war, involving during its four years of incessant strife an enormous sacrifice of men and material on both sides, tended to obscure and obliterate the details and incidents of any particular military event—yet the heroic defence of this outpost battery located upon an isolated island, against the powerful military and naval forces which assailed it, “is worthy in itself of the dignity of a great epic” even in the drama which in its gigantic proportions required a continent for its theatre of action. History fails to furnish example more heroic, conflict more sanguinary, tenacity and endurance more determined and courageous than were displayed in the defence of this historic little stronghold. From the time of its construction to the 18th July, 1863, it was known and designated as “Battery Wagner;” after that memorable day, the enemy called it “Fort Wagner.” A brave and appreciative foe thus christened it in a baptism of blood, but that earlier name was known only to the heroic dead who fell defending it upon its ramparts, and my unhallowed hand shall not disturb it. Twenty years and more have elapsed since that bloody day, but the lesson then enforced is as important as ever, and no richer inheritance of emprise and valor will ever be transmitted to posterity. In speaking of the defence of Charleston a prominent writer in “*the French Journal of Military Science*” states, that prodigies of talent, audacity, intrepidity and perseverance are exhibited in the attack as in the defence of this city which will assign to the siege of Charleston an exceptional place in military annals. Viscount Wolseley, Adjutant-General of the British army, in reviewing some of the military records of the war in the “*North American Review*” of November, 1889, uses the following language: “Were I bound to select out of all four volumes the set of papers which appears of most importance at the present moment not only from an American, but also from an European point of view, I should certainly name those which describe the operations around Charleston.” For the instruction of those who are unfamiliar with the topography of Charleston and surround-

ings, I shall give a short introductory description of the harbor defences of this city in order to convey a better appreciation of the location and relative importance of "Battery Wagner." Charleston, as you know, is situated on a narrow peninsula at the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper rivers. These rivers in flowing together form a broad, picturesque and beautiful bay, lying to the southeast of the city, which has for its northern boundary the mainland, and for its southern, James island. Fort Sumter is constructed upon its own little island of artificial rock, and is situated within the entrance to the harbor. It is nearly equi-distant between James and Sullivan's islands, and is three and a half miles from East Bay battery of the city. Fort Johnston on James island is situated to the right of Sumter as you look from the battery towards the sea, and is one mile and a quarter from the Fort. Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's island, is to the left of Sumter and about one mile distant from it. Morris island, upon which "Battery Wagner" was built, is a long, low, sandy sea island, denuded of growth, save here and there a solitary palmetto, and was considered practically the key to Charleston. Its northern end nearest the city, known as Cumming's Point, is the seaward limit of the harbor on the south, as Sullivan's island is the seaward limit on the North, and these two points determine the entrance to the harbor, and are about twenty-seven hundred yards apart. Morris island is separated from James island by wide and impenetrable marshes. On "Cumming's Point" was "Battery Gregg," named in honor of Brigadier-General Maxcy Gregg, of South Carolina, killed at Fredericksburg, Virginia. Nearly a mile south of Gregg, on the island was located "Battery Wagner." This famous work was erected to prevent the Federal occupation of the island, and the erection of batteries for the destruction of Fort Sumter, which disputed the passage of the enemy's fleet to the city. "Battery Wagner" was one and a half miles from Sumter and five miles from Charleston. Between Sumter and the shores of Morris and James islands is only shallow water, unfit for navigation. The main channel which is very deep between Sumter and Sullivan's island, takes an abrupt turn to the south about one thousand yards east of Sumter, and flows in a southerly direction along the shores of Morris island, so that a fleet before entering the harbor would be compelled to run the gauntlet of "Battery Wagner" and Gregg before reaching Sumter and the city. The importance therefore of these auxiliary defences against naval attack

will be readily appreciated, and the necessity for their reduction by the Federal is equally manifest. Situated to the south of "Morris Island" is "Folly Island," separated from it by "Light House Inlet," about five hundred yards wide. After the memorable repulse of the iron clad fleet, under Rear-Admiral DuPont, by Fort Sumter on the 7th of April, 1863, the enemy changed his plan of attack, and the Union Commander, General Q. A. Gilmore, who had relieved Major-General Hunter, concentrated upon "Folly Island," ten thousand infantry, three hundred and fifty artillery, and six hundred engineer troops. In the meantime, Rear-Admiral DuPont had been relieved and Rear-Admiral Dahlgren placed in command of the naval squadron. Concealed from the view of the Confederates by dense brushwood, the Federal commander with remarkable skill and celerity had erected formidable batteries within easy range of the weak and imperfect works of the Confederates on the southern end of the island. The presence of these works, armed with guns of heavy calibre, was unknown to the Confederates and was a complete surprise to them. On the morning of the 10th of July these batteries were unmasked and a furious cannonade, supplemented by the guns of the fleet in Light House Inlet, was opened upon the Confederate batteries, and under cover of this bombardment the Federal troops succeeded in effecting a landing and lodgment on Morris island. They were gallantly met by the Confederate troops under Colonel Robert Graham of the First South Carolina regiment; but, after a sharp and severe engagement, they were forced to yield to the superior numbers of the enemy, and being rapidly driven back sought shelter and refuge in "Battery Wagner." Following up rapidly this success, and anticipating an easy capture of the latter, which now alone seriously disputed their full occupation of the island, on July the 11th they made their first assault upon it. During the night, however, "Wagner" had been reinforced by five hundred and fifty Georgia troops under Colonel Charles H. Olmstead (the distinguished and heroic defender of Fort Pulaski) and Nelson's South Carolina battalion. This assault lasted less than half an hour and resulted in a complete repulse of the assailants who retired to the Sand hills of the island, out of the range of the Confederate battery. General Gilmore then commenced the erection of heavy batteries on the island, varying in distance from about thirteen hundred to nineteen hundred yards in front of "Wagner," and thus were commenced the formidable preparations for the great attack

upon it by land and sea on the 18th July, 1863, which is the subject of this address.

“ BATTERY WAGNER ”

was named after Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas M. Wagner, of the First regiment of South Carolina Regular Artillery, who was killed by the bursting of a gun at Fort Moultrie in July, 1863. It was a large bastioned earth-work enclosed on all sides, and was situated at a very narrow neck of the island extending across its full width at that point from the sea on one side to Vincent creek on the other, so that its flanks were protected by these natural barriers from assault. Its sea line, which faced the ship channel, was three hundred feet long, and its land faces extended about two hundred and fifty yards across the island. Its magazine was protected by a roofing of heavy timbers, which were compactly covered over with ten feet of sodded earth. It was also provided with a bomb-proof, similarly constructed for the protection of the troops, thirty feet wide by one hundred feet long. There was also a gallery of a similar character about twelve feet wide by thirty feet long through which the bomb-proof was entered from the parade of the fort. The work was constructed with heavy traverses, and its gorge on the north face provided with a parapet for infantry fire. The embrasures were revetted with palmetto logs and turf, and around the work was a wide, deep, but dry ditch. In the parade of the fort on its west side was a row of wooden tenements, roughly built for officers' quarters and medical stores. Brigadier-General Taliaferro, who had been stationed with his command on James island, was ordered by General Beauregard to take command of "Battery Wagner," and on the morning of the 14th of July, he relieved Colonel Robert Graham of that charge. This gallant officer, who was a native of Virginia, and who is still living and practicing law in that State, had served with the immortal Stonewall Jackson in many of his brilliant campaigns in the valley. While at home in Georgia, convalescing from a wound received while serving with my regiment in Virginia, I was ordered to report to General Beauregard, at Charleston, and was assigned to duty with General Taliaferro, who placed me temporarily on his personal staff as assistant inspector-general. I trust that you will pardon this reference to myself. I make it because I claim for this narrative some degree of accuracy acquired largely from personal observation in the drama afterwards enacted. Between the 12th and 18th of July the enemy was steadily

and rapidly constructing and equipping his batteries designed to co-operate with the fleet in the bombardment which followed.

THE MONITORS.

While this work was in progress, the monitors of the fleet would daily leave their anchorage and engage in a desultory shelling of the fort. The huge projectiles, fired from their fifteen-inch guns, weighing four hundred and forty pounds and visible at every point of their trajectories, made it very uncomfortable for the garrison. They practiced firing ricochet shots, which would skip and bound upon the water, each impingement making sounds similar to the discharge of the gun itself. Indeed, until this curious phenomenon was noted the multiplication of detonations was regarded as separate discharges of different guns. Some of these enormous shells would roll into the fort, bury themselves in the earth, and, with deafening explosion, would make huge craters in the sand, lifting it in great columns, which, falling in showers like the scoriæ and ashes from a volcanic eruption, would fill the eyes, ears, and clothing, mingling the dirt of the fort with the original dust from which we sprung. Some would burst in the air, others passing over the fort with a rush and roar, which has aptly been likened to the noise of an express train, would explode in the marsh beyond. Of course our guns replied, but they were so inferior in calibre compared to those of the monitors that they did little harm at such long range to the iron armor of their turrets, eleven inches in thickness.

THE ARMAMENT OF WAGNER

consisted of one ten-inch Columbiad, one thirty-two pound rifle, one forty-two pounder Carronade, two thirty-two pounder Carronade, two navel shell guns, one eight-inch sea coast howitzer, four smooth bore thirty-two pounders, and one ten-inch sea coast mortar; in all thirteen guns, besides one light battery. Of these only the ten-inch Columbiad, which carried a projectile weighing one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, was of much effect against the monitors.

THE STAFF

of General Taliaferro consisted of W. T. Taliaferro, assistant adjutant-general; Lieutenants Henry C. Cunningham and Mazyck, ord-

nance officers; Captain Burke, quartermaster; Lieutenants Meade and Stoney, aides; Dr. J. C. Habersham, surgeon-in-chief; and Captain H. D. D. Twiggs, inspector-general.

THE GARRISON

was composed of the Fifty-first North Carolina, Colonel H. McKethan; the Thirty-first North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles W. Knight; the Charleston battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel P. C. Gaillard; the artillery companies of Captains J. T. Buckner and W. J. Dixon, of the Sixty-third Georgia regiment, and two field howitzer details of Lieutenant T. D. Waties, of the First South Carolina Regular Artillery. All the artillery was under the immediate command of Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Simkins, of the First South Carolina Regular Infantry. Let it be borne in mind that the entire garrison, according to official reports, numbered on the 18th of July thirteen hundred men only. These troops had relieved a few days before Olmstead's Georgia regiment, Capers', Hanvey's and Basinger's Georgia battalions, Nelson's South Carolina battalion, and the artillery companies of Mathews' and Chichester under Lieutenant-Colonel Yates, of South Carolina. They had participated gallantly in repelling the assault of the 11th of July, and needed relief from the heavy work and details to which they had constantly been subjected.

THE FORCE OF THE ENEMY

opposed to this artillery and infantry force of "Wagner" consisted of four heavy batteries on the island, mounting forty-two siege guns of heavy calibre, and the naval squadron of iron-clads and gun-boats carrying an armament of twenty-three of the most formidable guns ever before used in the reduction of a fortification, making an aggregate of sixty-four guns. In addition there were six thousand veteran infantry within the batteries on the island, ready for the assault. To say that the outlook to the garrison of "Wagner" was appalling, but feebly expresses the situation.

THE BOMBARDMENT BEGINS.

On the morning of the 18th I was invited to breakfast with Dr. Harford Cumming, of Augusta, Georgia, as assistant-surgeon in the fort. Our repast consisted of some hard crackers and a tin bucket of fresh butter, sent the doctor from home; a most tempting meal

in those times of gastronomic privation. We were sitting in the little medical dispensary over which the doctor presided, by the side of an open window which looked out upon the parade, with a small table between us upon which our breakfast was laid. Just as we had begun our meal, a two hundred pounder Parrot shell was heard screaming through the air above us, and descending it buried itself in the earth just outside the window. It exploded with terrific report, shattering into fragments the glass, and filling our bucket, about half full of butter, with sand to the very top. The frail tenement reeled with the shock. This shell was followed by another and another in rapid succession, which exploded in the parade of fort and were fired from the land batteries of the enemy. This was the beginning of the bombardment long anticipated, and our first intimation of it. We no longer felt the pangs of hunger, and hurriedly left the building for a safer place. Upon reaching the open air the shot and shell began to fall by scores, and we saw the infantry streaming to the bomb-proof. For a considerable time the firing of the enemy was conducted by the land batteries alone. Finally the enemy's entire squadron, iron-clads and gunboats, left their moorings and bore down steadily and majestically upon the fort. The heavy artillerymen sprang to their guns and, with anxious but resolute faces, awaited coolly the terrible onset. It was now apparent that the entire force of the enemy, land and naval, was about to be hurled against "Wagner" alone, but the dauntless little garrison, lifting their hearts to the God of battles in this hour of fearful peril, with their flag floating defiantly above them, resolved to die if need be for their altars, their firesides and their homes. The day broke bright and beautiful. A gentle breeze toyed with the folds of the garrison flag as it streamed forth with undulating grace, or lazily curved about the tall staff. The God of day rising in the splendor of his mid-summer glory, flung his red flame upon the swelling sea, and again performed the miracle of turning the water into wine. Rising still higher he bathed the earth and sea in his own radiant and voluptuous light, and burnished with purple and gold the tall spires of the beleaguered and devoted old city. What a strange contrast between the profound calm of nature and the gathering tempest of war, whose consuming lightnings and thunders were so soon to burst forth with a fury unsurpassed! On came the fleet, straight for the fort; Admiral Dahlgren's flag ship, the Monitor Montauk, Commander Fairfax, in the lead. It was followed by the new Ironsides, Captain Rowan; the Monitors,

Catskill, Commander Rogers; Patapsco, Lieutenant-Commander Badger; Nantucket, Commander Beaumont and Weekawken, Commander Calhoun. There were, besides five gunboats, the Paul Jones, Commander Rhind; Ottawa, Commander Whiting; the Seneca, Commander Gibson; the Chippewa, Commander Harris, and the Wissahickon, Commander Davis. Swiftly and noiselessly approached, the white spray breaking from their sharp prows, their long dark hull lines scarcely showing above the water, and the coal black drum-like turrets glistening in the morning's sun. Approaching still nearer they formed the arc of a circle around "Wagner," the nearest being about three hundred yards distant from it. With deliberate precision they halted and waited the word of command to sweep the embrasures of the fort where our intrepid cannoneers stood coolly by their guns. As the flagship Montauk wheeled into action at close quarters, a long puff of white smoke rolled from the mouth of the ten inch Columbiad on the sea face of the fort, and the iron plated turret of the Monitor reeled and quivered beneath the crashing blow. Then the pent up thunders of the brewing storm of death burst forth in all their fury, and poured upon the undaunted "Wagner" a remorseless stream of nine, eleven and fifteen inch shells. Monitor after monitor, ship after ship, battery after battery, and then, altogether hurled a tempest of iron hail upon the fort. About seventy guns were now concentrating a terrific fire upon it, while the guns of "Wagner," aided at long range by the batteries of Sumter and Gregg, and those on Sullivan's and James islands, replied. Words fail to convey an adequate idea of the fury of this bombardment. "It transcended all exhibitions of like character encountered during the war." It seemed impossible that anything could withstand it. More than one hundred guns of the heaviest calibre were roaring, flashing and thundering together. Before the Federal batteries had gotten the exact range of the work, the smoke of the bursting shells, brightened by the sun, was converted into smoke wreathes and spirals which curved and eddyed in every direction; then as the fire was delivered with greater precision, the scene was appalling and awe inspiring beyond expression, and the spectacle to the lookers on was one of surpassing sublimity and grandeur. In the language of General Gilmore, "the whole island smoked like a furnace and shook as from an earthquake." For eleven long hours the air was filled with every description of shot and shell that the magazines of war could supply. The light of day was almost

obscured by the now darkening and sulphurous smoke which hung over the island like a funeral pall. Still later in the afternoon as the darkness gathered and deepened did the lightnings of war increase in the vividness of their lurid and intolerable crimson which flashed through the rolling clouds of smoke and illumined the fort from bastion to bastion with a scorching glare; clouds of sand were constantly blown into the air from bursting shells; the waters of the sea were lashed into white foam and thrown upwards in glistening columns by exploding bombs, while wide sheets of spray inundated the parapet, and "Wagner," dripping with salt water, shook like a ship in the grasp of the storm. By this time all the heavy guns were dismounted, disabled or silenced, and only a few gun detachments were at their posts. Passive endurance now only remained for the garrison while the storm lasted. The troops generally sheltered themselves, as best they could, in the bomb-proofs and behind the traverses. But for such protection as was thus afforded, the loss of life would have been appalling, and the garrison practically annihilated. There was one command only which preferred the open air to the almost insufferable heat of the bomb-proof, and sheltered itself only under the parapet and traverses on the land face of the fort during that frightful day. Not one member of that heroic band, officer or man, sought other shelter. In all the flight of time and the records of valor, no example ever transcended their splendid heroism. All honor to the glorious name and deathless fame of "Gaillard's Charleston Battalion." A little after two o'clock, two deeds of heroism were enacted which will never be forgotten by the lookers on. The halliards were cut by a shot or shell, and the large garrison flag released from the lofty staff fell into the parade. Instantly, and without hesitation, there were a score of men racing for the prostrate colors. Out into the open area they rushed, regardless of the storm of death falling around them. Major Ramsey, Sergeant Shelton and private Flynn of the Charleston battalion, and and Lieutenant Reddick of the Sixty-Third Georgia regiment, bore it back in triumph to the staff, and deliberately adjusted it. Up it went again, and amid the cheers of the garrison the Confederate banner again floated defiantly in the smoke of battle. Some little delay occurred in adjusting the flag, and some few moments elapsed during which Wagner showed no colors to the enemy. Supposing that the fort had struck its flag in token of surrender, exultant cheers burst forth from the crew of the ironsides. At that moment

Captain Robert Barnwell of the engineers, seized a regimental battle flag, and recklessly leaping upon the exposed ramparts, he drove its staff into the sand, and held it there until the garrison flag had been hoisted in its place. There was one Jasper at Moultrie. There were a score of them at Wagner. In the meantime the city of Charleston was aflame with excitement; the battery, house-tops and steeples were crowded with anxious spectators. Hundreds of fair women were there with hands clasped in silent prayer for the success of their gallant defenders; strong men looked on with throbbing hearts and broke forth into exclamations which expressed their hopes and fears. How can the fort hold out much longer? It has ceased firing altogether! Its battery has been silenced! Yes but see the colors streaming still amid the battle smoke! Suddenly the flag is seen to droop, then rapidly descend. Oh God! was the agonized cry, Wagner has at last struck her colors, and surrendered. Oh! the unspeakable suspense of that moment. Then tumultuous cheers arose from an hundred throats, amid the waiving of snowy handkerchiefs. No! no! they shouted, look! look! it has gone up again, and its crimson cross flashes once more amid shot and shell and battle smoke. What a wonderful power there is in the flag of one's country. How mysterious the influence by which it sways and moves the hearts of men. A distinguished general in the Confederate army, who had been an officer in the old army, was so strongly imbued with the power of this influence over the will of men that he expressed the belief that if the Confederate Government had adhered to the stars and stripes, thousands in the North, who, early in the war were southern sympathizers, would have rallied around it, and thousands, who were actually arrayed against us, would have refused to fire upon it. The colors of an army have carried more strongholds than the bayonet, and battered down more fortresses than artillery. Even in Holy Writ we find the expression "As terrible as an army with banners." 'Twas the flag that floated again over Wagner which restored confidence in Charleston, and the exultant cry which broke from the lips of these lookers on, was the echo of that hoarser shout in the battle-scarred fort in the midst of the roar of cannon. The banner of the stars and stripes is again the flag of our united country, and long may it wave over the land and the sea, for it is the symbol and emblem of a union never again to be sundered. The Southern heart is true and loyal to that flag, but base is the soul and craven is the heart of him who marched and fought

beneath the starry cross of Dixie which will cease to love and honor it. It waived its conquering folds in the smoke of battle at Manassas and Shiloh. It stirred the souls of men with thrilling power in the wild assault upon Cemetery Hill. It floated triumphant amid the roar of cannon at Spottsylvania's bloody salient, and was borne resistless at the head of conquering hosts upon an hundred bloody fields. Though furled forever and no longer existing as an emblem of a brave and heroic people, still we salute thee with love and reverence, oh! phantom banner of that great army underground, which died beneath thy crimson cross.

" For though conquered, we adore it,
Love the cold dead hands that bore it."

But I return to the raging battle at Wagner. All day did the furious bombardment continue without intermission. The long midsummer day seemed endless, and the fierce July sun seemed commanded by another Joshua to stand still—would it never set? The wooden tenements in the fort were literally torn into splinters, and the ground bore little trace of where they stood. The fort itself was pounded into an almost shapeless mass; the parapet, traverses, scarp and counter scarp were well nigh obliterated, and the ditch was filled with sand. The covering of the bomb-proof had, to a large extent, been torn away, and now the magazine, containing a large quantity of powder, was in imminent danger of being breached by the heavy projectiles hurled incessantly against it, and the immense shells from the Cohorn mortars which, thrown to an incredible altitude, would descend with terrific force now almost upon the yielding and dislocated timbers. The magazine once pierced, Wagner would have been blown to atoms, with not a man surviving to tell the story of its demolition. The reports constantly made to the commanding officer by the ordnance sergeant in charge justified the gravest fears of such a catastrophe. Once, after a report of its condition had been made, this stern old veteran, addressing a member of his staff sitting beside him, quietly asked him if he was a married man. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he shrugged his shoulders and said with a grim smile, "I'm sorry, sir, for we shall soon be blown into the marsh." Indeed, this result was but the question of a little time, when suddenly, to the infinite relief of the harassed and weary garrison, the blazing circle of the enemy's fleet and batteries ceased to glow with flame. In the language of General

Taliaferro, "the ominous pause was understood—the supreme moment of that awful day had come." Wagner, which could not be conquered by shot and shell, must now be carried by assault. Anticipating that the smaller guns and the light battery would be destroyed or disabled by the bombardment, General Taliaferro had directed them to be dismounted from their carriages and covered with sand-bags, and the sequel proved the wisdom and foresight which suggested it. Again, in order to avoid delay, particular sections of the parapet had been assigned to the respective commands so that they could assemble there, without first forming in the parade of the fort, and thus ensure prompt resistance to the rush upon it which was expected. The enemy believing Wagner to be practically demolished, and its garrison too crippled and demoralized to make other than a feeble resistance, were rapidly forming to make their grand assault. As soon as the firing had ceased, the buried guns were hastily exhumed and remounted. The Charleston battalion, which had all day nestled under the parapet, were already in their places, and when the order was given to man the ramparts, one regiment alone failed to respond. The bombardment of eleven hours had served to utterly demoralize the Thirty-first North Carolina regiment, and all the efforts of General Taliaferro and his staff to persuade or drive this command from the shelter of the bomb-proofs was unavailing, therefore the southeast bastion and sea front to which it had been assigned was left unguarded. While a faithful narration of facts requires me to note this incident, it gives me pleasure to state that this regiment fully redeemed itself the following year by gallant conduct on the field of battle in Virginia. When the order to man the ramparts rang like a bugle from the stern lips of General Taliaferro all the other commands, officers and men leaped to their feet and rushed out into the parade of the fort. Seeing the dark masses of the Federal infantry rapidly advancing, these veteran Confederates, still undaunted by the experience of that dreadful day, defiantly rending the air with enthusiastic cheers, sprang to their places on the parapet. The Roncevalle's Pass, where fell before the opposing lance the harnessed chivalry of Spain, looked not upon a braver, a better, or a truer band. It was a sight once seen never forgotten. Dropping on their knees, crouching low, their keen eyes glancing along the barrels of their levelled rifles, the whole face of the fort was suddenly transformed into a line of bristling steel, upon which the sinister red glow of the setting sun was falling. The Federal columns,

six thousand strong, under the immediate command of Brigadier-General Truman Seymour, were steadily approaching the fort manned by a little more than one thousand three hundred troops. This division of the enemy consisted of three fine brigades. The first, commanded by Brigadier-General Strong, was composed of the Forty eighth New York, the Sixty-sixth Pennsylvania, the Third New Hampshire, the Sixth Connecticut, the Ninth Maine, and the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. The second brigade, commanded by Colonel Putnam, consisted of the Seventh New Hampshire, the One hundredth New York, and the Sixty-second and Sixty-seventh Ohio. The third brigade, led by Brigadier-General Stevenson, consisted of four excellent regiments. These troops were from the Tenth and Thirteenth Army Corps, and were the very flower of the Federal army. The first brigade, commanded by General Strong, led the assault in column of regiments, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, negro regiment recruited in that State, leading the brigade. On they came with a steady tramp until within easy rifle shot of the fort ; they had been instructed to use the bayonet only. Not a single shot had yet been fired from the parapet of Wagner, and only the mournful cadence of the waves was heard breaking upon the beach. The stillness was ominous and oppressive. Then came a few stirring words, addressed by the Federal officers to the troops ; they responded with loud and prolonged huzzar, and, breaking into a full run, they rushed gallantly upon the fort. Wagner, which up to that moment seemed to the Federals to be almost without life, was suddenly lit up with a sheet of flame from bastion to bastion. The deepening twilight was illumined by the irruptive flashes of the small arms, and the dark parapet of Wagner was decorated by a glowing fringe of fire. The rattle and crash of thirteen hundred rifles was deafening, and the guns of the gallant Simkins, the light battery of De Pass on the left, and a howitzer outside and on the right flank of the fort added to the roar and clamor. These guns, heavily charged with canister and grape, poured at short range a withering and destructive fire upon the crowded masses of the enemy. The carnage was frightful ; yet with unsurpassed gallantry, splendid to behold, the intrepid assailants, breasting the storm, rushed on to the glacis of the fort like the waves of the sea which broke upon the shore. Oh ! the sickening harvest of death then reaped. Like the ripe grain that falls beneath the sickle, the Federal infantry reeled and sank to the earth by hundreds, yet the survivors pressed on over the dead and

dying. Many crossed the ditch, and some leaping upon the parapet met death at the very muzzles of the Confederate rifles. The Federal commander either did not remember the existence of the creek upon the right flank of the fort, or did not estimate the short distance between it and the sea at this point; therefore, as the assaulting columns pressed forward, they became crowded into masses which created confusion and greatly augmented the loss of life. Human courage could no longer withstand the frightful blasts of the artillery, which, handled by Simkins with consummate skill and rapidity, well nigh blew them to pieces. The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, leaving half their number killed and wounded on the field, broke and fled in confusion, and falling upon and forcing their way through the ranks of the advancing column threw it into confusion, and the entire brigade rushed to the rear completely routed. The loss of life was terrible; the brigade commander, General Strong and Colonel Chatfield, of the Sixth Connecticut, were mortally wounded; Colonel Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, was killed outright, besides large numbers of other officers killed and wounded. In the meantime the Confederate fire was incessant and destructive, and a general repulse seemed so imminent that General Seymour saw the necessity of immediate support, and he accordingly dispatched Major Plympton of his staff to order up Putnam with his supporting brigade. To his amazement Putnam positively refused to advance, claiming that he had been directed by General Gilmore to remain where he was. Finally, after a disastrous delay, and without orders, says General Seymour, this gallant young officer, who could not stand idly by and see his class mates and intimate friends cut to pieces, led forward his brigade and fiercely assaulted the southeast angle of the fort. He was received with a galling fire, for the first brigade having been repulsed, his approach was enfiladed by the centre and both flanks of the fort, which swept the glacis and ditch in front of that angle with terrible effect. It will be remembered that this southeast bastion had been left unguarded by the failure of the Thirty-first North Carolina to man the ramparts there. Notwithstanding the withering fire with which he was received, this intrepid officer crossed the ditch, which had become filled with sand, and several hundred of his brigade poured into the southeast bastion. Heavily traversed on three sides this salient secured to these troops a safe lodgement for a time. Seeing the advantage gained by Putnam, General Seymour had just sent an order to General Stevenson

to advance with his brigade to his support, when he also was shot down. While being carried from the field he repeated the order to General Stevenson, but for some reason it was not obeyed. Meanwhile Colonel Putnam had leaped upon the parapet, and, surrounded by his chief officers, Colonel Dandy, of the One hundredth New York; Captain Klein, of the Sixth Connecticut and others, was waving his sword and urging his men to hold their ground, as they would soon be re-inforced, when he was shot dead upon the parapet. In the language of his division commander, "There fell as brave a soldier, as courteous a gentleman, as true a man as ever walked beneath the stars and stripes." An officer of his staff, Lieutenant Cate, of the Seventh New Hampshire, seeing his chief fall, sprang to his side to aid him, when a bullet pierced his heart and he too fell dead across his prostrate body. Putnam's brigade now having also been repulsed with great slaughter, the enemy abandoned all further effort to carry the fort, and thus ended this memorable bombardment and bloody assault. The enemy's columns, shattered and torn, retreated as rapidly as possible until they gained the shelter of their works. There was no cessation, however, of the Confederate fire during this rush to the rear, and Sumter and Gregg also threw their shells over Wagner into the crowded masses of the discomfited enemy. In the meantime the Federal troops in the southeast bastion of the fort were hopelessly cut off from retreat. In the language of General Taliaferro, "it was certain death to pass the line of concentrated fire which still swept the faces of the work behind them, and they did not attempt it. Still these resolute men would not surrender and poured a concentrated fire into the Confederate ranks. Volunteers were called for to dislodge them, and this summons was responded to by Major McDonald, of the Fifty-First North Carolina Captain Rion, of the Charleston battalion, and Captain Tatem, of the First South Carolina, followed by many of their men." Rion and Tatem were shot dead by these desperate refugees, who seemed to invite immolation. Being securely sheltered in the bastion of the fort by heavy traverses, the effort to dislodge them failed, and for hours they held their position. Finally, Brigadier-General Johnson Hagood, of South Carolina, late Governor of that State, and one of the most heroic soldiers that she ever sent to battle, landed at Cumming's Point at the head of Harrison's splendid regiment, the Thirty-second Georgia, for the purpose of reinforcing the garrison.

Hurrying to the fort he found the assault repulsed, but he arrived at an opportune moment to compel the surrender of the obstinate men in the salient, who, seeing themselves outnumbered, and with no hope of escape, laid down their arms. The engagement had ended in a bloody and disastrous repulse to the assailants, and the ground in front of Wagner was literally strewn with the dead and dying. The cries of anguish and the piteous calls for water will never be forgotten by those who heard them. The Federal loss, considering the numbers engaged, was almost unprecedented. General Beauregard, in his official report, estimates it at three thousand, as eight hundred dead bodies were buried by the Confederates in front of Wagner the following morning. If this is a correct estimate, it will be seen that the Federals lost twice as many men as there were troops in the Confederate garrison. Among their killed were Colonel R. G. Shaw of the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts, Colonel H. S. Putnam and Lieutenant-Colonel Greene, of the Seventh New Hampshire. Brigadier-General G. C. Strong and Colonel J. L. Chatfield, of the Sixth Connecticut, were mortally wounded; Brigadier-General Seymour, commanding, Colonels W. B. Barton, A. C. Voris, J. H. Jackson and S. Emory, were among the wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Bedell, Third New Hampshire, and Major Filler, Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, were among the prisoners. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was only one hundred and seventy-four, but the loss on both sides was unusually heavy in commissioned officers. Among the Confederate officers killed were Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Simkins, First South Carolina infantry, Captain W. H. Rion, Charleston battalion, Captain W. T. Tatem, First South Carolina infantry, and Lieutenant G. W. Thomson, Fifty-First North Carolina. The gallant Major Ramsey, of the Charleston battalion, was mortally wounded. Among the wounded were Captains De Pass, Twiggs and Lieutenant Stoney of the staff. It is said that "the bravest are the gentlest and the loving are the daring." This was eminently true of that accomplished gentleman and splendid soldier, Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Simkins, of Edgefield, South Carolina. As chief of artillery, he had directed its operations with conspicuous skill and coolness, and he frequently mounted the parapet during the assault to encourage the infantry. He fell pierced through the right lung with a Minie ball, and died by my side with his hand clasped in mine. To me he gave his dying message to his wife, and long after-

wards I found an opportunity to discharge this sad duty in person. Mrs. Simkins was the accomplished daughter of Judge Wardlaw, of South Carolina, and not long since she joined her heroic husband in rest eternal beyond the stars. The limit of this address would be far exceeded to give any account of the operations which for forty-eight days were incessantly prosecuted for the reduction of this indomitable battery. Suffice it to say, that it was never reduced by artillery or captured by assault, and was finally evacuated on the night of the 6th of September, 1863, after the Federals, resorting to the science of engineering, had pushed their sap to its counterscarp and were about to blow up the work with gunpowder. In alluding to the defence of Charleston the Rev. John Johnson, of that city, who was a gallant officer and the distinguished chief of engineers at Fort Sumter, in the conclusion of his admirable work entitled "The Defence of Charleston Harbor," from which I have drawn much valuable data in the preparation of this address, says: "It did not end in triumph, but it has left behind a setting glory as of the western skies, a blazonry of heroism, where gold and purple serve to tell of valor and endurance, and the crimson hue is emblem of self-sacrifice in a cause believed to be just."

No sting is left in the soldier heart of the South for the brave men who fought us. The great Captain and Lord of Hosts, who guides the destiny of men and nations, directed the result of the struggle, and made the Union of the North and South indissoluble. Thus united, this great country which, in its marvelous development of progress, power and wealth, has startled the world, is yet destined to compass inconceivable possibilities of achievement in its onward march in the race of nations. Let us, therefore, accept, like a brave and patriotic people, the result of this great war between the States. Let us bow with reverence to that Divinity which shaped it. Let us rejoice in the peace and prosperity which has followed it. Let us give our hands and hearts in cordial friendship and greeting to the gallant boys who once wore *the blue*. Let us forgive them more freely, because time has made them like ourselves at last—the wearers of *the gray*. But comrades, let us never cease to honor and revere the martyred heroes who died in a cause they believed to be just.

"Forgive and forget? Yes, be it so
From the hills to the broad sea waves;
But mournful and low are the winds that blow
By the slopes of a thousand graves.

We may scourge from the spirit all thought of ill
 In the midnight of grief held fast,
 And yet, oh Brothers, be loyal still
 To the sacred and stainless Past.

She is glancing now from the vapor and cloud,
 From the waning mansion of Mars,
 And the pride of her beauty is wanly bowed,
 And her eyes are misted stars.

And she speaks in a voice that is sad as death,
 'There is duty still to be done,
 Tho' the trumpet of onset has spent its breath,
 And the battle been lost and won.'

And she points with a trembling hand below,
 To the wasted and worn array
 Of the heroes who strove in the morning glow
 For the grandeur that crowned 'the Grey.'

Oh God! they come not as once they came
 In the magical years of yore;
 For the trenchant sword and soul of flame
 Shall quiver and flash no more.

Alas! for the broken and battered hosts:
 Frail wrecks from a gory sea;
 Though pale as a band in the realm of ghosts,
 Salute them. They fought with Lee."

GENERAL A. P. HILL.

PRESENTATION OF HIS STATUE TO A. P. HILL CAMP, PETERS- BURG, VIRGINIA.

Interesting Ceremonies—Distinguished Visitors From Richmond—Speeches
 Made on the Occasion—The Banquet and Toasts.

[From the Petersburg *Index Appeal*, November 30, 1892.]

The unveiling of the imposing statue of General A. P. Hill, a gift from the Pegram Battalion Association, of Richmond, to A. P. Hill Camp, of this city, which took place last evening in the hall of the camp, on Tabb street, will mark an important epoch in the

history of the camp, and will always be remembered with many pleasant recollections by the old vets of this gallant "Cockade City." At six o'clock the members of the camp, in full uniform, began to rendezvous at their hall, and half an hour later, headed by their splendid drum corps, marched to the Union depot to meet their guests from Richmond, who arrived here shortly before 7 o'clock. They were Colonel William H. Palmer, Colonel Alexander W. Archer, Major Robert Stiles, Honorable J. Taylor Ellyson, Major Thomas A. Brander, R. B. Munford, Honorable Joseph Bryan, William R. Trigg, Colonel William E. Tanner, Judge Henry W. Flournoy, Colonel William P. Smith, Colonel John Murphy, Captain Thomas Ellett, Judge George L. Christian, William Ellis Jones, Captain John Tyler, Colonel G. Percy Hawes, E. H. Clowes, Colonel John B. Purcell, D. S. Redford, and Colonel W. M. Evans.

The camp and their guests marched from the depot through some of the principal streets thence to their hall. Here a short time was spent in social greeting. At 7.30 o'clock Captain W. Gordon McCabe, commander of A. P. Hill Camp, rapped the assemblage to order, and then the white cloth, which concealed the bronze statue of that gallant soldier and Chieftain A. P. Hill from view, was removed by Comrade W. H. Baxter amidst loud applause from the old Confederate veterans present.

Major Thomas A. Brander, of Richmond, then on behalf of Pegram Battalion Association, presented the statue to A. P. Hill Camp.

MAJOR BRANDER'S SPEECH.

Commander McCabe and Comrades of A. P. Hill Camp:

It is with pleasure that I am with you to-night, to honor the memory of one who was so dear to us all. As I am unaccustomed to public speaking, and feel so unequal to the duty assigned me, I must beg that you will pardon me, if I read what I have to say on this interesting occasion.

When I recall the names of R. L. Walker, W. J. Pegram, James and Robert Ellett, Greenlee Davidson, John and Ellis Munford, Edward Maynee, Joseph McGraw, G. M. Cayce and a host of others who formed one of the grandest artillery battalions in the Army of Northern Virginia, and who have now passed away, it awakens the tenderest memories of the past.

In July, 1887, the Pegram Battalion Association, composed of the surviving members of batteries everyone of which were attached to the brigades forming A. P. Hill's Light Division, and afterwards as Pegram's battalion attached to the same division, and to the Third Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, feeling that it would be becoming and proper in their Association, in the absence of any other organization to take the lead, as well as to show their admiration and love for their old division and corps commander, to organize an association for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory worthy of his gallantry and fame. From this movement the A. P. Hill Monument Association was formed, and after five years' continued struggle they accomplished their purpose, and on the 30th of May last dedicated a monument of enduring granite and bronze, in a measure worthy of the man. Having preserved the plaster cast of the figure, our Association thought that it might be acceptable to the A. P. Hill Camp, of Petersburg, and now as president of the A. P. Hill Monument Association, I take great pleasure in presenting the same to your camp, bearing his name, knowing that it will be preserved and handed down to future generations, not for its intrinsic value, but for the love and admiration that we all have for him, not only as a man, but as a gallant officer and a true patriot.

CAPTAIN M'CABE'S SPEECH.

*Major Brander and Gentlemen of the Monument Committee
of the Pegram Battalion Association :*

On behalf of the A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans, which I have the honor to command, I accept with profound gratitude your munificent gift of this statue of our old corps commander.

And, at the outset, I am sure I may be pardoned for recalling with a soldier's honest pride that it is my good fortune to be knit by no common ties, both to the donors and the recipients of this superb work of art.

For, while I stand here to-night, through the too generous partiality of my comrades, as the official representative of this Camp, never can I forget, while life lasts, that, as Adjutant of the famous "fighting battalion" of the Army of Northern Virginia, I followed with you on more than a score of crimson fields the headquarter battle-flag of our boy-colonel, William Johnson Pegram—the pride of of his corps, the most brilliant artillerist of all Virginia's immortal

youth, whose bright and gracious figure sweeps athwart our troubled story "wearing his wounds like stars."

But on such an occasion as this, we do not think so much of the battalion, the regiment, the brigade, or the division, to which each of us belonged, but rather recall, with common pride, that it was given us in those heroic days to stand shoulder to shoulder in the grand old Third Corps, whose name, despite the malice of fortune, has been writ for all time in crimson letters in the very "Temple of Victory."

Here we gather to-night, our hearts stirred by countless proud memories of hardships shared together as good soldiers in a good cause, of disaster met with quiet constancy, of glorious victory wrested time and again from cruel odds by skill and daring—here, we gather to-night in the temper that becomes brave men to do honor to the memory of the brave—that beloved commander, whose character was as stainless as that of knightly Galahad, whose patriotism was of the same stern fibre as that of the old champions of freedom, and whose valor was as tried and true as that of any Paladin, who died in Roncevalle's Pass.

Aye! as England's greatest singer sang of England's greatest soldier, such our proud claim for A. P. Hill:

Whatever record leaps to light,
He never shall be shamed.

And cold, indeed, must be the heart of him who can look upon this calm, majestic countenance, untouched by any shadow of ignoble thought, and not be stirred with a very passion of pride that it was allowed him, no matter how humble his rank—that it was allowed him, when all the land was girdled with steel and fire, to follow the tattered battle flags of such a brilliant and dauntless soldier.

As we gaze upon the familiar face, fashioned with such cunning by the sculptor's art, that we almost listen to catch from the bearded mouth the sharp, stern word of command, it seems but yesterday that we greeted him with our hoarse cheering, as clad, not, indeed, in such garb as this, but in his simple "fighting jacket," and old slouch hat, with no badge of rank save that which God had written on his noble face, he rode amid the dust and sweat of battle down the thin gray lines, or drew rein in the centre of the blackened guns amid "the fiery pang of shell," and marked with the fierce joy of victorious fight how the serried columns of blue melted away under the pitiless iron sleet.

But noble as is this statue, impressive as is the monument, which but a few months ago you erected to the memory of this hero in the capital of our ancient Commonwealth, there is yet a nobler, a more impressive, a more enduring monument, that, under God, may be reared by even the humblest of his followers to commemorate the virtues of this stainless soldier.

High and clear the greatest historian of the Roman world strikes the key-note of this immortal truth, when he bids the wife and daughter of Agricola to honor the memory of that illustrious soldier by pondering in their thoughts all his deeds and words, and by cherishing the features and lineaments of his *character* rather than those of his person.

"It is not," he says, "that I would forbid the likenesses that are wrought in marble and in bronze, but as the faces of men, so all similitudes of the face are weak and perishable things, *while the fashion of the soul is everlasting*, such, as may be expressed, not in some foreign substance or by the help of art, *but in our own lives.*"

So, oh! my comrades, shall we rear a monument more enduring than bronze statue or marble shaft, if in the lives of such men as A. P. Hill we and our children and children's children shall find their highest inspiration to be fearless, to be constant, to be loyal to duty in "the homelier fray" of daily life!

I have spoken of the stainless purity of Sir Galahad and the knightly valor of those stout Paladins who died in Roncevalle's Pass, but, in truth, no Southern man in illustrating to his children all those stern and gentle virtues, which noble souls reckon the highest, need even turn to poet's lay or stirring page of Plutarch, but rather tell in simplest phrase how lived and died a Hill, a Jackson, and a Lee.

Blood is not wasted when a hero bleeds—
Earth drinks it not alone; a nation's heart
Absorbs the precious rain, whose atoms start
New life that runs its course in noble deeds.

The war has now been over more than a quarter of a century, and time, as is inevitable, has brought with it new conditions and new duties, which, none worthy of the name of *man*, may shirk. A great English thinker has pithily said that "the reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another," and who that knows our people can deny that the best guarantee of fitness for dealing with the problems in every relation of life that have confronted us in these days of peace, has been single-minded devotion in the stormy days of war to that

Cause, which claimed the passionate fealty of five millions of people—and that too a people, whose fathers had borne by far the greater share in wresting from English tyranny the freedom of the Western world.

It was a Cause worthy of the heroic sacrifices made by that people—a Cause, which developed to heroic pitch by fire of battle the noblest virtues which God has allowed to mortal men. Surely, it is meet that we shall seek to perpetuate to all coming time the wondrous record of that antique valor, that incorruptible patriotism, that passionate devotion to principle, regardless of the cost, which shall prove to generations yet unborn the noblest obligation to bear themselves as not unworthy of their heroic strain—which, so far from mantling their cheeks with the blush of shame, shall make them fitly proud that they are the descendants of the men, who knew how to bear defeat because untouched of dishonor, and who, strong in the immortal truth that “God and our consciences alone give measure of right and wrong,” met with unshaken front the very stroke of Fate.

Peace has come! God give his blessing
On the fact and on the name!
The South speaks no invective,
And she writes no word of blame—
But we call all men to witness,
That we stand up without shame.

“Rebel” he was, and is, to the “cheap patriots” of the hour, who feared to look upon his face when his sword was girded on his thigh. “Rebel” too, was Virginia’s greatest son of our First Revolution in the mouths of those who denied the chartered liberties of our “Old Dominion.” But to day, under every sun and in every clime, the name of that immortal “Rebel” is the synonym of the loftiest patriotism, of sternest devotion to Constitutional freedom.

Yet, had not success been his, Washington were none the less a patriot and a champion of freedom.

So, oh, my comrades of countless hard-fought field for Truth, for Justice and for Right, holding fast to the ennobling traditions of our heroic past, which teach us that *patriotism is patriotism* and that *principle is principle*, whether glorified by victory or shrouded in defeat—so shall we honor the memory of such men as Ambrose Powell Hill, who did not fear to die that they might transmit to their children the heritage bequeathed them by their fathers.

The speech of Commander McCabe was received with loud applause, and many of those present, including some of the ladies, congratulated him on his fine effort.

The following ladies were in attendance upon the presentation ceremonies :

Mrs. W. Gordon McCabe, Mrs. S. H. Marks, Mrs. William Alexander, Mrs. J. B. Blanks, Mrs. R. T. Stone, Mrs. W. S. Simpson, Mrs. J. G. Griswold, Miss Ida Baxter, Miss —— Stevens, Mrs. S. L. Simpson, of Charleston, and Miss Mary Simpson.

THE BANQUET.

The presentation ceremonies over, the camp and their invited guests repaired to the banquet hall, where a fine collation was spread. After the company had been seated and a blessing asked by Commander McCabe, there was a clatter of knives and forks, and then about one hundred and fifty who wore the gray proceeded to dispose of the elegant spread.

The following were the regular toasts and responses :

TOASTS.

[Captain W. Gordon McCabe, Commander A. P. Hill Camp, No. 6, C. V., toast-master.]

I. OUR GUESTS.

"Their worth is warrant of their welcome."

Response by Colonel John B. Purcell, of Richmond.

II. THE INFANTRY OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

"That array of tattered uniforms and bright muskets—that body of incomparable infantry, which for four years carried the revolt on its bayonets; and which died only with its annihilation."

Response by Hon. Richard B. Davis, of Petersburg.

III. THE ARTILLERY OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

The sound of the guns shall never be hushed by the roar of the "River Time."

Response by Judge George L. Christian, of Richmond.

Judge George L. Christian, of Richmond, in response to the toast, The Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, said :

Mr. Chairman and Comrades :

I esteem it a great privilege to be permitted to meet with you to-night and I pity from the bottom of my heart the citizen of Virginia who does not feel always at home and among friends, in this hospitable and beautiful battle-crowned Cockade city of the south-side. I greet you my comrades of Petersburg, as a brother from a sister city, which claims no higher privilege than to share with you the common glories of the past, and who wishes to walk hand in hand with you in all the achievements of the future. It is doubtless frequently asked by those who were opposed to us in the late struggle, and by those who were too young or too craven to take any part in that war, why is it that we old Confederate soldiers love to come together as we do, thank God, and "fight our battles over again," in the face of the fact, that the world has generally thus far recorded the result of those battles as a signal failure and the cause for which we fought a "lost cause." Is it natural, they doubtless ask, for men to love to celebrate their short comings and their failures? No it is not. But the reasons we love to meet and to greet each other, and to erect memorials of our war deeds, is that aside from the fact, that our friendships are cemented with our blood we knew during the war and have known better ever since then, if possible, that the cause for which we staked our lives and our all, was the cause of right and justice, and we know that the impartial historian of the future, will be compelled to so record the verdict, when that record is finally made up. Not only this, but we know too that he will be forced to add to that record the further fact, that the pathway of the struggle made by the Confederate soldier for freedom, and for constitutional liberty, is illumined by nought but self-sacrifice, heroism, glory, patriotism and devotion to duty from one end of it to the other.

Knowing these things, then, my comrades, as you and I know them to be true, the ex-Confederate soldier who does not feel his heart aglow and whose bosom does not swell with emotion and pride on occasions and amid surroundings like these, is unworthy of the name or to share in that fame which you and I cherish as a priceless heritage to transmit to our children and our children's children; and one of the greatest incentives which we have for coming together on these occasions is to show to our posterity that we have done nothing to be sorry for or to be ashamed of. But let me ask you a

question. Did you ever see one man out of the nearly seven hundred thousand who were in the Confederate army who was ashamed of that fact in his history? I never did, and never expect to, and if I should be so unfortunate as to meet any such creature, I shall tell him he is a craven and a coward, and I know I can talk as I please, with impunity, to "such a wretch" as that. Could this be so if our cause was an unholy one? No, never.

"No nation rose so white and fair
Or fell so free of crimes.

* * * * *

Eternal right, though all else fail,
Can never be made wrong "

But, although this is a most attractive strain to me, I must forbear, in order to say something in responding to the toast which has been assigned to me this evening—"The Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia."

What possibilities were once embraced within what was represented by that name. Nay, what almost impossibilities have they not performed in the field and on the march, and what memories of the deeds of this heroic band come trooping before me in imagination as I stand here to-night? Within the limits of a ten minutes' speech I cannot begin to recount them, but must content myself with only a very few "glittering generalities."

I must say in advance that, in my opinion, that credit has not been generally accorded the artillery of the army, which that branch of the service is entitled to, and, I think, this is conceded by all who thought and who know anything of the subject. The artillery, although recognized as the highest branch of the service, and therefore demanding in its service and equipment the best talent and best materials can only be used in the "real business" of the engagement, and the commanding generals, being almost always promoted from, or in immediate command of infantry or cavalry, are almost always, unintentionally or unconsciously, partial to these last named branches of service. Then again the artillery affords little or no opportunity for individual deeds of gallantry, which are so often performed, which attract attention on the field, and are commented on in each of the other branches of the service; each artillerist being dependent on the conduct of several others for the proper discharge of his duties. The artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia too

went into the field worse equipped to meet their opposers than any other branch of the service, whilst they had to combat from the first the fire of the best equipped batteries, with the most improved guns and ammunition then known to the science of warfare. The artillery of our army came out of the war with at least ninety per cent. of its guns, ammunition and equipment captured from the enemy, which fact tells its own story, and there is no page in the splendid history of the Army of Northern Virginia more luminous with glory and heroism than that which is emblazoned with the flashes of artillery which belonged to that army. Are there any more glorious names on the proud and immortal roll of fame than those of Pelham, of Pegram, of Latimer, of Coleman, of Crutchfield, of Brown, of Watson, of McCarthy, and a thousand others that I might mention?

Could anything be more incomplete than the history of the Army of Northern Virginia, with the splendid parts performed by the Washington Artillery Battalion, the Howitzer Battalion, Pegram's glorious battalion, Jones's, Carter's, Andrew's, Poagne's and dozens of other battalions and batteries, the equals, in every respect, of any of those I have named? As I remarked before, I cannot begin to recount the splendid deeds of skill and daring, of privation, heroism and devotion to duty performed, on the march and on the field, by the soldiers of these splendid commands. Listen for a moment, whilst I read to you what was said of this arm of the service by some of those in command on the memorable field of Gettysburg, on which was fought the greatest artillery duel known to the annals of modern warfare. A field on which my own battery fired six hundred and sixty-one rounds (next to the largest number fired by any battery in our corps on the field), where I saw two as noble youths as ever gave their lives to their country almost cut in twain at one of our guns, and two other bright and gallant boys at once step in and take the places of those who were shot down with such promptness and alacrity as to cause little or no intermission in the firing of the gun at which the fearful casualty had occurred.

General A. P. Hill, who was standing between the guns of my battery a portion of the time during the battle of Gettysburg, and by whose command I fired a house which afforded shelter to the enemy's sharpshooters, striking it three times out of four, at a distance of a mile and a half. He, who was the very soul chivalry and of truth, thus refers to some of the work of the artillery in his report

of that great conflict. He says: "At one o'clock our artillery opened, and for two hours rained an incessant storm of missiles upon the enemy's lines. The effect was marked along my front, driving the enemy entirely from his guns." General Early, in his report of the same battle, gives place to this short statement about two commands, only one of which (Jones's) was with him in that fight, viz: "The conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, and his artillery battalion, on all occasions, as well as that of Brown's (my own) at Winchester was admirable."

Colonel J. Thompson Brown, our own brave commander, who yielded up his pure life on the field of Spotsylvania (where I was so fearfully maimed) in his report of Gettysburg says: "In this engagement, as in the one at Winchester, the officers and men (of his battalion) behaved with the greatest gallantry, fully sustaining the high character which they had previously borne.

Major (afterwards general) James Dearing in his report of the same battle says: "The behavior of officers and men was all that could be desired by any commander. They were all cool and collected and in earnest, and perfectly indifferent to danger."

Colonel H. P. Jones says: "My thanks are due to both officers and men for their conduct in the presence of the enemy, and the patience with which they endured the hardships of the campaign."

Colonel Cabell says: "I have not language to express my admiration of the coolness and courage displayed by the officers and men on the field of this great battle. Their acts speak for them. In the successive skirmishes in which a portion of the battalion was engaged, and when placed in line of battle near Hagerstown, inviting and expecting an attack, their cool courage and energy are above praise. In crossing rivers, in overcoming the difficulties of a tedious march, in providing for the horses of the battalion, no officers ever exhibited greater energy and efficiency. Passing over muddy roads, exposed to rain nearly every day, they bore the difficulties of the march without a murmur of dissatisfaction. All seemed engaged in a cause which made privation, endurance and any sacrifice, a labor of love."

General R. Lindsay Walker says: "The conduct of the officers and men of this corps was in the highest degree satisfactory, evincing as they did without exception, throughout the long and trying

marches to and from Pennsylvania, the utmost fortitude and patient endurance, under fatigue, and zeal and gallantry in action."

General Long in his life of General Lee says, in speaking of the work at Gettysburg :

"There ensued one of the most tremendous engagements ever witnessed on an open field; the hills shook and quivered beneath the thunder of two hundred and twenty-five guns as if they were about to be torn and rent by some powerful convulsion. In the words of General Hancock, in reference to the performance of the opposing batteries, their artillery fire was the most terrific cannonade and the most prolonged, one possibly hardly ever paralleled. For more than an hour this fierce artillery conflict continued, when the Federal guns began to slacken their fire under the heavy blows of the Confederate batteries, and ere long sank into silence."

General Howard in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in speaking of the effect produced by this splendid work of the artillery at Gettysburg, says: "I have thought that the fearful exposure of General Meade's headquarters, where so much havoc was occasioned by the enemy's artillery, had so impressed him, that he did not at first realize the victory he had won."

But Gettysburg was not the only field of which I wish to speak. In his report of the first battle of Fredericksburg, General Lee says: "The artillery rendered efficient service on every part of the field, and greatly assisted in the defeat of the enemy. The batteries were exposed to an unusually heavy fire of artillery and infantry, which officers and men sustained with coolness and courage worthy of the highest praise."

In his report of the Battle of Chancellorsville, he says: "To the skillful and efficient management of the artillery, the successful issue of the contest is in a great measure due. The ground was not favorable for its employment, but every suitable position was taken with alacrity, and the operations of the infantry supported and assisted with a spirit and courage not second to their own. It bore a prominent part in the final assault which ended in driving the enemy from the field of Chancellorsville, silencing his batteries, and by a destructive enfilade fire upon his works, opened the way for the advance of our troops.

"Colonels Crutchfield, Alexander and Walker, and Lieutenant-Col-

onels Brown, Carter and Andrews, with the officers and men of their commands, are numbered as deserving especial commendation."

General Lee never had the time to write a report of the most brilliant campaign ever fought by him with the Army of Northern Virginia, and, in my opinion, the most brilliant that ever was fought by any general, with any army, a campaign, in which the movements of General Lee were so daring and wonderful, that a writer has said, they must have reminded General Grant of what a martinet Austrian general once said of Napoleon. On one occasion when asked by a French officer what he thought of the state of the war, he replied:

"Nothing could be worse on your side. Here you have a youth who knows nothing of the rules of war. To-day he is in our rear, to-morrow on our flank, next day in our front. Such gross violations of the principles of the art of war are not to be supported."

I refer, of course, to the campaign against Grant, from the Rapidan to Petersburg, in which Swinton says the Army of Northern Virginia killed and wounded more of the enemy than it had men in its ranks.

Although this campaign is teeming with the splendid work of the artillery from the beginning to the end I can only refer to one of its performances. General Ewell in speaking of the battle of the 18th May, 1864, at Spottsylvania courthouse, says :

"When well within range General Long opened upon them with thirty pieces of artillery which, with the fire of our skirmishers, broke and drove them back with severe loss. We afterwards learned that they were two fresh divisions nearly ten thousand strong, just come up from the rear."

And it is a remarkable fact in the history of the Army of Northern Virginia that the first gun fired on Virginia soil, as well as the last fired by that army, was fired by the artillery.

Can the record of any men be more brilliant in all the achievements of manhood than that I have just read in your hearing? It was on the stout hearts and strong and willing arm of "men of this metal" that Lee and Jackson and the other great leaders of our armies learned to lean for support, and from whose deeds of valor, so well directed by them, these leaders snatched a fame which has "echoed around the world." And some of these old artillerists constitute the bulwarks of society in this Southland to-day.

What constitutes a State ?
Not high raised battlements, nor labored mound,
Thick wall, nor moated gate,
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,
Not bays, not broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
Not starred nor spangled courts,
Where low browed baseness lends perfume to pride.
No, men ! highminded men,
Men who their duties know,
But know the right, and knowing dare maintain,
Prevent the long aimed blow,
Then crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain,
These constitute a State.

And it was of such as these that the artillerists of the Army of Northern Virginia was composed. As they served their guns in war, so they served their country in war and in peace, and deserve well of their countrymen and countrywomen. God bless them always.

But the end of the war came, and with that end came the beginning of sacrifices and sorrows, as well as the greatest services to their country, of the artillerists of the Army of Northern Virginia. When on the fated field of Appomattox these old soldiers grounded their trusted and well worn arms, to what did they return ? Not to the homes of peace and plenty they had enlisted from four years before, but to devastation, desolation, ruin and almost to despair.

Where my home was glad, were ashes,
For horror and shame had been there.
* * * * *
We had seen from the smoking village
The mothers and daughters fly,
We had seen where the little children
Sank down in the furrows to die ;
From the far off conquered cities
Came the voice of stifled wail,
And the moans and shrieks of the houseless
Rang out like a dirge on the gale.

It was with scenes and surroundings like these that the old artillerists of the Army of Northern Virginia found themselves confronted when they laid down their arms. Could they have faced these new and frightful dangers and surroundings, this "abomination of desolation standing over against them" without their hearts sinking

within them and settling down into irretrievable despair, had they not been used to facing dangers in every form, overcoming seeming impossibilities for the four intervening years, and had they not been only "wearied and worn out with victories" on an hundred fields? To ask this question is to furnish its answer. But this desolation of their homes was not all, by any "manner of means." They had gone forth to defend proud and sovereign States, they came back to find them conquered provinces, and soon to swarm with the vilest vermin, in the shape of camp-followers, "carpet-baggers," "scalawags" *et id omne genus*, that ever infested and infuriated any people outside of regions of the infernal. Literally "chaos had come again," and there was no earthly power to bring "order out of this chaos" but the old ex-Confederate soldier. In Virginia we found in the place of the old mother, whose very name was a synonym of her character, and both so dear to her children, "District No. 1," attempted to be *overawed* by General Ord, then *terrified* by General Terry, then *stoned to death* by General Stoneman. No wonder that one of our local poets should have sung in two languages, intermingling the dead and living so plaintively, words something like these :

"Terry leaves us, *sumas* weary
Jam nos taedet te videre
Si vis nos, with joy *implere*
 We can spare thee *magne* Terry
 Freely very. * * * * *
 Terry *in haec terra* tarry
Diem narry."

Amid such scenes we might well exclaim with the old Greek, "Olympus was there, the Ægean was there, the land where Homer sang and where Pericles spoke was there.

"But with such aspect on the shore
 'Twas Greece, but living Greece no more."

Yes, my friends, we came to conquered provinces, and despite hindrances of almost every kind which confronted us, we have, by the help and guidance of our Great Father, with the help and amidst the smiles and the benedictions of the sweetest, the noblest, the purest and best women on earth, and with the moral and intellectual forces which were formed in us before, and which were only strengthened and invigorated by war and its calamities, we have

remoulded these provinces into States, after the "form and fashion" of our fathers, and now the "camp-follower," the "carpet-bagger," the "scalawag," and all such are no more, and instead of these "off-scouring of creation," we present to the world the States of the Confederacy as forming the solid phalanx of the "Solid South," and as the hope and mainstay of constitutional liberty in this great republic. And thus, my comrades,

"As the mountains look on Virginia,
And Virginia looks on the sea,
Whilst musing here an hour alone,
I dream that we may yet be free ;
For standing near a Stuart's grave
I will not deem myself a slave."

IV. THE CAVALRY OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

"Spur on! Spur on! We love the bounding
Of barbs that bear us to the fray.
"The Charge" our bugles now are sounding,
And our bold Stuart leads the way.

—*Confederate War Glee.*

Response by Judge D. M. Bernard, of Petersburg.

JUDGE D. M. BERNARD'S RESPONSE.

It affords me no little pleasure to speak the merited praises of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia. My only regret is that I am not gifted with that silvery eloquence which alone can paint in its true colors the brilliant part which it took in those splendid achievements which have made immortal the army to which it belonged.

I look with loftiest pride upon the first three and a half years of the war. I served with that branch of the army which has written its name high and imperishably high on the temple of fame, the infantry of our army, but I can assure you it is with no less pride that I contemplate the last six months of that war, in which I shared the hardships and the glories of that gallant band of heroes, the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia.

I know it is thought by some that the hardships of the cavalry were comparatively slight. Indeed this idea was at one time so

common that it found expression in the old song, "If you want to have a good time join the cavalry." But I know from experience that this idea is entirely without foundation in fact. I express my true sentiments, when I tell you that the hardships of the cavalry were as great, yes, at times, even greater than those of the other arms of the service. The cavalymen on those long forced marches which they so frequently took as often longed for a walk as did the marching foot soldier long for a ride. In addition to his own physical fatigue he suffered the mental pain of knowing that his noble steed on which he so much relied was suffering from the pangs of hunger and thirst and fatigue. And when the cavalryman halts for a few hours of needed rest, he cannot, like his brother of the infantry, at once throw his blanket around, fall upon the ground and embrace that sweet and restful sleep, whose wooings have well nigh overcome him, but he must first, and frequently at great trouble, look-out for the comfort of his horse.

The cavalryman but seldom enjoyed the comparative ease and comfort of winter quarters. Summer and spring, winter and autumn were all the same to him. He must be upon that all important outpost, watching or fighting the enemy, whether the summer's sun be shining or the winter's blast be blowing.

When you see that solitary cavalryman riding from the front to the rear, he is not always in search of butter-milk, nor is he turning his back upon the foe, because he fears to face him or to fight him, but oftener than otherwise he is bearing some message to the rear which is to save the army from surprise or the loved cause from disaster.

One of the principal duties of the cavalry is to watch and inform and, if needs be, to hold in check the advancing enemy until preparations are made to receive him. That the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia was fully up to its duty in this respect is evidenced by the fact that there is not one single instance during the whole war where any portion of the army to which it belonged was surprised because of the failure of its cavalry to perform its duty either as watchers or as fighters.

It is true that the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia did not so often as did its infantry meet the enemy in the shock of great battles. Its duties were of a different kind, but of such a kind and so gallantly and nobly done that the performance of them contributed much to ensuring victory to our army in some of those great

shocks. I believe that history will bear me out in the assertion that but for that bold and dashing raid of Stuart and his troopers around the army of McClellan that army would not have been so easily crowded under the gunboats by the invincible cohorts of Jackson and of Hill.

But the record of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia is not bare of great battles. It has its Kelly's Ford, its Hanover Junction, its Brandy Station, its Trevillian's, its Yellow Tavern and its High Bridge. And it has the pride of knowing that in each of these great conflicts the laurels of victory encircled its brow.

It numbered among its officers, some, not only of the most daring and gallant men, but of the most renowned soldiers of the war. It had its Lees, its Wickham, its Hampton, its Ashby, its Mosby, its gallant Dearing, and its great Stuart. Such leaders were never surpassed, and there is no instance on record when the brave troopers under these gallant officers failed to spur on their steeds to the fray in answer to the bugle sound of "charge."

V. THE STAFF OF THE ARMY.

Their courage, intelligence and devotion to duty were conspicuous on every field.

Response by Dr. J. Herbert Claiborne, of Petersburg.

VI. THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen made—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!

Response by Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, of Richmond.

VII. OUR SISTER CITIES, RICHMOND AND PETERSBURG.

Welded together by fire of battle in the heroic Past, they are no less bound together by common aspirations and common interest in days of Peace.

Response by Hon. Charles F. Collier, of Petersburg.

VIII. THE MEMORY OF OUR DEAD.

"They never fail who die in a great cause."

Response by Hon. Henry W. Flourney, of Richmond.

VOLUNTARY TOASTS.

The following voluntary toast was made by Colonel W. H. Palmer, who spoke as follows:

The friends of General A. P. Hill have watched with the greatest satisfaction the interest that Petersburg has taken in his career. You have named your Confederate camp after him, and it is so appropriate. Whatever may come to you in the future, nothing more glorious can come than the defence of your city from June, 1864, to April, 1865; and at every step his deeds form a part of your history.

In the records of every siege that I have read of, the defence had some element of hope to inspire them. At Genoa the French had hope of relief, and back of them a prosperous country to reward them for their pains and labors; at Saragossa the defenders had hope that relief would come in the end; but the defenders of your city, for nine long months while daily in contact with the enemy, knew that they were growing weaker, that the armies of the Confederacy in the field were melting away, that their government had neither reinforcements to send them or reward for them.

The only inspiration that held them to their terrible work was the hope of gaining the approval of the commander-in chief, whose personality dominates them, who they knew shared their labors and trials to the utmost.

On the night of the 17th of June General Hill received orders to move to Petersburg. It was a long and trying march from New Market Heights. His third corps was hurried across the bridge at Drury's Bluff, and part of it was in the line near the Jerusalem plank-road on the evening of the 18th of June. As we rode that day he said that with the force at General Lee's disposal the line fronting Richmond and Petersburg could not be held, and yet our great commander held them for nine long months. When the lines were broken General Hill's prediction was verified, he paid the forfeit with his life.

Whenever the Army of Northern Virginia was in fearful peril it was General Hill's fate to hold the post of danger. At Sharpsburg,

where all seemed lost, he marched the eighteen miles, crossing the Potomac from Harper's Ferry, which had surrendered to him, and struck Burnside's corpse of fifteen thousand men and rolled it up like a scroll. When the army retired across the Potomac his division formed the rear guard, and when the Federal army attempted to follow at Boetner's Ford, he filled the Potomac with their dead.

After Gettysburg, having gained the only success there, in the destruction of Reynolds' corps, killing the corps commander opposed to him. His third corps formed again the rear guard of the Army of Northern Virginia, which retired across the Potomac a second time in safety behind his veteran troops. At Petersburg the post of danger and ceaseless vigilance was the right. Other troops might rest, Hill's corps was ever on the move, repelling advances on the right. At last the end came, the lines gave way, his blood mingled with your soil, sacred indeed, to all men who are capable of administering unselfish devotion, and nothing in his career was more becoming or unselfish than his death. His courier had ridden ahead of him, ordering as he rode two soldiers of the enemy to surrender. General Hill saw that they intended to fire on him. It was man to man, and no longer lieutenant general and his courier, Tucker, told me a few minutes after that he had no idea that General Hill was by his side.

Just as they fired he heard the rush of the general's horse at his side. He would not see his courier in peril without sharing it with him, and his courier's life was saved at the expense of his own. The Crater. When the column of smoke arose from the Crater General Hill leaped from his cot and said: "I am going to Mahone's division; I will take his troops—all that can be spared—to the point of the explosion." He directed that I should stay at headquarters for any reports from the right. Thirty minutes after General Lee rode up from the other side of the Appomattox unattended by officer or courier. I told him that General Hill had gone to General Mahone's division, with the express purpose of taking all of the troops that could be spared from the lines to the point of the explosion. We had a near way from our headquarters to the left of Halifax street, down Lieutenant Run to General Mahone's headquarters. I conducted General Lee by this near way, and before getting to General Mahone's headquarters we found his troops in motion. General Lee passed through the line and out in the open, and as he was unattended and in some danger from the artillery fire, I continued with him to the rear of the river salient. He took out

his glasses and took a long look at the captured line. He asked me how many of the enemy's flags I counted in the line. I counted eleven. Soon after he rode back and joined Mahone's troops as filed down Lieutenant Run. The Crater was on General Beauregard's line. General Hill's troops took it and held it. The movement was made without orders from the commander-in-chief, and his own line on the right was imperiled. He took all the risk to go to the point of danger.

One word as to the behavior of the citizens of Petersburg during these months. It was heroic. The men in citizen's clothing did veteran's duty in the trenches, and the women walked about calmly with the enemy's shells whistling above them. Time and again in riding your streets I was filled with amazement at the composure of your citizens under the trying position in which they were placed.

It is a compensation to have witnessed these scenes. It is a compensation to leave a history, and on this broad continent no spot has witnessed more of human constancy, devotion and sacrifice than this spot on which we unveil a likeness of a hero indeed, a worthy companion of his commander, a worthy leader of men, whom to have followed as most of you did, in however humble a position entitles you to distinction.

Other toasts were made by Commander W. Gordon McCabe, Major Robert Stiles, Mr. Joseph Bryan, of the *Richmond Times*; Colonel William P. Smith, Captain John Tyler, Commander A. W. Archer, William R. McKenney and others.

Commander McCabe read the following letter :

PETERSBURG, VA., *November 29, 1892.*

DEAR SIR—It was very kind of you to have called in person to extend the invitation to the unveiling ceremonies which are to be had at your Confederate camp this evening. I appreciate sincerely the consideration in generous measure with my unalloyed esteem for the memory of General A. P. Hill. He was my personal friend, and a more brilliant useful soldier and chivalrous gentleman never adorned the Confederate army. My heart is in sympathy with the tribute you pay to his memory and regret that it is not so that I can join you in the ceremonies of the evening.

Yours truly,

MAHONE.

Hon. George Bernard and Dr. Harwood.

After the reading of the above letter which was received with applause Mr. Joseph Bryan proposed a toast to the health of Commander Gordon McCabe and then called on him for a speech. After the toast had been drunk Commander McCabe made a most felicitious talk.

It was half past twelve in the morning when the festivities of the banquet hall were brought to a close. The Richmond guests all expressed themselves as delighted with their visit to the "Cockade City," and stated that they had never been better treated. They were escorted to the depot by A. P. Hill Camp and left on their return home at 1.15 A. M.

GENERAL JOHNSTON'S SURRENDER.

DID THE TERMS SHERMAN OFFERED CARRY OUT LINCOLN'S POLICY?

Senator Sherman, in His Eulogy of His Brother, Said They Did, and the
Honorable George C. Gorham Writes a Letter to Prove That
They Did Not—He Also Shows That Grant Disap-
proved of the Agreement before He Sub-
mitted it to the President.

[*New York Sun*, April 11, 1892.]

WASHINGTON, *April 10th.*

George C. Gorham has written the following open letter to Senator Sherman, respecting the latter's statement about the terms of Johnston's surrender in his recent eulogy of General Sherman at New York :

Honorable John Sherman, United States Senate :

DEAR SIR—In your recent address in New York on the character and public services of your illustrious brother, General W. T.

Sherman, you made the following reference to the terms proposed by him for the surrender of the forces of General Joseph Johnston and other commanders at the close of the civil war :

General Sherman believed in and sought to carry out the policy of Mr. Lincoln. The terms of surrender were tentative, and the conditions were entirely subject to the supervision of the executive authorities, but instead of being submitted to the generous and forgiving patriot who had fallen, they were passed upon in the shadow of a great crime by stern and relentless enemies, who would not have consented to the conditions imposed by General Grant upon General Lee, and who would have disregarded them had not General Grant threatened to resign upon their refusal to carry out his terms. When this arrangement with General Johnston was submitted to President Johnson and Mr. Stanton, it was rejected, with the insulting intimation that it proceeded from either cowardice or treachery. The old cry against General Sherman was again started. It was even imputed that he would attempt to play the part of a Cromwell or a military usurper. The generous kindness of Grant came to his relief. New terms were agreed upon and the war closed.

You would have it understood by this that while General Sherman was engaged in a praise-worthy and purely military act, which President Lincoln would have desired him to perform had he lived, he was sat upon and insulted, and his arrangements set aside by President Johnson and Edwin M. Stanton, then Secretary of War, in a mean and narrow spirit of revenge, because of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and that at this juncture the generous kindness of General Grant interposed between him and these alleged enemies, and that the two Generals agreed on new terms and ended the war. You state all this as though you had approved General Sherman's course.

Whatever policy Mr. Lincoln might have recommended to Congress for the restoration of the Confederate States to their relations with the Union, none knew better than you that he never would have undertaken to usurp the powers of Congress on the subject, much less to allow a military subordinate to guide him in this work by an unauthorized arrangement made under the supervision of Jefferson Davis and his cabinet. Mr. Lincoln left no room for doubt on this point, for he gave the following direction to General Grant a fortnight before the Sherman-Johnston negotiations :

Lieutenant-General Grant:

The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee unless it be for the capitulation of Lee's army, or on solely minor or purely military matters. He instructs me to say to you that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer on any political question; such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. Meantime you are to press to the utmost your military advantages.

EDWIN M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*

You will say that General Sherman had not seen this order of Mr. Lincoln's when he made his arrangement with Johnston, but it is none the less absolute proof that he (Mr. Lincoln) would have disapproved the arrangement. The General needed no such admonition to teach him that discussion of public policies in a military convention was an invasion of the civil authority and wholly outside the powers and duties of a military commander. He frankly admitted this, and in a letter to Secretary Stanton, dated April 25, the day after receiving the government's disapproval of his terms, he said: "I admit my folly in embracing in a military convention any civic matters."

If you will refer to his "Memoirs," page 349, you will see that in his interview with General Johnston he asked him if he could control other armies than his own. Johnston replied that he could not do this, but indicated "that he could procure authority from Davis." On the following page, he says: "General Johnston, saying that he thought during the night he could procure authority to act in the name of all the Confederate armies in existence, we agreed to meet on the next day at noon." The two Generals met again accordingly, and Johnston then assured Sherman that "he had authority for all the Confederate armies, so that they would obey his order to surrender."

The Confederate Secretary of War, John C. Breckinridge, was then brought in, and participated in arranging the terms. These terms comprehended an armistice, to continue until forty-eight hours after notice of either side for its termination. The Confederate armies were to disband, their arms and munitions of war to be turned over to the several States of the Confederacy, the governments of which were to be recognized by the President, and the inhabitants of the South were to be guaranteed all their rights of property (including

slaves) and all the political power they possessed before the rebellion, and to be relieved from all consequences of the rebellion by a proclamation of general amnesty. The arrangement concluded with the following words :

"Not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfill these terms, we individually and officially pledge ourselves to obtain the necessary authority and to carry out the above programme."

A messenger was sent to Washington with the proposed agreement. At the same time General Sherman wrote the commanding general of the armies in Virginia :

"I have agreed with General Joseph E. Johnston for a temporary cessation of active hostilities, to lay before our government at Washington the agreement made between us, with the full sanction of Mr. Davis and in the presence of Mr. Breckinridge."

His messenger reached Washington on the 21st of April, and delivered his despatches to General Grant. You represented General Grant as coming to General Sherman's relief, from which those not acquainted with the history of the case would suppose that he approved the agreement. When you made this statement you must have known that General Grant condemned General Sherman's act before consulting either President Johnson or Secretary Stanton. He wrote that very evening to General Sherman, acknowledging receipt of the agreement, and said :

"I read it carefully before submitting it to the President and the Secretary of War, and feel satisfied that it could not possibly be approved."

In the same letter he says that upon his suggestion a Cabinet meeting was called, the result of which was "the disapproval by the president of the basis laid down and the disapproval of the negotiations altogether, except for the surrender of the army commanded by General Johnston, and an order for the termination of the armistice and the resumption of hostilities." I have before me while I write the original of the following note from General Grant to General Stanton :

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *April 21, 1865.*

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War :

SIR—I have received and just completed reading the despatches brought by special messenger from General Sherman. They are of

such importance that I think immediate action should be taken on them, and it should be done by the president in council with his whole cabinet. I would respectfully suggest whether the president should not be notified and all his cabinet, and a meeting take place to-night.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General.*

General Grant started immediately after the adjournment of the cabinet meeting for Raleigh, North Carolina, and arrived at Sherman's headquarters on the 24th to execute the president's order. Under this order Sherman gave notice that hostilities would be resumed, whereupon Johnston's army was surrendered upon the terms accorded by Grant to Lee.

As a matter of prudence and necessity, Mr. Stanton telegraphed to General John A. Dix, then in New York, with permission to publish the same, a copy of the Sherman-Johnston agreement and its disapproval by the government. To it was appended the reasons for its disapproval. These reasons were as follows:

1. It was an exercise of an authority not vested in General Sherman, and on its face shows that both he and Johnston knew that General Sherman had no authority to enter into any such arrangement.
2. It was a practical acknowledgement of the Rebel government.
3. It undertook to re-establish the Rebel State governments that had been overthrown at the sacrifice of many thousand loyal lives and an immense treasury, and placed the arms and munitions of war in the hands of Rebels at their respective capitals, which might be used as soon as the armies of the United States were disbanded, and used to conquer and subdue the loyal States.
4. By the restoration of Rebel authority in their respective States they would be enabled to re-establish slavery.
5. It might furnish a ground of responsibility for the Federal government to pay the Rebel debts, and certainly subject the loyal citizens of Rebel States to debts contracted by Rebels in the State.
6. It would put in dispute the existence of loyal State governments and the new State of West Virginia, which had been recognized by every department of the United States Government.

7. It practically abolished the Confiscation law and relieved the Rebels, of every degree, who had slaughtered our people, from all pains and penalties for their crimes.

8. It gave terms that had been deliberately, repeatedly and solemnly rejected by President Lincoln, and better terms than the Rebels had ever asked in their most prosperous condition.

9. It formed no basis of true and lasting peace, but relieved the Rebels from the pressure of our victories, and left them in condition to renew their efforts to overthrow the United States Government and subdue the loyal States whenever their strength was recruited and any opportunity was offered.

The publication of these reasons was absolutely demanded in the interest of the public safety. The expectations which General Sherman had raised in the minds of the army and the people, that our soldiers only awaited the president's order to return rejoicing to their homes, could not be realized under his terms consistently with the dignity or the safety of the country. This had to be made evident to the people and the army to prevent serious and perhaps dangerous discontent. The Honorable Jacob Collamer, then a Senator from the State of Vermont, in a letter to Mr. Stanton, dated June 14, 1865, expressed his opinion on this point as follows:

General Sherman promulgated to his army and the world his arrangements with Johnston. Indeed, the armistice could not in any other way be accounted for, and the army was gratified with the expectation of any immediate return home. To reject that arrangement was clearly necessary, and to do it without stating any reason for it would have been a very dangerous experiment, both to the public and to the army. Indeed, many had serious apprehensions of its effect on the army, even with the conclusive reasons which were given. Should not this view be presented in any and every true manifesto of the case?

It is not necessary here to discuss the terms. No one in his senses will question the good intentions of General Sherman in agreeing to them, but it is the truth of history that they were rejected by the union people of the country at the time as unanimously as they were by the president and his cabinet.

In conclusion, allow me to quote one more authority in support of Mr. Stanton's view and in condemnation of General Sherman's fearful mistake. The authority will not be seriously questioned by you. It reads as follows :

CLEVELAND, O., *April 27, 1865.*

MY DEAR SIR—I am distressed beyond measure at the terms granted Johnston by General Sherman. They are inadmissible. There should now be literally no terms granted. We should not only brand the leading rebels with infamy, but the whole rebellion should wear the badge of the penitentiary, so that, for this generation at least, no man who has taken part in it would dare justify or palliate it. Yet with these views I feel that gross injustice has been done General Sherman, especially by the press. The most that can be said about him is that he granted the rebels too liberal terms. The same may be said, but to a less degree, of Mr. Lincoln and General Grant in their arrangement with Lee. General Sherman had not understood the political bearing of that agreement. It is his misfortune that he believes the promises of these men, and looks upon the whole contest in a simple military view. He thought the disbanding of their armies is the end of the war, while we knew that to arm them with the elective franchise and State organizations is to renew the war.

I feel so troubled in this matter, following so closely upon the death of Mr. Lincoln, that I was inclined to drop everything and go to Raleigh, but I promised to join the funeral cortège here, and on Saturday week have agreed to deliver a eulogy of Mr. Lincoln at Mansfield. This over, I will gladly go to Washington or anywhere else, where I can render the least service. I do not wish General Sherman to be unjustly dealt with, and I know that you will not permit it, and especially I do not want him driven into fellowship with the copperheads. His military services have been too valuable to the country to be stained by any such fellowship. If you can, in your multiplied engagements, drop me a line, pray do so. You can if you choose show this to the president, or, indeed, to anyone.

Very truly yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton.

I cannot find in this letter any reference to the insult with which you now assert that General Sherman's terms were rejected by President Johnson and Mr. Stanton. But I do find in it an assurance from you to Secretary Stanton that you knew he would not permit General

Sherman to be unjustly dealt with. You could not have said this had you thought Mr. Stanton himself had already dealt unjustly by him, by publishing the reasons above quoted, and which had been in print in every leading newspaper of the country four days before you wrote your letter.

I honored and admired General Sherman. I knew him personally and enjoyed the honor of his friendship. No more patriotic American, no braver or more faithful soldier ever lived. But I also honored and admired Mr. Stanton, whose biography I have undertaken, and whose private papers are in my keeping ; and I cannot remain silent when one of the greatest and wisest of his official acts is brought forward, misstated, and perverted in a useless effort to show that General Sherman was right when he himself admitted (with the concurrence of Senator Sherman) that he was wrong.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE C. GORHAM.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

WILLIAM L. SAUNDERS, LL.D.

An Oration delivered before the Alumni Association of the University of North Carolina, Tuesday May 31, 1892, by
Hon. Alfred Moore Waddell.

[The editor in his modest efforts in behalf of historical and kindred investigation, extending from boyhood, for more than a quarter of a century has been favored constantly with the sympathy of noble men and women, with whom he has enjoyed the privilege of correspondence ; a majority of whom he never met, and many of whom, alas ! " have ceased from their labors." With Colonel Saunders he had held friendly communication for a number of years, before he had the pleasure of meeting him ; an opportunity afforded by a memorable occasion, and a satisfaction never to be forgotten. On the 28th of October, 1887, the day following the laying of the cornerstone of the grand monument to the peerless patriot Lee, a brief note summoned the writer to the Exchange Hotel, Richmond. He was apprised of the physical disability of Colonel Saunders, who, from a rheumatic affection had been unable to walk for many years ;

being wheeled about in a chair. In activity the gallant veteran must have been of commanding presence, and, erect, his stature more than six feet. He gave no intimation in countenance or voice of affliction, although he had a short time before arisen from a visitation of prostration and agony. Seated, amidst friends, in an easy chair, not another present was more animated. His habitually cheerful temperament was ever inspiring, and his friends, it is said, made his room their "headquarters" when they visited Raleigh. The writer, by request, remained several hours, during which time, Colonel Saunders held a delightful levee, many gentlemen of prominence calling upon him. With friends from his own State the prevailing familiar appellation was "Colonel Bill."

Onward from this meeting the writer felt that he had a warm personal friend in Colonel Saunders, of whose regard he has cherished memorials, and whose death he deplores as a keen loss.

William Lawrence Saunders, son of Rev. Joseph Hubbard and Laura J. (Baker) Saunders, was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, July 30, 1835, and was of Virginian ancestry; his grandfather James Saunders being a grandson of Eben Saunders a native of England, who settled in Lancaster county, Virginia, about 1675.

His father dying whilst he was a lad, his mother removed, with her family to Chapel Hill, that she might educate her three sons at the university there, and he entered that institution in 1850 and graduated in the class of 1854. He subsequently read law and settled in Salisbury, where he for some time practiced his profession. He married in February, 1864, Miss Florida Cotten, of Raleigh, a sister of Mrs. Engelhard, whose husband, Major Joseph A. Engelhard had been his life-long friend, who was afterward his associate in business, and his predecessor in the office of Secretary of State of North Carolina. His wife died about a year after their marriage. At the beginning of the war, 1861-'5, he entered service as a lieutenant in the Rowan Guards. He afterwards joined Reilly's Battery, and later raised a company for the Forty-sixth Regiment of North Carolina infantry, of which he became by regular promotion through all the grades, the colonel in 1864. He was wounded at Fredericksburg, and afterwards at the second Battle of the Wilderness terribly, and it was feared fatally, in the mouth and throat.

As a guest of the late George S. Palmer, of Richmond, in the familiar residence, which stood on the site of the present handsome Commonwealth Club-House, he was tenderly nursed to recovery.

He served as Secretary of the Senate of North Carolina in 1870 and again in 1872-'3.

In 1872 he joined Major Engelhard in the editorship of the *Wilmington Journal* and so continued for four years.

His services to the people of North Carolina during this period were invaluable. In February, 1879, upon the death of Major Engelhard who had been elected Secretary of State in 1876, Colonel Saunders was appointed his successor. He was elected to the office in 1880, re-elected in 1884 and 1888, and was holding it at the time of his death. It is conceded that so great was his popularity, that there was no office within the gift of the people that he might not have secured, had his physical ability admitted of a personal canvass.

His services in behalf of the history of North Carolina were, as stated in the tribute of his friend, providential; his enthusiasm and his popularity ensured the success of the appropriation as that of no one else might have done, and his peculiar fitness as editor of the "*Colonial Records*" carried the arduous labor to successful completion.

His devotion to his *alma mater*, the University of North Carolina, was signally attested. The actual governing authority of the board of trustees of this institution is the Executive committee. Of this body he was chosen a member in 1874, secretary and treasurer in 1877, and was an active officer of it until his death.

A tablet to his memory with the following inscription has been placed in the memorial hall of the university by the board of trustees:

WILLIAM LAWRENCE SAUNDERS,

Born 1835. Died 1891.

Class of 1854.

LL.B. 1859. LL.D. 1889.

Colonel 46th N. C. Troops.

C. S. A.

Wounded at Fredericksburg and the
Wilderness.

Chief clerk of the Senate 1870-1874.

Secretary of the State 1879.

Editor of *Colonial Records*.

Lawyer, Journalist, Historian.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Alumni Association :

An eloquent man, who does not believe in the existence of God or the immortality of the soul, standing by an open grave and pronouncing a eulogy upon him who is to occupy it, presents one of the saddest spectacles this world affords. Such a service finds no support even in philosophy, for if death is the end and its victim has ceased to exist, there is nothing in all the wide universe to which the eulogy can be applied except a fast fading picture on the walls of memory, and it becomes a mere empty declamation to those who will themselves soon pass into nothingness—a shadow-drama, acted before a shadow-audience, upon which in a little while will fall the curtain of eternal night.

But the tribute which one pays to a departed friend, in the full faith and assurance that he still lives, and will live forever, is a reasonable and a pious service, approved of heaven, and honored among men. The words of the orator in the one case, however beautiful, are but the cry of despair ; the utterance of the speaker in the other, however simple, is that of a soul conscious of its immortality, and rejoicing in a deathless hope. Clouds and darkness encompass the one service ; upon the other rests “the light that never shone on land or sea.”

You could have extended to me no invitation which would appeal more irresistibly alike to my sense of public duty, and to my loyalty to a life-long friendship than that which has brought me here to-day.

If more than thirty years of intimate association between two men will justify one of them in attempting to give a faithful portraiture of the other after he has passed the portals of the grave, I am not entirely unqualified for the duty before me, but I fully realize the difficulty of so performing it as not to render it worthless by exaggerated eulogy on the one hand, or inadequate tribute on the other. It shall be my aim, as it is my hope, to do justice. I would not do less, and he of whom I speak, though voiceless now, would not have me do more.

And I begin to do justice by declaring it to be my deliberate conviction that our State has never produced a son who was more intensely North Carolinian in every fibre of his being, or one who rendered more continuous, unselfish, devoted, and valuable service to her than did William Lawrence Saunders—service, too, a large part of which was performed by him during years of ceaseless physical

pain and suffering. Indeed, his whole life, from boyhood to the day of his death, through evil and good report, in adversity or prosperity, was devoted to the work of sustaining and defending her honor and the welfare of her people. If, therefore, any North Carolinian ever deserved to be remembered with gratitude for his public services it was he, and if the State had not persistently from the beginning of her existence refused to recognize by some permanent memorial any obligation for such services by any of her sons we might indulge the hope that she would erect a monument to his memory. She stands alone among civilized governments in this respect, for she has never erected a single memorial stone to show the world that she ever produced a son worthy of remembrance. Nor are her people peculiar in this respect alone. Ever jealous of any encroachment upon their liberties, ever ready to suffer and die in defence of them, the history of their State is rich with illustrations of their patriotism—and yet that history remains to be written. Prolific of heroes in every war on this continent, of statesmen in every period of political strife, of great men in all professions and callings—the world has never known it, because the people of the State have never seemed to recognize, or care for it. Mankind are apt to forget, and all too soon, the good and great who have passed away; we in North Carolina do not appear to know that there are, or ever were, such among us. Readily recognizing them elsewhere we never think of finding them at home and in our midst. More true is it here, I think, than in any other State of this republic that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and among his own people. And yet, even when just criticism of this kind was indulged in before him, William L. Saunders never failed to eulogize and defend the people of North Carolina. He had absolute confidence in them as to everything, and was always ready to vindicate them against any sort of imputation from any quarter. Nor was it a mere blind prejudice on his part. He was not blind to the peculiarities of his fellow-citizens as a community, but he always insisted that with all their faults and peculiarities they were the best people he had ever known. He made no display of this sentiment, and never sought to make capital of it for selfish ends, as he might have done if he had been a demagogue, but he sincerely felt and always acted upon it. No man ever lived who was more thoroughly imbued with faith in the people, and, therefore, he prized government by the people as the greatest of all political blessings. Bred to the

law, and a student of Anglo-Saxon institutions, the principle of local self-government was precious in his sight, and arbitrary power of any kind anywhere he instinctively hated, and was ever ready to combat. So intense were his convictions on this subject that I myself used sometimes jocularly to accuse him of being opposed to government of any kind. These convictions were not by any means wholly the result of temperament, but were the outcome chiefly, of study, reflection and observation. He was a Democrat—in its largest as in its narrowest sense—from principle, and he was ready to vindicate his principles at all times and at every hazard. In this respect, as in every other, he was a man of character.

It is not my purpose to give the details of his public career, but to present a picture of the man as he was, in his relation to the public, and in private life. I will not go farther into his record as a soldier in the war between the States, than merely to say that he went in as a subaltern and came out with the glorious remnant of Lee's army the colonel of a decimated and war-scarred regiment, bearing upon his person terrible wounds, and enjoying the unqualified respect of his associates for duty faithfully and gallantly performed.

In 1871, towards the close of the "Reconstruction" period during which he did as much to rescue the State from the ruin and degradation which threatened her as any man within her borders, he was arrested by the United States authorities and carried to Washington to be examined by the "Ku Klux" committee, with the hope and expectation, on the part of those who caused his arrest, of extorting from him a confession of his own complicity in the acts of the "Ku Klux," or at least procuring evidence against others. I can never forget his presence there, or the result of his examination. Although myself a member of the committee, he was my guest and shared my bed during his stay in Washington, but not one word passed between us on the subject of his arrest, and no information was asked or given in regard to the organization of which he was supposed to be the chief. He appeared before the committee, and was asked more than a hundred questions, every one of which, except a few formal ones, he steadfastly refused—or, as he expressed it, declined to answer.

He was badgered and bullied, and threatened with imprisonment (which I really feared would be imposed upon him), but with perfect self-possession and calm politeness he continued to say: "I decline

to answer." It was a new experience for the committee, because the terror aroused by the investigation had enabled them to get much information, and no witness had, up to that time, thus defied their authority, but they recognized that they had now encountered *a man*, who knew how to guard his rights and protect his honor; and, after some delay, he was discharged, with his secrets (if he had any) locked in his own bosom, and carrying with him the respect and admiration of all who witnessed the ordeal through which he had passed.

In these days of a restored Union and a return to normal conditions, such conduct may not appear to have in it any element of heroism, but under the circumstances which then surrounded the Southern people it required both moral and physical courage of the highest order. Those circumstances constitute the one indelible and appalling disgrace of the American people—the one chapter of their history which contains no redeeming feature to relieve it from the endless execration of the civilized world.

A distinguished orator from a Northern State declared in Congress in 1872 that one-third of the boundaries of this Republic had been filled "with all the curses and calamities ever recorded in the annals of the worst governments known on the pages of history," and, attacking the authors of these calamities, he exclaimed: "From turret to foundation you tore down the governments of eleven States. You left not one stone upon another. You rent all their local laws and machinery into fragments, and trampled upon their ruins. Not a vestige of their former construction remained." And again he said: "A more sweeping and universal exclusion from all the benefits, rights, trusts, honors, enjoyments, liberties, and control of a government was never enacted against a whole people, without respect to age or sex, in the annals of the human race. The disgraceful disabilities imposed upon the Jews for nearly eighteen hundred years by the blind and bigoted nations of the earth were never more complete or appalling."

Those who are old enough to remember that most shameful period of our history will readily recall the degradation, the crimes against civilization, and the terrorism which then prevailed, and how, amidst the general dismay, the faint-hearted stood helpless and silent before the arbitrary and reckless power exercised over them; and they will also remember with still more vividness how, as to a trumpet-call, the strong hearts and brave thrilled responsive to every word and act

of those who stood amidst the storm, erect, steadfast, and true to their birthright. Leader among the leaders of them was William L. Saunders, and this exhibition of his dauntless spirit before the chief priests of the persecution, assembled at the capitol of the country, and panoplied with irresponsible power, won for him a claim to the admiration of all true men.

From that day he began to grow in public esteem, and to be regarded as one in whose faithfulness and sagacity the people might safely confide. Soon afterwards he began his editorial career in Wilmington, and at once acquired an influence in public affairs which gradually spread all over the State; and when, several years later, he removed to Raleigh and became one of the editors of the *Observer*, he was a recognized power in North Carolina.

It would not, I think, be an exaggeration to say that while occupying this position, and afterwards the office of Secretary of State, he was more frequently consulted by leading citizens, not only in regard to political affairs, but to various matters of general public interest, than any man in the State.

The reason was that to an eminently practical cast of mind he united a rare judgment and a quick perception of the relations of things, which made him a wise and safe counsellor—the wisest and safest, perhaps, of his generation of public men in North Carolina. He was never disconcerted by difficulties and never lost his balance, but always kept a clear head and maintained a calm self-possession. In addition to a natural modesty, he possessed the rare faculty of knowing exactly when to speak and when to be silent, and his capacity for patiently listening amounted to genius. Rapid in thought, he was always deliberate of speech and action. Conservative, cautious, and prudent, his judgments were apt to stand without revision, and it is doubtful if in his whole editorial career he ever had occasion to recall one as unjust or extravagant. It is not strange, therefore, that his counsel was sought in times of doubt and difficulty, and was followed with confidence by those to whom he gave it. And when his social character is considered, it is still less surprising, for he was so genial, and gentle, and kindly, and cheerful that it was a pleasure to be associated with him.

I never knew a man, apparently so practical and emotionless, whose sympathies were more easily reached, or whose impulses were more generous. His strong aversion to a display of feeling by others was often attributable to his consciousness of his own inability to

withstand it. A pathetic story, or a burst of eloquence would bring tears to his eyes. The truth is that, little as it was suspected by those who were not near to him, he was a man of decidedly emotional nature. And, as a corollary, he possessed the keenest sense of humor, and enjoyed a laughable incident as heartily as any one I ever knew.

These personal traits, added to the moral and intellectual characteristics to which I have referred, will readily account for his great and widespread influence, and for the hosts of friends throughout the State who honored him while living and sincerely mourn his death.

He had always cherished a loyal affection for this university of which he was a graduate, and in 1875 he became a trustee and member of the Executive Committee, and so remained until his death. He was also appointed secretary and treasurer, which position he filled for nearly the same length of time. In the discharge of his duties in these capacities, although for the larger part of the time a confirmed invalid and great sufferer, he did as much to "revive, foster and enlarge" the university, according to the testimony of the faculty themselves, as any one had ever done. In the tribute which they paid to him soon after his death they used this language:

"From his graduation to the day of his death he was loyal to his *Alma Mater*, and gave to her the best thoughts of his big brain, and the ardent affection of his great heart. Watchful, steadfast, patient and wise, he never lost sight of her interest, never wavered in her support, and, when the crisis demanded it, marshalled and led her alumni to her defence."

Every one who knew him at all intimately will corroborate these statements of the faculty, for his profound interest in the welfare of the university was constantly manifested in his conversation as well as in his acts. He loved the gray walls of these old buildings, and the refreshing shade of these majestic oaks with an hereditary as well as with a personal affection, and in the evil days that followed the war the silence and desolation which reigned here grieved him sorely, and stimulated him to the task of restoring the university to her ancient prestige.

But a higher motive than mere sentiment moved him to the work. He regarded it with the eye of a statesman and a patriot, and anticipated the blessings it would bring to future generations.

It was eminently fit, therefore, that the alumni should have dedicated this hour to his memory, and have thus acknowledged their obligation for his services.

The crowning labor of his life, however, and the one which will constitute a more lasting monument to him than any that others could erect, was his "Colonial Records." I do not know how others may view the circumstances which attended the conception and execution of this invaluable work, but to my mind they appear to have been clearly providential.

At different times in the history of the State spasmodic efforts had been made to secure the early records which were known to exist in England, but these efforts were mostly individual, and supported by very limited means, and they resulted in a very unsatisfactory collection of fragmentary material.

When the Legislature finally resolved to make a sufficient appropriation, and to inaugurate an authoritative search for all documents bearing upon our Colonial history, Colonel Saunders had never paid any especial attention to the subject, and if his health had not failed, the probability—nay, the certainty—was that he would have been promoted to higher positions than that of Secretary of State—the incumbent of which office was required to superintend the publication of the material, when obtained—and thus the labor of editing it would have fallen upon his successor, who, whatever his capabilities for the ordinary duties of the office might have been, would almost certainly have fallen far short of the supreme excellence as an historical editor which he developed. But his painful malady, which was doubtless partly the result of wounds and exposure during the war, about this time began to confine him to indoor life and soon to his chair, and thus he was anchored for his life-work. From the beginning he was interested in it—in a very short time he became enthusiastic over it—and thenceforward he gave his whole mind and heart to it. The result to him personally was that he became, beyond all comparison, the best informed man upon our Colonial history that has ever lived, while in the extent and accuracy of his knowledge of the subsequent history of the State he has had very few equals. To one who was interested in such studies it was a great pleasure to listen to his criticisms upon and discussions of those early men and times in North Carolina, and his prefatory notes to the different volumes of the Records are a masterful presentation of the trials and struggles of our forefathers, and a glorious vindication of them against the historical scavengers who have sought to defame them. The vindication, too, is not that of the advocate or the rhetorician, but of the calm, fact-weighting historian and philosopher.

Now, since he has opened and arranged this store-house of facts, which were heretofore unknown or only guessed at, the history of North Carolina can be fully and truthfully written, and it is to be hoped that some equally devoted son of hers will soon take up the task, and perform it as acceptably as he did his.

Nothing so delighted him in his investigations as the discovery of facts which proved the existence among the early settlers of the Democratic spirit, and no incidents roused his enthusiasm like those in which this spirit forcibly asserted itself. He would quietly smile at the conduct of such characters as John Starkey, who despite sneers and ridicule persistently refused to wear shoe-buckles and a queue, but his eye would kindle and his cheek glow at such declarations as that of John Ashe, that the people would resist the Stamp Act "to blood and death." His sympathies were altogether with those who, like the Regulators, sought redress of grievances even by violent and revolutionary methods, because he believed that underlying all such movements there was the true spirit of liberty and devotion to the rights of man; which were to him of inestimably greater importance than the preservation of the forms of law, or even the peace of society.

But he indulged in no harsh criticism of those other patriots who—believing that liberty regulated by law was the only liberty worth preserving, and fearing for the safety of society—aided in suppressing such movements; for he knew and honored their motives, notwithstanding his own strong sympathy with those who resisted and fought them.

In a word, he pursued his labors with the true spirit of historic investigation, and meted out with an impartial hand honor to whom honor was due, and blame to all who deserved it. And he rejoiced in the work of rescuing from oblivion the names and noble acts of the pioneers of our civilization and in placing them in their true light for the admiration of posterity.

In this work he was engaged for about eleven years, with frequent interruptions caused by illness, and a more conscientious, faithful and valuable work has never been done for North Carolina. It is the great reservoir of facts from which all must draw who would write accurately and truthfully the history of the first century of our civilization.

It was done by a true and loving hand, under the inspiration of a brave and loyal heart, without the least expectation or hope of

reward of any kind, and solely for the honor of the State which gave him birth, and the people to whose welfare he devoted all the years of his life.

And this is attested by the glowing words with which he concluded the long and laborious task, and which are instinct with the spirit of a lofty patriotism.

Hear those words, his last public utterance, in which he invoked God's blessing on his native State:

"And now the self-imposed task, begun some eleven years ago, is finished. All that I care to say is that I have done the best I could, that coming generations might be able to learn what manner of men their ancestors were, and this I have done without reward or the hope of reward, other than the hope that I might contribute something to rescue the fair fame and good name of North Carolina from the clutches of ignorance. Our records are now before the world, and any man who chooses may see for himself the character of the people who made them. As for myself, when I search these North Carolina scriptures and read the story of her hundred years' struggle with the mother country for constitutional government and the no less wonderful story of her hundred years' struggle with the savage Indian for very life, both culminating in her first great revolution; and then, coming down to her second great revolution, when I remember how the old State bared her bosom to the mighty storm, how she sent her sons to the field until both the cradle and the grave were robbed of their just rights; how devotedly those sons stood before shot and shell and the deadly bullet, so that their bones whitened every battle-field; when I remember how heroically she endured every privation until starvation was at her very doors, and until raiment was as scarce as food, and with what fortitude she met defeat when, after Appomattox, all seemed lost save honor; especially when I remember how, in the darkest of all hours, rallying once more to the struggle for constitutional government, she enlisted for the war of Reconstruction, fought it out to the end, finally wresting glorious victory from the very jaws of disastrous defeat, I bow my head in gratitude and say, as our great Confederate commander, the immortal Lee, said, when watching the brilliant fight some of our regiments were making at a critical time in one of his great battles, he exclaimed in the fulness of his heart, 'God bless old North Carolina!'"

When his work was finished, the General Assembly passed a resolution of thanks to him by a rising vote, and this honor, which his

own diffidence had not allowed him to anticipate, seemed to be accepted by him as a sufficient compensation for all he had done, and touched him, perhaps, as no other event of his life had done.

And now, the one object, for the accomplishment of which he had so earnestly hoped almost against hope that his life might be spared, having been attained—the stimulant which had sustained him during years of racking pain being withdrawn—his mortal part began to succumb to the malady of which he was a victim, and he gradually yielded to its assaults until the 2d day of April, 1891, when he “fell on sleep,” and the weary soul found rest.

Sweet be his rest, and glorious his awaking! And may the State whose honor was the object nearest his heart bear him in remembrance as a mother her offspring!

No thought of impending evil to her disturbed his last hours. The morning sun whose beams first fell upon his new-made grave, journeying westward, looked down upon her broad domain and found there only peace, fraternity and good government—those blessings for which, in her behalf, he strove with single-minded devotion. In the brief year that has since elapsed she has been again encompassed with danger and threatened with disaster—disaster which, if it had come, would not have been the work of alien hands, as before, but would have added the sting of being wrought by her own sons. As his living presence would have been most potent to avert it, so—now that the peril seems happily passed—none can more heartily rejoice than would he at her escape, for not dearer to the Psalmist was the peace of Jerusalem than to his heart the welfare of his native State.

Recently I stood, at night, on the narrow peninsula where twenty-seven years ago fleet and fort proclaimed in thunder the fame of Fort Fisher. To the eastward heaved the sea, on whose rolling billows the rising moon poured a flood of silvery light, while opposite, and hanging low above the shining river in the limitless depths of the western heavens, glowed the serene orb of the evening planet, whose glories heightened as it neared the horizon. Between lay the long line of ragged mounds over which the tide of battle ebbed and flowed when the expiring hopes of a brave people were forever extinguished. Beneath wave and earth mound alike patriot bones were bleaching, mute witnesses of the horrors of civil strife and of the emptiness of human ambition. Higher rose the goddess of the night, wider grew the sheen upon the waters, lower and more lumi-

nous sank the star. A solemn stillness, unbroken save by the voices of the night wind and the sea, reigned supreme.

A more beautiful or a more impressive spectacle never greeted the gaze of one who looks reverently and wonderingly upon the splendors of the physical universe; and as I watched that evening planet sinking to its rest a voice within me whispered, "So, too, to the patriot's eye there is no vision more grateful than the career of him who, forgetful of self, and mindful only of the rights and liberties of his fellow-men, gives his life to their service, and, with the lustre of his virtues ever brightening to the end, passes from their view."

**"THE EX-CONFEDERATE, AND WHAT HE HAS
DONE IN PEACE."**

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ASSOCIATION OF THE
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, BY HON.
WM. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

Richmond, Virginia, October 26th, 1892.

The annual reunion of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia was held in the hall of the House of Delegates on the night of October 26th, 1892. A large audience filled the hall and galleries.

At 8 o'clock General Thomas L. Rosser called the Association to order, and asked Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., the chaplain, to lead in prayer.

General Rosser then, in a few graceful words, introduced Hon. William C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, the orator who had been invited to deliver the annual address, which was as follows:

ORATION.

*Mr President, Ladies and Gentlemen, and my Comrades during the
late War:*

It had always occurred to me that a true history of the Confederate cause and of those who participated in it could not fairly be written that did not include a history of the struggles of the Anglo-

Saxon people for liberty, of the peculiar development which took place in America resulting in the successful establishment of the Constitution and the peculiar complex and duplex relations between the States and the Federal Union, and of the development of the country from the time of the establishment of that Constitution until the late war, a history of that war, and then a history of what the Confederates have done since the war.

There is in every great transaction of history a permanent and a transitory element, and it is nearly always in the inverse relation of their importance that the generation that participates in it looks at these different elements. That which is in the eye of the subsequent thinker or philosopher nearly always incidental, if not accidental, seems to be of the highest importance in the opinion of the actors in the transaction. The glamour of battle, the eloquence of the advocates of contending sides, the questions which seem to lie nearest to the people who live in the midst of the changes, so blind the eyes of those who participate in those great epochs that that which is permanent seems to be scarcely regarded. The mere trickling stream of human blood which undermines the foundations of the turreted castle of wrong is sometimes not seen amidst the heat of the conflict and the cries of the battlefield; the mere grain of mustard seed which takes root where the plowshare of battle has left the field fit for it to grow in is not regarded by those who are contending upon that battlefield. But when the castle tumbles into ruin, or the tree grows to its full height and strength and beauty, so that the birds of the air may find lodgment in its branches and the laborer rest beneath its shade, the thinker and philosopher reverse the importance of these transitory elements and the permanent is shown.

It is, therefore, always difficult for a generation to decide whether the cause which marks it as peculiar is lost or won; because it is not always true that the verdict of the generation in which the transaction has occurred is the verdict which posterity will pass upon the same struggle. It was two thousand years from the time when Arminius overwhelmed the legions of Varus in the Black Forest until the Teutons of a different age were enabled to erect a statue to him as the "Father of the Fatherland;" and when Charles II came to his own, who then supposed that the lost cause of Cromwell and of Pym and of Hampden was yet to blossom as the civilization of modern England, and the principles for which they fought to become nearly as universal as the wondrous tongue in which those principles were uttered seems to be destined to become.

Now we know that the cause for which we fought, in a sense, is a lost cause. The formation of a separate Confederacy, bounded by the geographical boundaries of those States which attempted to establish it, has forever passed away. It would now be an anomaly; it would not receive the support of those who survive that war—the causes which made that geographical boundary important having passed away. When the surrender took place at Appomattox—when the greatest of modern soldiers laid down the noblest of modern swords—the hope of the South for a separate independence was forever ended. How far the matters involved in that controversy passed away in that surrender may become a matter of dispute. What loss was involved in it, what was the permanent element therein, are matters to which we may revert for discussion.

All of us will admit that the problem of African slavery changed its form as a result of that war. The equality of man was derived from that fundamental principle enunciated by Jefferson, that all men were created free and equal by the Almighty Jehovah; free, because the Son of God could not be a slave to any one; equal, because there could be no superior to the Son of God. That the problem of the African race, in accordance with constitutional amendments founded upon this great truth, has changed its form, no one will undertake to deny or dispute. The problem has not passed away; the race is still here; the essence of the problem remains with us and our children. It is still with us—on our consciences and patriotism and philanthropy. The permanent element of the problem cannot in our generation cease to be of the utmost importance.

The relation of the States to the general government—that delicate adjustment of the right of local self-government with the broader powers of the Federal government—can never cease to be prominent in our country. How it is that States can be united under a form of government so flexible that all local matters can be determined by those living within the territorial boundaries of each State, and yet all dwell together within the same union, is a problem that had not known solution in the world. Our children will have their questions to solve and their duties to perform, as our fathers had and as we have had; and with the Dominion of Canada on the north and the Republic of Mexico on the south, all of which is to be ours, and with four hundred millions of Orientals across the ocean, there will have to be a delicate readjustment of that great problem of all the ages, as to how we can retain local self-government absolutely, and yet give to

the general Federal government power to protect us as to all eternal but general matters, and as against all external and foreign foes. The element that is predominant in the development is the great principle which our Teutonic fathers brought with them—a federated representative government, in which alone resides the hope of universal peace. The problem how diverse-speaking people, with different traditions and separate religions, can by representative government so unite themselves that their local interests, being protected by themselves, will not find hostility but friendship in the powers of the Federal government, remains to be solved by our children hereafter. Let us not add to the labors of our children by handicapping them with improper reverence for us by teaching them that the war settled that question in any of its aspects.

Now, what light does the last twenty seven years cast upon what we tried to do in the preceding four years ; especially what is its value historically? What we have done in the past twenty-seven years is of value in casting up the account upon which the verdict is to be rendered upon what we tried to do during that war. I will say that in one aspect of it—the personal aspect—the answer lies upon the surface, that whatever else may be involved in the question what was undertaken by the Confederates and what will be the verdict of history upon that undertaking, one element will always stand out, the high personal character of the men who were involved in it. It may be that history may decide that what we did was not only unwise, but criminal. There is many a man whose heart is touched and whose eyes are made to overflow as he thinks upon the lives of such men as Claverhouse, and yet he steeled against all that Claverhouse tried to do. It is one of the paradoxes of God's dealing with mankind that he who causes the martyr to be led to the scaffold is as honest, as earnest, as intelligent as the martyr himself. Why it is that men may be so good and yet so criminal remains an unanswered question. * * * It is something to know, however that the men who advocated our cause were not only men who charged inflexibly where the whizzing minie-ball made death meet them, who bore the hardships of the camp and submitted to the sacrifices of disastrous war, but they were men who after as before the war bore unblemished civic characters, adorning the communities in which they lived, and would with their lives give radiance to the noblest community whose history could be written. It is something when your children come around you and ask you of your com-

rades—something when they come to you with school-books in which hard things are said of one or another of these comrades ; it is much to be able to say he is a man who for thirty years has lived in the utmost peace, and in such a way that the community has been redeemed from bankruptcy, has been saved from reconstruction, has been enriched by his superb and noble manhood.

And in that aspect of it the story that can be told of the last twenty-seven years is a story that will always have value ; but there is a broader value to it. We are charged that if our cause had been successful it would have been a mere rope of sand ; that we were dreamers—men without knowledge of technical principles, and ignorant of the practical affairs of life ; that we were a race of planter gentlemen, living in pastoral retirement ; and that the government we founded would have been swept away at the first phrenetic impulse from within. Now, if it be true that we were a race of dreamers, a mere visionary race, it would seem to follow that when disaster came, when the storm had beaten upon us until there was nothing left, when the lightning (apparently) of God's indignation had shorn us of the values accumulated during one hundred years and carried away everything we had that was valuable, our institutions and our private corporations, that we would have passed the remainder of our lives in either despair or repining. But when the storm came there was left to us God, manhood and faith, and out of that struggle, with nothing but our own courage, we have fought our way with such success that we can now say to the world, "See what we have done in disaster, and estimate what we might have done in success."

No man can fitly portray the condition of the South when the war ended, and I do not attempt it, and if I were to attempt it I beg you to believe that I do not do it for the purpose of bringing back sad memories. You who are old enough to have passed through that period recollect it. It was not that there had passed over us a pecuniary disaster ; it was not, in its main features, that our corporations were bankrupt, that our fences were destroyed, that our houses were burnt or greatly impaired, that we were starting life afresh without money or organized credit—and any one who has ever thought about it can see what there is of doubt and difficulty in that single sentence, "without money or organized credit"—but it was that we were in a perfectly unprecedented condition in all those relations which up to that time had been considered stable among

us. Every form of government to which we had been accustomed had been twisted and dislocated in its adjustment. We returned to stateless States, to States which had no certain form of government; we returned to municipalities whose government had been substantially wiped out, and in their place no new rules would apply; and yet we returned able to form out of the elements which remained undestroyed, our own government.

There is something in this Anglo-Saxon race—or I think it would be better to say in this Teutonic family of ours, for that is the broader term—there is something peculiarly constructive and orderly. We are the law-makers of the world. We are the constructors of empires; we are the builders of States; anywhere, everywhere this language of ours is spoken, the very fact that it is spoken is conclusive proof that order there abides. If it is in a camp on the western plains, there was, every night, where the camp was pitched, order; and he who violated the law was tried and hung or acquitted. You can take an isolated body of us, whether at Plymouth Rock or in the Mayflower, or in Jamestown or Newport News, or down in Georgia, or on the gold coasts of California, and instantly a solemn compact is made in which there is an element of constitutional government, and that element set out in an orderly form.

Now, if the Confederate had returned home absolutely without government he would have made a government. But he returned without government and without the power to make government. There was a power over him, by virtue of conquest, which stood between him and orderly reconstruction of his government. Over him, controlling him, was a non-resident power. We were infinitely worse off than we were when we landed at Jamestown. We were our own masters then. Now to be a slave was supposed to be the worst condition to which a freeman can ever be reduced; but to be a slave without a master is an infinitely worse condition. We were a surrendered army, under a pretended constitution, with many clamorous masters, who did not know what they wanted to do with us and could not agree among themselves. I do not say this in censure of anybody; I am not recalling those sad days to discuss them; I am simply trying to present them to you for the purposes which I may hereafter indicate.

Now we were in another condition. We were five or six millions of white people with four millions of black people. A hostile minority a man knows somewhat what to do with. If you put five

millions of white people and four millions enemies in their midst, they know what to do. But these were friends, many of them persons for whom we felt not only kindness, but unutterable thanks. The institution of domestic slavery was not so many million dollars. It is true that it represented the accumulated labors of many years; it is true that in a certain sense they bore a pecuniary value that was extremely great; it is true that on the large plantations where there were large numbers of slaves there did not exist much affection between the whites and the blacks; but as a rule, domestic slavery, especially in the border States and in the cities and on the farms, as distinguished from the large plantations, was an entirely different institution from either the money that was in it or the chattel character of the negro. There were many to whom we owed thanks for many kindnesses; in many cases there were bonds of affection between master and slave which extended back through generations. We knew them to be helpless, we knew them to be unfit for their freedom, and we knew them to be incapable of exportation. Christ had died for them; he had in his providence put them upon us; they were the responsibility that we had to take with us as we went upwards in our march. And we did not intend that they should be our enemies; we did not intend to be barbarous or cruel; and yet we knew that their domination meant ruin and disaster, and that we could not leave the country any more than we could export them. And so we were slaves not only to a non-resident master, but slaves to our own consciences, as it bore upon our relations to this race resident with us and among us. I avow, as I look back upon the twenty-seven years that have passed, that the treatment accorded by the Southern people to this dependent race will hereafter be esteemed a monument to the courage and magnanimity of our people that will separate them from all other people as being able to treat an humble race with kindness and an inferior race with will and courage.

Well, now, under such circumstances we began to build again; and yet it is probably a badly chosen word to say that we *began* to build. Nobody in modern times ever is at the genesis of anything. We are always in the midst of the evolution of our problems of civilization. We, therefore, if I may change the phrase, took up anew the conditions of life under this new environment, and the first thing to which I desire to call your attention to-night in reference to the Confederate soldier is, that at a time when everything would seem to require a new remedy, he had the sense to utterly condemn

every new remedy and every new principle. There was no pretence of originality. Every prophet that arose with a new evangel immediately found his religion thrown aside. We considered that under the new conditions and under the changed relations the remedy to be applied was the same old principles which our fathers had applied and for which they had fought. We adhered to the same old doctrines that man as man was capable of self-government; man as man was created by his God in his own likeness and was capable of infinite possibilities. We who had thus been developed through those ages under the power of those principles, were to apply them to a new condition, and those principles were the old principles of the equality of manhood under the law. So we stood unflinchingly for the equal freedom of every man, and resolutely and without division or question for like treatment of every comrade. The broad and universal principle was to our future vital; its narrow and immediate application involved our personal honor, and this can never be made a matter of barter. We stood by all our comrades; we rejected all vicarious sacrifices; if any were manacled, we felt the chains on our wrists; if casemates imprisoned any, our hearts were in jail. It was not that he was our president—our valiant chieftain; it was not that he had shed lustre on the American arms at Buena Vista; it was not that in the Senate chamber he had been the equal of the most august senator that ever sat in that great body; it was not that as Secretary of War he was the best official the American nation ever had; it was not that he had championed our cause and lost; but it was that he was selected as our victim that made us surround Jefferson Davis with all our hearts. So long as for our sins he was selected as our victim to suffer in our place, we bear to him the utmost loyalty, that all the world may know that no man who had been our comrade would we ever desert when he was in the hour of trial.

And we also built upon the second great principle—the same old idea of the autonomy of the States—and out of these two principles we worked our salvation. Of course there were all the private hardships which war and disaster bring. When we recall that period—the men who returned to their homes and found nothing but ruins and their families—when we recall what the women of the South did during those times, we can scarcely repress our tears. I have had it beat into my ears that in olden times the life of the Southern people was an idle life. It never was true. There never was a time

when the Southern matron was not the typical busy woman. She who nursed the sick, laid out the dead for burial, of all the women of the time was the type of the woman that gives to man happiness and morality. And when the time of trial came, her daughters showed themselves worthy of her training. Who ever saw a Southern wife, mother, sister or sweetheart in those days whose face was not wreathed in smiles, that he whom she loved might think that she was comfortable and happy?

On these two great principles—the equality of man and the autonomy of the States—we went to work carefully, laboriously, patiently, yet manfully, and yet under circumstances that seemed daily to grow worse. Military rule became so commingled with orgies of a complex masterhood that we can look back upon that period scarcely yet with patience and hardly without a smile; the traversities upon Anglo-Saxon legislation; the so-called legislatures of some of the Southern States where the white men who participated in the government gave the ignorance of the black men credit by his associations. And then, amidst conditions which were thus overwhelming, we are paying a war tribute than which no nation has ever paid so great. Has any one ever estimated the war tribute which the Southern people paid? At one fell swoop was confiscated whatever money had been involved in the purchase of the negro. There was no war debt owned by the South, yet we paid our share of it. No pensions were granted in that section, yet we paid our share of them. Without murmuring, without making any special row about it, day by day, in innumerable forms, we paid this war tribute.

And what have we done? I cannot tell you—no figures can tell you—what we have done. But we have done this, to start with: There were eleven States that had been made provinces, and we made these States again. There is not in America to day, thanks be to God, a single spot where there is any doubt of the administration of the law according to the olden traditions of English liberty. There is no place to-day in America where the officer of the law, with the warrant signed by the proper official and with the seal of the State upon it, does not know his duty, and the person to whom he goes does not submit to his act. Civil law is dominant in every part of this land.

We have restored to the generation to come after us civil liberty in its broadest sense. The courts are open to the humblest suitor; honest judges preside over them; honest juries sit in the jury-box.

Our officers are chosen according to the prescribed form, the law-makers are selected by those who obey the laws, and all over that Southern land, wherever to night there is a home, it may send up its praises to God that the ex-Confederates are a law-making, as well as a law-abiding people.

Another thing we have done is that out of our poverty we have more than restored our old educational institutions. We have in every State a university and colleges, and in every State a system of free schools. Wherever in that South there is a child who wants an education, we have furnished him with the means to get that education. Your University of Virginia, with all the credit that can be given it, finds fit competitors in every part of the South. We have said to Science: "You are our mistress; come and dwell among us." We have adorned her with the gems of our love and crowned her with the jewels of our benedictions, that she might enrich us with her smiles. And to night I can truly say, that for our means and according to our circumstances there is no part of the world that furnishes so ample, so free, and so many means for education as the South which formed the late Confederacy.

Another thing we did: Formerly we were an agricultural people. There was no reason why we should do anything but till the soil. It was the richest soil in the world; it lay under the most fruitful sun. How teeming the lands of the South were in those days! It was a new country—so new that you never wore its freshness off. We worked, as it were, in the twilight of the dawn, before the sun was warm enough to dry the dew from the leaves. The slave labor is necessarily an isolated labor; it requires that the master should live with the slave, that he might secure the largest production of the soil. And land was so cheap, its rewards so great, that we needed no other vocation than agriculture, while its necessities were so many and so varied as to give to the best intellect full employment. He who owned a plantation of several thousand acres of land, with the necessary number of slaves, was a manufacturer in the highest sense of the word. He had those men daily to take care of. He was a provider in the sense that the Northern employer never knew of. Thus it gave the very best play to the mental faculties, and it gave a certain leisure with it that was delightful. Therefore the South was naturally and necessarily agricultural. And now there came that disastrous war. It swept away this plant in that particular form. It did not destroy the race, but the changed condition of things

required of us a different mode of life, and we have adapted ourselves to that change. Before the war there was but one South. It was an agricultural South. It was diverse in its agriculture, for the wheat and tobacco grower of Virginia was materially different from the cotton producer of the Mississippi Valley, and the raiser of stock in the blue-grass land was different from the tobacco grower and the cotton producer; but all were agricultural. The war changed all this. We have in the last year produced nine million bales of cotton, so that you may see that the agricultural South has not gone back; but we have also gone into new industries, and have shown that the ex-Confederate is competent for the discharge of any industrial duty. The great Appalachian range, whose bosom has been throbbing with eager and expectant yearning that we might obtain its riches, is now being turned into wealth by the ex-Confederates. You come to Richmond and you find a new Richmond, in the sense that her streets have lengthened, her buildings are more stately, and her bank accounts have grown larger; your sons are mining engineers, or chemists, or railroad kings. And so with Nashville, or Mobile, or Savannah.

The old South of Richmond and Charleston and Mobile in a certain sense has passed away. No longer do the men merely talk of crops or politics, but we are the same old South in the sense that we are the same men. It is not a new South in the idea that it is inhabited by a new race of men; no more is that true than that we are new men ourselves. Our sons, who will not own large plantations, but will manage great railroads and be masters of industrial occupations, will have liberty, and preserve its principles for their posterity as their fathers did. And to-day, if there were a necessity for it, Virginia would step to the front, not under new men in the sense that they came from the North or are foreigners, but only new men in the sense that they came from our loins fitted for the day in which they were born.

And this is what we have done in these twenty-seven years; we have preserved, in the form in which they were handed down to us, and as sacredly as our fathers ever did, the principles of constitutional liberty—principles not only of constitutional liberty, but principles which are a part of all constitutions. For liberty was before the constitution—it created the constitution and is its animating spirit. We are not the creatures of the law, but its creators, and this we must always bear in mind.

It has saved us that we believed in the sanctity of human nature, and built upon it as the corner-stone. No doubtful future can dismay the man who feels that he is going to do his best; no darkness of to-morrow can frighten him whose reliance is in God as his father and in himself as his son.

I sometimes hear that the South in these days is to express some sort of added patriotism—a greater amount of patriotism than any other part of the country; that we are under a sort of a cloud which requires us to give some additional bond of security for good behavior; that we are to be a little more extravagant in our utterances. Standing in this old Capitol, whose very walls, redolent of the utterances of history, have an interest almost as great as the men whose statues adorn your squares, and in the presence of the great men who have gone before, I claim for the South that she has always been equal to her duty, and gives to every other section the equality she claims for herself.

And as I look through the South to-day, my heart is filled with an infinite joy. There was a time when it seemed that you could not complain if our young men left us; if they talked about the teeming fields of the Northwest; if they spoke of the wider opportunities of the Northeast; you could hardly put an obstacle in the way of your bright son, who wanted some broader field in which to labor. You yourself could not leave the graveyard and those who lay in it, the battlefield and those who fell on it; the memories of loved ones gone before tied you; but you could hardly say nay to your son who felt that the disasters of the war were permanent and the blight upon the land irremediable. Who now wants to go to a wider field than this South. Where is there a wider field than these old Confederates have made for their sons and younger brothers? Do you want to go where industrial progress is richer than elsewhere? Go to Alabama, Virginia, or over the river into Arkansas. Do you want to go where the country is improving? Go to our new waterways running to the sea, gradually getting commerce upon their bosoms which will not only whiten the rivers with their sails, but make those rich who settle in their vicinity. Do you want scientific agriculture as your vocation? The rich lands of the South, worn out by the marauding agriculture of the past, beckon to you with new hopes to come and settle on them, and they will make you rich. Do you want a place to bring your children up where piety and religious influence will lead them up to higher life? Carry

them to any village or hamlet in this Southern land, and you will find it. No matter what your son may want, we offer it to him with a rich provision. Our future is full of hope as our past is full of sanctity.

One by one the Army of Northern Virginia will pass into history—a defeated army; not like the Tenth Legion or the Phalanx; not with the honors of a successful war upon its bayonets. No pensions have aided it in the struggles of life; no tax upon a widow's poverty has helped any member of that army in the contest since. In the humble phrase of my beautiful country, each one of them, whether he had but one arm or one leg, has "hoed his own row," with no tax-gatherer helping to make that row more comfortable. He now knows better than he ever could have known the sweetness of the divine declaration, "It is better to give than to receive." He has given to his people peace and plenty; he has given to his children the example of an honest, an industrious, and an heroic life. And as that defeated army passes into immortality, it will live upon the future of the world an example which to follow will make of any son a free man, and give to every girl a noble lover.

At the close of the address, Rev. Dr. J. William Jones moved that the thanks of the Association be returned to Colonel Breckinridge, and that a copy be requested for publication.

Adopted unanimously.

Major Thomas A. Brander moved that a committee of five be appointed to propose the names of the officers and the Executive Committee. Adopted; and the following gentlemen were appointed: N. V. Randolph, Thomas O. Ranson, James White, D. Gardner Tyler, and Robert Stiles.

OTHER ADDRESSES.

In response to calls, the following gentlemen also came forward and made short, appropriate addresses: General Jubal A. Early, Captain W. Gordon McCabe, of Virginia, and Major Robert Stiles.

By this time the committee had returned, and reported the names of the following gentlemen as officers for the ensuing year, and the report was unanimously agreed to:

President—Judge George L. Christian.

First Vice-President—Judge T. S. Garnett.

Second Vice-President—General Thomas L. Rosser.

Third Vice-President—Hon. R. T. Barton.

Secretary—Captain Thomas Ellett.

Treasurer—Private Robert J. Boshier.

Executive Committee—Colonel W. E. Cutshaw (chairman), Private J. T. Gray, Captain E. P. Reeve, Captain John Cussons, and Captain W. Gordon McCabe.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

DID THE FEDERALS FIGHT AGAINST SUPERIOR NUMBERS?

AN HISTORICAL PAPER

PREPARED BY

JOHN SHIRLEY WARD, OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

This is not an idle question. The historian has not yet definitely settled it. The "superior numbers" of the Confederates figure largely in the reports of nearly all the great battles. Grant at Shiloh says he fought against "overwhelming numbers;" McClellan at Richmond says he fought against "great odds;" Keyes in his report of battles around Richmond says, "The Confederates outnumbered us during the greater part of the day, four to one;" Rosecrans says at Stone's river he fought against "superior numbers," and at Chickamauga he says his army withdrew from the field "in the face of overpowering numbers;" McClernand at Shiloh, said that the "Union forces were probably less than one-half the enemy," and Pope, with his usual modesty, at the second Bull Run, speaks of the "enormously superior force of the enemy."

The stereotyped report of "overwhelming and overpowering" numbers which came up from every lost battlefield called out from Mr. Lincoln one of his best anecdotes. An old Illinois friend of Mr. Lincoln who had two sons in the Army of the Potomac, called

to see him at the White House in the summer of 1862, and feeling a parental solicitude about the safety of his sons and their chances of success, asked Mr. Lincoln how many men he thought Jeff. Davis had in the field. Lincoln responded that "Jeff. Davis had 3,000,000 men in the field." This startled the old man. After regaining his composure he asked Mr. Lincoln how he knew this fact. Mr. Lincoln replied by saying, "I have 1,000,000 of men in the field, and whenever one of my generals gets whipped down in Virginia he always says that the Rebels had three men to his one. Yes, sir, I have 1,000,000 in the field and Jeff. Davis has 3,000,000."

We have said that no correct history of the civil war has yet been written. Most of the histories now before the public were written before all the official facts from both sides had been published. The histories of the civil war up to this time have been written with pens dipped in the battle-blood of the fierce conflict, and at the high tide of personal and national prejudice. The Roman Empire found no historian till Gibbon arose and gave his immortal history 1,383 years after its fall. Some Plutarch or Gibbon will yet arise who will evolve the truth from the tomes of contradictory evidence now published, and give us a history which shall honor alike victor and vanquished.

In order to properly discuss the question, "Did the Federals fight against superior numbers?" it is necessary to compare the resources of the two governments. The seceding States in 1861 had, in round numbers, a population of 8,000,000, about 4,000,000 of which were slaves. The non-seceding States had a population of 24,000,000. This gave the Union side about three to one of the aggregate population. The Confederate States had a seaboard from the Potomac to the mouth of the Rio Grande in Texas, and, having no navy, was exposed as much to naval attacks as those by land. They were, in fact, a beleaguered fortress, girdled on one side by a line of battle-ships, and on the other by a line of bayonets. In fact, the morning drum-beat of the Federal navy was heard in an unbroken strain from Fortress Monroe to where the Mexic sea kisses the Mexic shore. During the war six hundred vessels stood sentinel along the Confederate coast. The South having been cut off from the outside world by the blockade, and being an agricultural country, had neither navy-yards nor shops for the manufacture of cannon and small arms, and in the first battles her soldiers were often armed with shot-guns till they could capture better arms from the enemy.

There were enlisted in the Federal army during the war 2,778,304 soldiers, which was about twelve per cent. of her population; while, according to Federal statistics, the enrollment in the Confederate army was only 690,000, which was about seventeen per cent. of the population. The Confederates, on the estimates made by General Wright, agent for collection of Confederate statistics, deny that they ever had 690,000 enrolled, as the Army of the Confederacy. "Absent and present," was as follows for each year: January, 1862, 318,011; January, 1863, 465,584; January, 1864, 472,781; January, 1865, 439,675. (*Battles and Leaders*, Vol. IV., p. 768.)

Taking the Federal enlistment at 2,778,304, and the number of Federals on the pay-roll May 1, 1865, at 1,000,516, it would give about thirty-seven per cent. of the enlistment present. This would give, on the same basis, about 222,000 Confederates under arms. This would preserve the ratio of 600,000 to 2,778,304 enlistments, and the general ratio of population, 8,000,000 to 24,000,000. The difference between the Confederate reports of January 1, 1865, 439,675, and the number paroled after the surrender, 174,000, is accounted for by the heavy losses of the Confederates by death and desertion between January 1, 1865, and the date of parole.

We now propose to select twelve of the greatest battles of the civil war, not that they are all decisive battles, but because they represent the largest forces engaged on both sides, and because the official record and "*Battles and Leaders*" furnish us reliable statistics as to the actual forces on or near these battlefields. They are Shiloh, Stone's river, Chickamauga, Richmond, second Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, The Wilderness, Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor.

Shiloh was the first great battle-test between the opposing armies of the West. Grant was there with the veterans of Donaldson and Henry. Sherman, with his splendid division on the right, while to his left were McClernand, Prentiss, Wallace (W. H. L.), Hurlburt and Stuart, with the division of Lew Wallace only five miles away, and Nelson's division of the Army of Ohio across the river at Savannah, not more than seven miles from the field of battle.

Albert Sydney Johnson, the Confederate commander, began forming his line of battle the day before about noon, and by 5 P. M. of the 5th his line was ready for action, though on account of the lateness of the hour the battle was postponed till the next morning. At 5 o'clock the next morning, April 6, 1862, the battle opened by an

assault along the entire Federal front with the corps of Hardee, Bragg and Polk. It is not our intention to attempt a description of the bloody tragedy. Sherman's lines were broken, Prentiss with his brigade was captured, Hurlburt and McClernand and Wallace were driven in utter rout. At 6 o'clock P. M. the Confederates occupied every camp of the Federals except the one guarded by the gunboats on the bank of the Tennessee. The Federal army, which had fought with splendid gallantry that day, cowered that night on the river bank, no longer an army, but a disorganized mass of fugitives, many of whom were trying to cross the river on logs and such driftwood as the river afforded. (See report of McCook, Crittenden and Buell.) It is said that in the afternoon of Waterloo, when Napoleon's battalions had captured La Ha Saynte, and Wellington felt that the day would be lost, that, looking up to the sun, then seeming to stand still in the afternoon sky, he exclaimed, in the anguish of a grand despair, "Oh, that night or Blucher would come!" Blucher, with his fifty-two thousand Prussians, came, and Wellington was saved. Is it not probable that on that fatal Sunday afternoon at Shiloh, when the very streams ran crimson, that Grant's prayer was, "Oh, that night or Buell would come"? Buell, with his army of veterans, was then crossing the Tennessee, Nelson's division of which landed on the western bank in time to take part in the closing fight of the evening. These soldiers, seeing the soldiers of Grant cowering armless on the bank of the river begging for any kind of transportation across the Tennessee, feeling the inspiration born of a forlorn hope,

Came as the winds come
When forests are rended,
Came as the storms come
When navies are stranded,

and, with the courage of the true American soldier, hurled themselves into the deserted breastworks of Grant's fled army. During the night of the 6th the broken fragments of Grant's army were reorganized and united with Buell's twenty-one thousand five hundred and seventy-nine fresh troops, and the battle was renewed at 5 A. M. on Monday, the 7th. The Federals now took the offensive, and by 2 o'clock P. M. had driven back the Confederates from the positions captured by them the day before. The Confederates retired in good order, and no effort was made till the next day to

pursue them, and they were allowed to take their own time to get back to Corinth. The first day's fight was a decisive victory for the Confederates; the second day victory perched on the banners of the Federals.

We give below the strength of General Grant's army as compiled by the War Department, giving the last returns of the various commands made just before the battle: Grant's army, present for duty, 49,314; total present, 38,052. Deducting Lew Wallace's division of 7,771 effectives, which was only five miles away, guarding the right flank, and for some cause did not participate in the first day's fight, and General Grant's effectives are 41,543.

General Johnston's army at Corinth, on the 3d of April, when he began the march to Shiloh, twenty-three miles distant, numbered, total effectives of all arms, 38,773. Of course many of these dropped out in the march, and were not present in the fight.

Summary—In the first day's battle, Federals, 41,543 effectives, with Lew Wallace's division of 7,771 within five miles, and the gunboats, *Tyler* and *Lexington*, with four twenty-pound parrot guns in, and a battery of rifle guns. First day, Confederates, 38,773 effectives. Second day, Federals same as first day, except losses, with Wallace's division of 7,771, and Buell's 21,579 added. Second day, Confederates the same as first day, less their losses on first day.

It is supposed from the most accurate statistics which can be gotten as to the loss, in both armies, the first day, that three-fourths of the entire loss occurred on that day. The Federal loss ("*Battles and Leaders*" Vol. I, p. 538.) was 13,049; three-fourths of this would be 9,783, for the loss of the first day. Deducting this amount from the 41,543 effectives of the first day, and it would give 31,760 effectives, to which add Wallace's 7,771 and Buell's 21,579, and the grand total of effectives for the battle of Monday would be 61,110.

Applying this same rule to the Confederates, the result would be as follows: The Confederate loss was 10,699; three-fourths of this amount, viz., 8,025, deducted from 38,775 effectives, would leave 30,748 Confederates for the field on Monday. This gave Grant, on Monday, 61,110; Beauregard, on Monday, 30,748; difference in favor of Grant, 30,362. This was two to one against the Confederates, lacking 386. Verily, did the Federals fight against "superior numbers" at Shiloh?

This battle made Grant and Sherman famous, and Buell, the Blucher of the occasion, was soon retired into obscurity.

We do not propose to discuss in this article the generalship dis-

played on either side. This is a matter for the future. But were we to allow ourselves to speculate on this question we would be constrained to ask the American people how it was that General Grant, who up to this time had never achieved a single success except by vastly superior numbers, should have been accepted as the Moses to lead the Union forces to victory and final triumph.

On December 31 and January 1-3, 1862-'3, the Federal army, commanded by General Rosecrans, met the Confederates, commanded by General Bragg, at Stone's river, or Murfreesboro. The fight lasted a part of two days, the Confederates withdrawing from the field, but carrying off their dead and wounded and artillery. The last returns of Rosecrans' army before this battle were as follows: Present for duty—Centre corps, 29,682; right wing, 13,779; left wing, 13,061; unattached forces, 9,748; total, 66,270.

Rosecrans, in his official report (*Official Records*, Vol. XX, p. 195), says: "We moved on the enemy with the following force: 46,940. We fought the enemy with 43,400." Thus it will be seen that 3,540, or seven and one-half per cent, of those who "moved on" the enemy did not participate in the battle.

The Confederates had "present for duty" at this battle, 37,712. Allowing them the seven and one-half per cent. granted the Federals between the number that "moved on" the enemy and those actually engaged in the fight, would give them a credit of 2,828, which would reduce their number actually engaged to 34,884. It would then stand—Federals actually engaged in the fight, 43,400; Confederates, 34,884; difference in favor of Federals, 8,516.

This was one of the bloodiest conflicts of the war, and superb gallantry was shown on both sides. We ask again: "Did the Federals fight against superior numbers" at Stone's river?

The official losses reported on each side were as follows: Federals—Killed, 1,730; wounded, 7,802; captured, 3,717; total, 13,249. Confederates—Killed, 1,294; wounded, 7,945; captured, 1,029; total, 10,266. Losses of Federals over Confederates, 2,983.

The two great armies of the West nerved themselves for a trial of their strength on the field of Chickamauga on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863. The soldiers in both armies had had their baptism of blood at Shiloh and Stone's river and Gettysburg, and were veterans indeed. The Federals were commanded by General Rosecrans, while his divisions were commanded by such distinguished officers as Thomas, McCook, Crittenden, Sheridan, Negley, Granger and Steedman. The Confederates were commanded by General

Bragg, with Cleburne, Cheatham, Stewart, Walker, Bushrod Johnson, Hindman, Law, Preston, Breckinridge and Forrest as division commanders. It was to be a battle of the Titans.

Rosecrans hung his fine army as a massive iron gate across the valley leading into Chattanooga. Thomas, whose pathway had always been lighted with the star of victory, was on the left, Crittenden in the center and McCook on the right.

Bragg placed his right wing under Polk, with D. H. Hill second in command, while Longstreet commanded the left wing. The battle opened along the whole line on the 19th, and the Confederates were successful along their entire front, except on the Federal left, where Thomas seemed to have his wing of this great iron gate anchored in the everlasting rocks. Cleburne threw his division against him only to recoil. Cheatham and Breckinridge hurled their veterans on his breastworks only to retire with great loss. The iron gate was ajar on the right, on the center, but its left was as solid as the grand mountains overhanging it.

The second day the battle opened furiously. The divisions of Walker, Preston, Cheatham and Cleburne foamed themselves away on Thomas, but he stood like a rock. Longstreet, commanding Bragg's left wing, massing his divisions, making his right division the pivot, wheeled his entire wing to the right against McCook and Crittenden. This was a conflict of giants. McCook's splendid corps is soon ground to powder. A Confederate division wedges itself in between Crittenden and his command, and strikes it in the rear, and it vanishes and falls back, part of it in the rear of Thomas and part of it on the nearest road to Chattanooga. Rosecrans leaves the field and sends word to Thomas to do the best he can to save himself. McCook and Crittenden follow Rosecrans to Chattanooga looking for their lost commands.

The Federal right and center are now massed as a support to Thomas. Longstreet presses open the iron gate till it hangs on only one hinge, and that hinge was Thomas. Thomas' corps was now girdled with a line of victorious bayonets, while

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered,

till at last, overwhelmed and beaten, he sullenly retires, fighting as he goes, till he is safe behind the hills of Chattanooga.

Rosecrans, in his report of September 10, 1863, the last made before the battle, has 63,143 effectives, after deducting all detachments which were absent. (*Official Records*, Vol. XXX, p. 169.)

In order to get absolutely correct statistics of Bragg's army in this battle, the writer has gone through the regimental, brigade and division reports made at the time, and they show that Bragg had effectives of all arms, 53,124. Summarized, it is as follows: Federals 63,143; Confederates, 53,124; Federal excess, 10,019.

The losses were, Federals killed, 1,656; wounded, 9,749; captured, 4,774; total, 16,179. Confederates killed, 2,389; wounded, 13,412; captured, 2,003; total, 17,804.

The abstract of returns for Rosecrans' army on September 20, the day after the great battle of the 19th, is as follows: Present for duty, 67,877; present equipped, 60,867.

If Rosecrans had 60,867 equipped for duty on the morning of the 20th, after the great losses of the day before, it is not possible that he had more than 63,143 at the beginning of the fight?

At 5.40 P. M. on the 22d General Rosecrans telegraphed to Mr. Lincoln from Chattanooga that "we are about 30,000 brave and determined men."

Rosecrans' army had occupied Chattanooga several weeks before the battle of Chickamauga, and was just as much in possession of Chattanooga before the battle of Chickamauga as after that event. In his congratulatory address to his army, after they had been driven back on Chattanooga after two days of bloody battle, he says: "When the day closed you held the field, from which you withdrew in the face of overpowering numbers to occupy the point for which you set out—Chattanooga."

Had Napoleon, when reaching Paris after the disastrous rout of Waterloo, issued to the survivors of the Old Guard an address congratulating them on the fact that they occupied "the point for which they set out—Paris," would not the world have considered it an unpardonable satire on their heroism?

The scene now shifts to Virginia. General McClellan with the best organized army seen since the days of Napoleon, advances on Richmond. He advances till the spires and towers of the capital city are in full view of his beleaguering army. The front of every division and corps is girdled with *abattis* and breastworks. Chickahominy is an entrenched camp from Mechanicsville to Malvern Hill. The authorities at Washington urged McClellan on, but he would

not move till he had the best organized army of the world to sustain him. There must be no mistake about capturing the Rebel capital.

On the 26th of June the battle opened on the right wing of McClellan at Mechanicsville by an attack by A. P. Hill on the breastworks of Fitz John Porter. Soon the roar of artillery is heard round the flank of Porter and in his rear. It was the wizard of the Valley of Virginia, who but a few days ago had defeated in quick succession McDowell, Shields and Fremont. It was the guns of Stonewall Jackson. Porter made a brave fight, but no troops could stand long with A. P. Hill assailing them in the front and Stonewall Jackson in the rear. They fell back on their next supports, and when these supports were driven away they continued to fall back for seven long, bloody days, leaving baggage, artillery and equipments to the victors, till Malvern Hill is reached, and there they check the Confederates, inflicting on them great loss, till their trains and artillery had so far passed that they could fall back to Harrison's Landing on the James river, some thirty miles further from Richmond than they were on the first morning of battle. The losses in these battles were enormous on both sides. The Confederates were, in the main, poorly armed, and as they assailed the enemy behind breastworks their loss was much larger than the Federals.

Comte-de-Paris, in his "*Civil War in America*," Vol. II, p. 76, gives us General McClellan's army report for June 20, 1862, six days before the battle opened, and his total "present" was 156,838, while his "present for duty" was 115,102. This seems a great disproportion between "present" and "present for duty," but we accept this as the number that were engaged in battle under General McClellan.

From the most accurate statistics obtainable from the Confederates, General Lee's army ranged between 82,000 and 85,000, no estimate from regimental returns making it over 85,000.

General McClellan, in his letter to the Secretary of War July 3, 1862, says, "it is impossible to estimate our losses, but I doubt whether there are to-day more than 50,000 men with their colors."

If the report of General McClellan of June 20, 1862, is correct, then here are 115,102 Federal soldiers who, after fighting seven days against 82,000 to 85,000 Confederates, find themselves thirty miles further from Richmond than when the battle commenced. Verily, this was not one of the battles when the Federals fought against superior numbers.

The scene shifts, and Stonewall Jackson's corps is again on the historic field of Bull Run, the field which only thirteen months before gave him his immortal sobriquet, "Stonewall." He had been guilty of a piece of Napoleonic rashness, which was the marching of his corps, in forty-eight hours, fifty-six miles, and quietly taking a position on the enemy's line of communication at Manassas, having Pope's army of 60,000 to 70,000 and Rapidan river between his own little army and that of General Lee, while to the north of him and distant only a few miles, lay the garrison of Washington city, 40,000 strong. After having destroyed many army supplies he begins to retreat, assailed as he was by all of Pope's available army. He fights a great battle on the 28th, holding the surging masses of the enemy at bay till nightfall. The next day Pope's entire army girdled him as with a zone of fire, but at this fateful moment a very sunburst of glittering bayonets pours through Thoroughfare Gap and adjacent hills, and the banner which floats over them is that of Longstreet. The field was an open one, and nerved, perhaps, by the memories of the First Bull Run, prodigies of valor were performed by both armies, but at the close of the day Pope's veterans had fretted themselves away against Jackson's ironsides and Longstreet's "Hearts of Oak," and, routed, riven, they flee, and the bulk of that proud army finds itself, in less than forty-eight hours, safe under the guns of Washington.

General Pope had in this battle 63,000 effectives (See "*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. II, pp. 499-500), while on the same authority Lee's army numbered 54,000.

Federal loss, killed, 1,747; wounded, 8,452; captured, 4,263; total, 14,462. Confederate loss, killed, 1,553; wounded, 7,812; captured, 109; total, 9,474.

August melts itself away, and Indian summer hangs its veil of film-like witchery over the hills of "Maryland, my Maryland." Pope has been replaced, and McClellan controls the united armies of the James and the Potomac. Lee's army, after a series of minor conflicts, finds itself brought to bay on the plateau between the Antietam and the Potomac. It is a glorious battlefield for armies of equal strength. It was full of danger to the smaller army, with a great river in its rear in case of disaster. McClellan comes to retrieve the disasters of Richmond, and to infuse new life in the vanishing *morale* of Pope's disheartened army. It is an open field and a fair fight. It was a conflict between two chiefs who had walked face to

face the fiery edge of battle on the banks of the Chickahominy. Hooker's veteran division assailed with intrepid daring Lee's right, but as Gibraltar has dashed for ages the Mediterranean wave, so dashed Lee the assaulting column. Then McClellan's oncoming hosts fling themselves with reckless courage on Lee's center, but "as roll a thousand waves to the rock, so Swaran's hosts came on; as meets a rock a thousand waves, so Inisfail met Swaran." The sun rises to the zenith, and Lee's army still holds its front of flame defiant to McClellan's hosts. Burnside occupies the Federal left, but a dangerous bridge across the Antietam has to be crossed ere he can have an equal chance in the fight. But only after being held in check, with enormous slaughter, for four and a half hours by 219 men of Toombs' brigade, by a heroic dash he crosses the bridge and pushes Lee's column back into the edge of the village of Sharpsburg. But Lee, anticipating this movement, sends five brigades, under A. P. Hill, from his left and center, and Burnside is hurled back with great loss. 'Tis the bloodiest day in the ides of Maryland. The September frost had already painted the forest with crimson—war had that day left her carmine footprints on her soil. It is a drawn battle. Lee remained on the battlefield till the night of the 18th, and then quietly withdrew and crossed the Potomac into Virginia.

General McClellan had on and near this battlefield 87,164 troops, and General Lee had 40,000. (See "*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. II, p. 603.)

In the eighteen days of the Maryland campaign, which includes Harper's Ferry, Lee's army, never larger than 40,000, fought the battles of South Mountain, Crampton's Gap, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg (Antietam), and Shepherdstown, losing in killed, wounded and captured, 11,172; while McClellan, with an army of 87,000, lost, killed, 2,662; wounded, 11,719; captured, 13,494, a total of 27,875. (See Vol. I, p. 810, for Confederate loss, and the same volume for Federal loss.)

Lee retires his army to Fredericksburg, on the south bank of the Rappahannock, and McClellan moves his army to the other side. Both armies go into winter-quarters. McClellan's head, like Pope's, has fallen under the official axe of the War Department, and Burnside is now the commander. Burnside's army crossed on pontoons and made several heroic attempts to storm Marye's Heights, but were driven back with great slaughter.

Burnside on December 13th, had 116,683 present; Lee, on Decem-

ber 13th, had 58,500 present (See "*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. III, p. 143); difference in favor of the Federals, 58,183. Burnside lost, killed, 1,384; wounded, 9,600; captured, 1,769; total, 12,653. Lee lost, killed, 458; wounded, 4,743; total, 4,201.

Burnside has failed to capture Fredericksburg, and his head goes into the War Department's official waste basket, and "Fighting" Joe Hooker takes command of the Federal forces. His forces from May 1-3, 1863, were 130,000, with 404 pieces of artillery, while Lee's were 60,000, with 170 pieces of artillery. (See "*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. III, p. 233.)

General Hooker's abstract of returns for April 30th, when his advance on Lee began, was as follows: Present for duty, 157,990; present equipped, 133,708; artillery, 404 pieces.

General Couch, commander of the second corps, and second in command to Hooker, estimates Hooker's seven corps at 113,000, ready for duty, not counting 11,000 cavalry and reserve artillery, and 400 cannon," and his estimate of General Lee's army was 55,000 to 60,000, not including cavalry ("*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. III,) and on page 161 of this volume he says Hooker's artillery "was equal to any in the world."

Hooker takes the greater part of his army, leaving Sedgwick 30,000 strong to threaten Fredericksburg, and marches up the northern bank of the Rappahannock and crosses his army to attack General Lee in the rear. His army has crossed successfully the Rappahannock, and he issues the following congratulatory address, being general order No. 47: "It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the commanding general announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind their defences and give us battle on our own ground, *when certain destruction awaits him.*" (Italics ours.) On May 1st, after the successful crossing of his troops, Hooker says, "I have Lee just where I want him. He must fight me on my own ground." At 2 P. M. of the same day he said, "Lee is in full retreat toward Gordonsville. I have sent out Sickles to capture his artillery."

This flank movement of Hooker made Lee remove the larger part of his army to the rear of Fredericksburg in order to confront the forces of Hooker. Lee had come out from his defences. Lee then occupied a position between the two great wings of Hooker's army, either of which was numerically able to crush him. It was a posi-

tion of great danger. Hooker presses his grand army down to Chancellorsville, with his right commanded by Howard. Lee confronts him at Chancellorsville, and in the meantime Stonewall Jackson works himself around and strikes, like a thunderbolt, Howard's right wing and doubles it back. Hooker's center is held at bay by Lee, but in the meantime Sedgwick crosses his 30,000 troops over the Rappahannock, and attacks the fortifications in rear of Fredericksburg and captures them, and then advances on Lee. Lee, having checked and to some extent routed Hooker's right and center, withdraws a portion of his troops and assails Sedgwick. After a bloody fight, Sedgwick is driven back across the Rappahannock. Hooker is disabled by a shock of cannon ball, and he turns his army over to General Couch and retires across the river. He had "Lee just where he wanted him," but circumstances made it necessary for him to find safety on the northern bank of the Rappahannock. Soon his whole army crossed to the northern bank, and thus ended Hooker's "On to Richmond."

The losses in this great battle were as follows: Federals—Killed, 1,606; wounded, 9,762; captured, 5,919; total, 17,287. Confederates—Killed, 1,649; wounded, 9,106; captured, 1,708; total, 12,463. (See "*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. III. p. 233.) Summarized, it is as follows: Federals, 130,000; Confederates, 60,000. Federal loss, 17,287; Confederate loss, 12,463. Excess of Federal army, 70,000; excess of Federal loss, 4,884.

This campaign on the rear of Lee was a brilliant conception on the part of Hooker. Hooker had in this campaign 10,000 more soldiers than Wellington had on the field of Waterloo, and 48,000 more than marshalled under the banner of Napoleon. Wellington, with his 120,000, crushed Napoleon with his 72,000. Hooker, with his 130,000 fled, leaving Lee, with his 60,000, master of the field. The battle-cloud lifts itself from Chancellorsville and the Wilderness, but not for long, as the coming May will rebaptize these fields with the blood of slaughtered thousands.

Two months from the day when Hooker's splendid army was driven by Lee across the Rappahannock, these same armies confronted each other on the heights of Gettysburg. Hooker's official head has gone to sleep in the waste-basket of decapitated generals, with those of Pope, McClellan and Burnside, and General Meade, a brave and cautious soldier, commands all the forces for the defense of the capital at Washington. Lee's army is there, but the wizard of

the Valley of Virginia, whose cyclonic stroke had pulverized Hooker's right at Chancellorsville, and who, on his many battlefields, had known no other song than the shout of victory, had "crossed over the river." The South, to her remotest borders, "gave signs of woe" over his death, and Lee had spoken of him as his "right arm," while a northern poet, in a poem of exquisite beauty, calls him "a light—a landmark in the clouds of war."

These great armies met by an accidental collision around the village of Gettysburg, the Federals having possession of the commanding heights of Seminary Ridge, Cemetery Hill, Little and Big Round Top. Too many able pens have already wasted their wealth of expression in describing this great conflict for us, in the brief limits of this article, to attempt a description of this great battle. It is our province to fairly portray the numbers and resources of the combatants.

According to abstracts of returns for General Meade's army, June 30th, the day before the battle, he had, including the reinforcements which reached him during the battle, 101,679 effectives. In an editorial note of the volume in which this abstract is found—viz: "*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. III—is the following in regard to General Lee's strength: "It is reasonable to conclude that General Lee had under his command on the field of battle, from first to last, an army of 70,000."

General Meade's abstract of June 30th, for "present equipped," was 98,150. This would give General Meade 28,150 in excess of General Lee. The student of history in the far-off future, when reading of how Pickett's and Pettigrew's men charged unflinchingly through this valley of the shadow of death, into the very entrenched works of Cemetery Hill and then melted away as wreaths of vapor before a July sun, will meditate on what "might have been" if Stonewall Jackson had been there with 21,500 fresh soldiers, the number necessary to have equalized the strength of the opposing armies. General Lee, in his report, says the battle closed after the repulse of Pickett and Pettigrew's charge on the afternoon of July 3d. Lee then fell back to his line of the morning. The order to recross the Potomac was given the night of July 4th, twenty-four hours after the fight was over, and Ewell's corps did not leave Gettysburg till late in the afternoon of the 5th, full forty-eight hours after the close of the battle on the 3d. (See Report of General Lee, "*Official Records*," Vol. XXVII, pages 313-325.) Lee carried back into Virginia seven pieces

more of artillery than he carried with him into Pennsylvania. (See Report of Lieutenant-Colonel Briscoe, Chief of Ordnance, "*Official Record*" Vol. XXVII, page 357.)

At ten minutes past 4 o'clock P. M. on the 4th General Meade says that he "would make a reconnoissance the next day (5th) to see where the enemy was," and in that telegram reports his effectives, "exclusive of cavalry, baggage guards, ambulance attendants, etc., as 55,000." Now, supposing the cavalry corps which was present at Gettysburg, 12,653, had lost as many as 653, it would leave 12,000 to be added to the 55,000, making 67,000 outside "baggage guards and ambulance attendants," to which add 23,003, losses in the battle, and it gives General Meade 90,003 as present in the fight or on the field. Even on this basis, General Meade had 20,000 more soldiers present on the field than had General Lee.

While the Federals reaped the material as well as the moral fruits of that victory, yet the fact that a part of Lee's army lingered around Gettysburg for two days after the battle, and that it was ten months before Meade's army was ready for an advance on Richmond, shows at what a great cost the victory was achieved. The personal loss of friends on both sides at Gettysburg was so great, and the wounds are yet too fresh for us to contemplate without passion that field of slaughter; but the coming bard in the far-off years will tell how the Tennesseans, Alabamians, Virginians and North Carolinians charged with Pickett and Pettigrew, Armistead and Garnett, into the very "gates of hell" on Cemetery Hill.

Ten months after the battle of Gettysburg these same armies confront each other on the Rappahannock. Meade's head has joined company with McClellan, Pope, Burnside and Hooker, and General Grant, who, with the aid of Porter's fleet with 300 cannon and 75,000 men, had, between November 1, 1862, and July 4, 1863, overrun the State of Mississippi and captured Vicksburg, whose largest force within the campaign had only been 40,000, was there as commander; not as a general of a particular army, but as generalissimo of the armies of the United States.

General Grant, perhaps because he did not wish to follow in the footsteps of McClellan, adopted the overland route to Richmond by way of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor. He crossed the Rappahannock with 118,000 veteran troops, while General Lee confronted him with 62,000. (See "*Battles and Leaders*," Vol. IV, page 179.)

General Grant's tactics were to flank Lee out of all his fortifications and to interpose his army between him and Richmond. Having numerically a vastly superior army, he could simply leave Lee in his fortifications and beat him in the race to Richmond.

When Grant had crossed the river and began his flanking, Lee struck his right flank and, in a battle of two days, in which great endurance and courage were shown by both armies, Grant was beaten, with a loss of 2,246 killed, 12,037 wounded and 3,383 captured; a total loss of 17,666. Grant then moved his army towards Richmond, and Lee confronts him at Spotsylvania, and a two days' battle ensues, and Grant retires with a loss of 2,725 killed, 13,416 wounded, and 2,258 captured; a total loss of 18,399. In the meantime Sheridan makes two raids on Richmond. After the repulse at Spotsylvania, Grant is met at North Anna, where his loss is 591 killed, 2,734 wounded and 661 captured; a total loss of 3,986. Grant then moves by the left flank, intending to assault Richmond by way of Cold Harbor, but on arriving at that point Lee is there, and there occurred one of the bloodiest battles of the war, in which in less than one hour of actual battle Grant lost 1,884 killed, 9,077 wounded, and 1,816 captured; a total loss of 12,737.

Grant had lost in the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania and North Anna, 40,051, and had when he reached Cold Harbor, 103,875, and was there reinforced with Smith's corps 12,500 strong, which made his effective force at that battle 116,375. As his original army when he crossed the Rappahannock was 118,000, and he had lost before reaching Cold Harbor 40,051, then he had left his original army, 118,000, less 40,051, which is 77,949; but as his report at Cold Harbor before the fight was 103,875 plus 12,500 Smith's corps, making 116,375, he must have received, after crossing the Rappahannock, 38,426 reinforcements.

Grant's army, then, from the day he left the Rappahannock up to and including the fight at Cold Harbor, was 156,426, leaving Butler's army south of the James, depleted only by Smith's corps of 12,500. Lee's army on the Rappahannock was 62,000, to which add 14,400 reinforcements, makes his entire force, up to and including the fight at Cold Harbor, 76,400, against Grant's 156,426.

Grant's losses, beginning at the Wilderness, including the Sheridan's two raids and the battle of Cold Harbor, were as follows: Killed 7,620, wounded 38,342, captured 8,967; making an aggregate loss of 54,929 between May 5th and June 3d; and in Butler's army,

which was simply a wing of Grant, the loss within the same time was—killed, wounded and captured—6,215.

Summarized, Grant's losses for thirty days were as follows: Killed 8,254, wounded 42,245, captured 10,645; total, 61,144. (See *Battles and Leaders*," Vol. IV, pp. 184, 185.)

The battle of Cold Harbor was fought on June 3, 1864. We give below the monthly returns of the effectives of Grant's and Lee's armies for each month thereafter up to December 31, 1864:

	Grant.	Lee.
June 30.	107,419	54,751
July 31.	77,321	57,079
August 31.	58,923	34,677
September 30.	76,775	35,088
October 31.	85,046	47,307
November 30.	86,723	56,424
December 31.	110,364	66,533

(*"Battles and Leaders."* Vol. 3, pp. 593, 594.)

From June 3d, not including Cold Harbor, Grant's loss was, to December 31, 1864, 47,554. (*"Battles and Leaders,"* Vol. 4. p. 593.)

If Grant's effectives were, on December 31st, 110,364 and he had sustained between June 3d and that date a loss of 47,554, he must have had an army, between those dates, of 157,918. If to this we add the losses between the Rappahannock between May 5th to and including Cold Harbor on June 3d, 61,244, the sum total of Grant's army from May 5th to December 31st was 219,162. In other words, Grant, after a campaign from May 5th to December 31st, had an army of 219,162 soldiers and having on hand December 31 only 110,364, he must then have lost during that time 108,798.

Since the days of the coalition against Napoleon no grander army ever appeared than that controlled by Grant in his advance to Richmond. Major-General Webb, United States army, in his *"Through the Wilderness"* (*"Battles and Leaders,"* Vol. III, p. 152), says: "Grant's army, 118,000 men, properly distributed for battle, would have covered a front of twenty-one miles, two ranks deep, with one-third of them held in reserve, while Lee with 62,000 men similarly disposed would cover only twelve miles. Grant had a train which, he states in his 'Memoirs,' would have reached from the Rapidan to Richmond, or sixty-five miles."

At the end of thirty days General Grant found himself, after a loss of 54,929, within ten miles of Richmond, a point which he might have reached without the loss of a man. War's appetite for slaughter was gorged in this brief campaign, and while we do not propose to discuss the generalship of the overland route to Richmond, the friends of those who fell at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania and Cold Harbor must sometimes feel that they were the victims more of a political prejudice than of a military necessity.

Lee's entire army, from the Rappahannock and including Cold Harbor was 76,400. If his losses were as great as Grant's, that is, 54,929, then he would have had only 21,471 of his original army left. This campaign had reduced the result of the war to a mathematical problem. Grant's army was the upper millstone, two inches thick, and Lee's was the nether-stone, one inch thick. The friction being the same, it required little mathematical knowledge to divine the result.

For the benefit of the future historian, we compile the following statistics issued by the Adjutant-General's Office of the United States July 15, 1885:

Total enlistments in Union army.....	2,778,304
Deducting Indians.....	3,530
Deducting Negroes.....	178,975
	<hr/>
Total enlistment of white men	2,595,799

The seceding States of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia (then including West Virginia) furnished to the Federal army 86,009 white troops, while the slave-holding States, Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri, which never formally seceded, furnished to the Federal army 190,430 white soldiers, and the negro population of the various States furnished 178,975 negro troops. Summarized, it is as follows:

White soldiers furnished to Federal army by seceded States,	86,009
White soldiers furnished to Federal army by non seceding	
slave States.....	190,430
Negro troops..	178,975
	<hr/>
Total troops furnished United States army by slave-holding	
States.....	455,414

The largest muster-roll of the Southern Confederacy (See "*Battles and Leaders*" Vol. IV, page 768) was on January 1, 1864, and was 472,781. Deducting 455,414, troops furnished by the Southern States to the Federal army, from 472,781 on the Confederate roll January 1, 1864, it would be as follows:

Troops on Confederate muster-roll January 1, 1864.....	472,781
Troops furnished by Southern States to Federal army.....	455,414
	<hr/>
	17,367

In other words, the Southern States contributed to the Federal army within 17,367 as many soldiers as the Confederacy had on its rolls January 1, 1864.

Efforts have been made to get the number of foreigners enlisted in the Federal army, outside of those who were previously naturalized, but no accurate statistics have been found on that subject. It may safely be estimated at 144,586.

General Wright, agent for the United States Government for the collection of Confederate statistics, gives 600,000 as the greatest number of soldiers enlisted in the Confederate service.

Tabulated, it would be as follows:

Total Confederates enlisted.....	600,000
Federals from Southern States.....	276,439
Negroes.....	178,975
Foreigners (estimated).....	144,586
	<hr/>
	600,000

Above we have given the "estimated" number of foreigners enlisted as soldiers in the Federal army. Later statistics show the nationality of all foreigners who fought for the Union as follows: Germans, 176,800; Irish, 144,200; British Americans, 53,500; English, 45,500; other foreigners, 74,900; total, 494,900. It will be seen that our estimate of 144,586 was really far below the actual facts.

Thus it will be seen that the Federals had an army fully as large or larger than the entire Confederate enlistments without drawing a man from the Northern or non-slaveholding States.

The Federal army in its report for May 1, 1865, had present for duty 1,000,516, while it had "present equipped" 602,598.

The Confederates on April 9, 1865, had 174,223 who were paroled, which added to their prisoners then in Federal prisons, 98,802, made an army of 272,025. Thus it stood at the time of the surrender—Federals, 1,000,516, and Confederates, 272,025.

That it may not appear that we have taken a one-sided view of the number of Federals to overcome a given number of Confederates, we append the conclusions, written many years after the war, by a brave and distinguished Federal General—Don Carlos Buell—copied from his article, "*Battles and Leaders*," page 51, Vol. III, entitled "East Tennessee and the Campaign of Perryville," which is as follows :

"A philosophical study of our civil conflict must recognize that influences of some sort operated fundamentally for the side of the Confederacy in every prominent event of the war, and nowhere with less effect than in the Tennessee and Kentucky campaign. They are involved in the fact that it required enormous sacrifices from 24,000,000 of people to defeat the political scheme of 8,000,000; 2,000,000 of soldiers to subdue 800,000 soldiers; and, descending to detail, a naval fleet and 15,000 troops to advance against a weak fort manned by less than 100 men, at Fort Henry; 35,000 with naval co-operation to overcome 12,000 at Fort Donelson; 60,000 to secure a victory over 40,000 at Pittsburg Landing (Shiloh); 120,000 to enforce the retreat of 65,000 intrenched, after a month of fighting and manœuvring at Corinth; 100,000 repelled by 80,000 in the first peninsular campaign against Richmond; 70,000, with a powerful naval force to inspire the campaign, which lasted nine months, against 40,000 at Vicksburg; 90,000 to barely withstand the assault of 70,000 at Gettysburg; 115,000 sustaining a frightful repulse from 60,000 at Fredericksburg; 100,000 attacked and defeated by 50,000 at Chancellorsville; 85,000 held in check two days by 40,000 at Antietam; 43,000 retaining the field uncertainly against 38,000 at Stone's river; 70,000 defeated at Chickamauga and beleaguered by 70,000 at Chattanooga; 80,000 merely to break the investing line of 45,000 at Chattanooga; 100,000 to press back 50,000 (afterwards increased to 70,000) from Chattanooga to Atlanta, a distance of 120 miles; 50,000 to defeat the investing line of 30,000 at Nashville; and finally, 120,000 to overcome 60,000 with exhaustion after a struggle of a year in Virginia."

We are not discussing the question of "which is the better soldier." There are logical reasons why it took three or more Federals to

overcome one Confederate. It was not for want of courage on the part of the Federal soldier. The men who laid their lives on the sacrificial altar in front of Marye's Heights, the men who stormed the "Bloody Angle" at Spotsylvania, were certainly brave men, yet the fact stands uncontested that the Confederates, with 600,000 held at bay for four years the Federals with 2,778,304.

Colonel Dodge, in the August (1891) number of the *Century*, speaks of the subduing of the South as having been "well done and in a reasonable time." When we remember that the coalition against Napoleon in 1814 invaded France in January, and in sixty days they had her capital in their possession and Napoleon was in exile; when we remember that the next coalition against France was made on March 25, 1815, and that in less than ninety days Napoleon was a prisoner, and France was at the feet of the allies; when we remember that in the Franco-Prussian war the German army in less than six months from the declaration of war sang the songs of their Fatherland under the shadows of the Tuilleries, we may think the subduing of the South may have been well done, yet we do not think that in point of time it was a great military achievement.

Some of the readers of this article may ask why it was ever written. We answer frankly, it was written simply to focalize the facts of history so they might be accessible to those who had not the time to go through many volumes of official records to find them.

The current history of the day, as taught in our public schools, has impressed the children of those who sustained the "Lost Cause" as though the history of their ancestors would not bear criticism. These children have heard nothing but the songs of the victors, and it is due them that they should have the facts of history as presented by the official records, to prove to them that though the children of the vanquished, yet they are descended from heroes.

We say to the victors, Raise your Arc de Triomphe and write in letters of gold, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Appomattox, and our children will pass with uncovered heads under its shining arch; but let them, as they look up through their tears at the obverse side of this arch, see written, "Federal enlistments, 2,778,304; Confederate enlistments, 600,000," and this is all they ask.

It is the truth which makes a man free. In this article we have spoken unstintingly of the gallantry of the Federals on many hard-fought fields, and have not spoken, except incidentally, of the bravery and endurance of the Confederates.

The North, after four years of bloody battle, with an enlistment of 2,535,799 white soldiers, calling in her dire extremity for 178,795 negroes to help her subdue an army never numerically one-fourth as strong, by this act placed the capstone on the arch of Confederate valor, and with this we are satisfied.

The Union Army has the glory of success, but the gallantry and endurance of the Confederates will be the inspiration of the epic of the coming years.

UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO THE RICHMOND HOWITZERS

At Richmond, Virginia, December 13, 1892.

WITH THE ORATION OF LEIGH ROBINSON, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Noble Defence of the South—The Services of the Howitzers Glowingly Rehearsed.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, December 14, 1892.]

The weather of Tuesday, December 13, 1892, was not propitious for the Howitzer Monument unveiling. It lacked every suggestion of a gala occasion, and could but carry many Howitzers and other veterans back to the days when, half-starved and half-clad, they shivered over a handful of fire.

But the driving, penetrating rain and piercing blast could not daunt the spirit of the men whose guns had been heard upon every battlefield from Bethel to Appomattox, nor those who had stood shoulder to shoulder with the heroic Howitzers.

The step of the veterans was not as jaunty as it was in the period from 1861 to 1865, but their hearts glowed with the recollections of that period, and there was no lack of enthusiasm from the beginning to the end of the ceremonies.

The unveiling was a success in all of its details, and the memorial now stands forth an object-lesson to future generations. It is an imperishable illustration in the history of a people whose valor, forti-

tude, and unselfish devotion to principle have no parallel in the annals of war.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MEMORIAL.

What does the Howitzer Monument mean? What does it stand for? It means more than that this one fell under his gun never to rise again, or that one will go to his grave a physical wreck. It stands for more than physical courage. It means also that the survivors were among the rebuilders of the devastated South. It stands also for a moral courage that could rise superior to any adversity. In the crowd of veterans that assembled in the Theatre yesterday were hundreds who, when the war closed, were absolutely penniless, but whose energy, enterprise, self-denial, and patience constitute the foundation stones upon which the present prosperity of Richmond and Virginia is reared. These, no less than the gallant youths who offered up their lives amid the rush and smoke of battle, and whose memory will never fade from the Southern heart, are typified in "No 1 in position and out," but ready for whatever may betide. The figure stands for the spirit of the South—not only the spirit that was invincible in war, but the spirit that defied being broken or humiliated in peace.

MILITARY WITH THE VETERANS.

The military of the city entered into the spirit of the occasion with the zeal that always characterizes them when called upon to aid the veterans in giving *eclat* to their undertakings. All arms of the service—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—were splendidly represented in the column which escorted the Howitzer veterans and the two Confederate camps to the site of the monument and saluted the memorial after it was unveiled.

EXERCISES AT THE THEATRE.

Dr. Dame's Prayer—Mr. White Presents the Orator.

The exercises at the Theatre began a few minutes after 2 o'clock. The lower part of the building was occupied by the Howitzer Association, Lee and Pickett Camps of Confederate Veterans, and the present Howitzer Battery. The galleries were thrown open to the general public, and in the throng that gathered in them were many ladies.

On the stage, in addition to Mr. J. Blythe Moore, president of the Howitzer Association, Rev. Dr. Dame, who offered the prayer; Mr. W. L. White, who introduced the orator, and Mr. Robinson, the orator, were Bishop Randolph, Mr. W. L. Sheppard, Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, F. D. Hill, James T. Gray, Thomas Booker, J. M. Fourqurean, Judge George L. Christian, Carlton McCarthy, Rev. J. Calvin Stewart, Colonel W. E. Cutshaw, Major Henry C. Carter, E. D. Starke, D. S. McCarthy, Colonel G. Percy Hawes, Captain Beauregard Lorraine, Captain E. J. Bosher, and others. The banner of the veteran Howitzers was borne by Mr. Thomas Booker, Rev. Dr. Dame holding the right and Mr. James T. Gray the left cord. The music was furnished by the Howitzer Band.

PRAYER BY DR. DAME.

Mr. J. Blythe Moore called the assemblage to order and introduced Rev. Dr. W. M. Dame, who, he said, would open the exercises with prayer.

Before commencing his prayer, Dr. Dame requested the audience to join with him in reciting the Apostles' Creed, the creed of all Christian faiths; after which he offered a fervent invocation of the Divine blessing. After imploring the help of God in our daily troubles, he said: "We thank Thee, O God, that at the call of duty our people were ready to do and to suffer for the cause of righteousness, freedom and truth. We thank Thee for the deeds of sacrifice that gemmed the story of our struggle for liberty." The minister then alluded to the many brave comrades who had fallen in battle. Some, he said, were blessed with the Spirit of God, who in calling them away was simply taking His own unto Himself. But there were others to whom the grace of the Lord had not been revealed. For these he asked forgiveness.

Dr. Dame then referred to his comrades who had survived the great struggle of days gone by, and who, despite many vicissitudes, had been able to restore their country to the prosperity which it now enjoys. He prayed earnestly for those who had fallen and were now degraded. In concluding his prayer Dr. Dame asked God to continue to show us the way of righteousness and to keep us ever ready to respond to every just and noble cause.

The audience then united with Dr. Dame in repeating the Lord's Prayer. This was deeply impressive, as was the repeating of the Apostles' Creed at the opening of the prayer.

THE ORATOR INTRODUCED.

Mr. W. L. White then introduced the orator of the occasion, Mr. Leigh Robinson, of Washington, and in so doing said:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

Proud of the distinguished honor conferred upon me by the Association, I present to you with pleasure and satisfaction the silvery-tongued orator of the Howitzer battalion, as brave and chivalrous in war as he has become renowned in peace.

At the battle of Bethel, the first land engagement of the war it will be remembered, the Howitzers received their first baptism of fire. There the Confederates successfully met and defeated the Federals against odds of from three to four to one, driving them panic-stricken back to the guns of Fortress Monroe, and causing them to leave their dead and wounded upon the field from which they were driven as "leaves upon the strand." Among the prominent men killed were Lieutenant Grebble, commanding the artillery, and Major Winthrop, of Boston, a volunteer commander of the famous Billy Wilson Zouaves, and I may be pardoned for saying here, a braver man never drew sword in defence of any cause. The next day a flag of truce was sent for his body, with the inquiry from General Butler, "What artillery was that which did such magnificent firing and execution?" General McGruder smiled and said: "Why, sir, it was nothing more than a parcel of school-boys, with primers in their pockets." And true it was, for but few had reached the age of manhood.

It is of these boys and their heroism, from Bethel to Appomattox, that our distinguished orator will speak to you this afternoon, and while one of the battalion survives to recite and recall the daring deeds of the Confederate dead and living, it can never be said of the honored dead:

Out of the world's way, out of its light,
Out of the ages of worldly weather—
Made one with death, filled full of the night,
Forgotten as the world's first dead are forgotten.

We have read of the valor of the heroes of Marathon, Thermopylæ, and ancient Macedonia, but, Mr. President, I have the honor to present to this audience this afternoon not only a gifted orator,

but a "Virginian" (to the manner born), a Howitzer, and a hero of one of the grandest armies that was ever marshalled upon a field of battle. To this large and cultivated audience he needs no further introduction, and I present to you Mr. Leigh Robinson, an adopted citizen of Washington City.

MR. ROBINSON'S ORATION.

He Defends the South and Tells of the Howitzers' Deeds.

As Mr. Robinson walked down the stage he was warmly received. He has a clear, musical voice and enunciated with a distinctness which made every word he uttered heard in all parts of the building. He said :

My Friends and Fellow-Howitzers :

I cannot better introduce what I have to say than by the words of a legend of the East: "When the lofty and barren mountain was first upheaved into the sky, and from its elevation looked down on the plains below and saw the valley and less elevated hills covered with verdant and fruitful trees, it sent up to Brahma something like a murmur of complaint: 'Why thus barren? Why these scarred and naked sides exposed to the eye of man?' And Brahma answered: 'The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of the passing cloud shall be as a royal mantle. More verdure would be less light. Thou shalt share in the azure of heaven, and the youngest and whitest cloud of a summer's sky shall nestle in thy bosom. Thou belongest half to us.'"

"So was the mountain dowered, and so, too," adds the legend, "have the loftiest minds of men been in all ages dowered. To lower elevations have been given the pleasant verdure, the vine, and the olive. Light, light alone—and the deep shadow of the passing cloud—these are the gifts of the prophets of the race." And so, I will add, so is it with the eminence of self-sacrifice. Out of convulsive wrestle are they lifted. The winds and the rains condemn them. The hail strips them bare. The lightning by which they are torn is their only sceptre. The tents of the tempest are pitched on all their summits of endeavor, and the deep scar of the tempest signed upon their brow is their diadem. And yet as the mountains are the backbone of the earth, and put their own chains on the continents which anchor to them, making our earth an earth of mountains, so

from age to age the true heart rallies to the moral eminences of which I speak. All that is soundest in us clings with a voluntary homage to the suffering heights. Consciously or unconsciously, the high instinct of mankind receives their lofty yoke. Heaven and earth mingle on their summits. Over the wide landscape of humanity falls the eloquence of their light and their shadow. Infinitely true is it "to bear is to conquer."

THEIR CONSTANCY PERFECT AND PURE.

Never was constancy so perfect and so pure as that of the people of the South to their warriors. For once gratitude to the past is not inspired by the hope of favors to come. The mercenary motive is curiously absent. The knee which bends, the heart which throbs, is the welcome of respect to the intrinsically worthy—the unbought homage never truly known safe by virtue in misfortune when, like a queen, but like a queen in exile, she counts the number of her suitors by the poverty of her rewards. This is the proud pathos of defeat with honor. Thus heroes conquer even in their fall. So reign their ashes "dead but sceptred."

It were sad indeed if no word could be spoken in behalf of that "story's purity," the justification whereof is now removed from the forum of arms to the bar of history and the scales of time and truth. The story of anti-slavery agitation to-day is written for the world by the enemies of the South, and truth is not always the weapon of their choice. We are the camp of slaves; they are the camp of freedom. The victor is wont to have his own pleasant version of the cause, which has been accepted by stoic fate, if not by Cato's justice. That in the middle of the nineteenth century there were many men opposed to slavery is certainly no matter for surprise and as little for condemnation. It may seem, indeed, a slight inconsistency that every one of the colonies which joined in the Declaration of Independence was at the time a slave-holding colony. Nevertheless, it is the fact that each shared a common responsibility therefor which differed in degree with the differing utility thereof.

SLAVERY NOT THE REAL ISSUE.

The issue between the North and the South was not so much an issue between freedom and slavery as the issue whether those who had formed a Federal compact with slave-holding States upon an

agreement not to interfere with their slaves had any greater right to do so than they had in the case of Cuba and Brazil, with whom they had no such compact. The supreme issue was whether the government of the United States was one of such unlimited authority that it could do what it pleased by giving fine names to usurpation, as when the guest at a hotel complains that the brand he wants has not been brought, the waiter, before his eyes, rubs off the undesired label and puts on the desired one. The real issue was whether, under the fine name of "general welfare," the whole power of the government could be perverted to private welfare; and whether, in keeping with the Federal compact, under the fine name of freedom, Commonwealths could be extinguished. So far as slavery was concerned, a century hence history will chiefly discover a race between the very lightly and very heavily encumbered, and the great self-applause of the former that they were the first to reach the goal. It is not so exact to say that slavery in the South was the cause of the war, as to say that it afforded the opportunity for the war. It is proper to bear in mind the abrupt revolution of society which was demanded by those who would be themselves unaffected by the revolution.

The first book of Justinian, which gives us our definition of justice—*Justitia est constans et perpetua voluntas jus suum cuique tribuendi*—gives also the derivation of slavery: *Servi autem ex coappellati sunt, quod imperatores captivas vendere, acperhoc servare non occidere solent; qui etiam mancipia dicti sunt, quod ab hostibus manu capiuntur*. A strong man has his antagonist at his mercy, is able to take the life of him; rather than suffer him to live antagonist will do so. In humanity's great internecine war, wherein survival is conquered by exterminating hostility, root and branch, the conqueror leads back the captive of his spear. Their relations are those of victor and victim.

THE FIRST REDEEMING SIDE.

The fact of supremacy has been settled, and by the rule of primitive war one life is forfeit to the other. When, then, the victor did not slay, but spared the victim—suffered him to live; not as rival, to be sure, but as subject; to retributively serve in return for the life which had been donated, and was gratuity—it was the very charity of a redeeming gospel, breaking through the crust of "Old Dispensations" of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; tempering with the hand of mercy the iron hand. It is not extravagant to say that

this was the first redeeming sign in the storm and terrible joy of war. The stronger included the weaker; the two were co-operant—social, not dissocial. Their blows, no longer rival, rang in unison, each sending the other farther. It was a large concession to humanity when Cæsar at the battle of Pharsalia granted permission to every man in his army to save one enemy. Only the nomad life existed until servitude existed. The “mighty hunter” had no accumulated spoil wherewith to feed dependents. Outside of his limited and mutable camp his hand was against every man and every man’s against him. No civilization could ripen in the saddle of the Bedouin or under his restless tents. He neither plants nor builds. That which to-day were the incurable evil of society—that it be stationary—in the beginning was the one anchor of hope; that the human group should stay in one place long enough to catch the contagion of humanity. Property in the soil arose with property in man. All progress, all empire, all the law, and all the piety of the ancient time grew up around this centre. Competition, as a motive force, is about coeval with the impulses thrown into the great world scales by the voyage of Columbus. Voluntary co-operation has just begun. There was no permanent property until there was permanent force, nor continuous production until there was servitude. This was the inexorable necessity of civilized life. Prior to it man cannot be said to have even lived by bread. But by it man planted himself behind the stone wall on which has grown the moss of ages, and ceased himself to be the rolling stone which gathers no increase. He stood upon the ancient ways and boundaries and said to the predatory nomad without, “Thus far and no farther.”

HOW AGRICULTURE BECAME STABLE.

The stability of agriculture came for the first time when men could be fastened to the soil and forced to work it; when unanimity of labor had been acquired. The army of labor, like the army of battle, was first victorious when it poured its sinew and its fire from the iron energy of a single will. It was the slave-holder, and only the slave-holder who could take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt and store it against the years of famine. It was from agriculture that the city sprang, after which man was no longer dependent, like the wild beast, upon the lair of nature. The first great stride of progress which carried man to civilized permanence was borne upon the

back of slaves. However rude, however violent this origin, the substance of it was the protection by strength of weakness, which could not save itself, and the unconditional service of that weakness to its only saviour. Slavery meant salvation.

On this agricultural basis and organized social strength all ancient civilization was reared, and on this same organization modern Europe had been formed. For six thousand years slavery had been the customary law of the civilized world. Undoubtedly the elements existed of another structure of society, which may be considered to have been prophesied from the beginning by the very nature of a being organized to communicate, and still more certainly included in the realization of the era, which displaced Cæsar's tribute. This is the movement, much retarded, oft reversed, but inevitable, and on the whole invincible movement toward the reign of commerce. But the retirement and disappearance of the old supremacy has been a very slow retreat—inch by inch stubbornly contested. Not until the memory of men now living did the sceptre decisively pass from the agricultural dominion, and slavery was not doubtful until that sceptre began to waver. In 1713 the twelve judges of England, headed by Chief-Justice Holt, replied to the crown : "In pursuance of his Majesty's order in council, hereunto annexed, we do humbly certify your opinion to be that negroes are merchandise."

During the whole of the eighteenth century England reserved to herself by the treaty of Utrecht the monopoly of importing negroes to all the Spanish colonies—that is to say, to nearly all South America. The fact is noted by the annotator of Talleyrand's *Memoirs* that when the English colonies had a proportion of twenty blacks to one white it occurred to them to be indignant at the immorality of the traffic. The declaration that the slave-trade was repugnant to universal morals was signed by the European powers for the first time at the Congress of Vienna, and not then by Portugal or Spain.

SLAVERY FORCED UPON VIRGINIA.

But—such is the irony of fate!—there was one country of the world, and that a purely agricultural dominion, which in the eighteenth century opposed itself to slavery with all the power it could wield. That country was Virginia, the patriarch of the colonies. Slavery had been forced upon Virginia, and in the teeth of her remonstrance, by the arbitrary power of Great Britain. Twenty-

three statutes were passed by the House of Burgesses to prevent the importation of slaves, and all were negated by the British King. She was the first State not only to prohibit the slave-trade, but to make it punishable with death. In the midst of the Revolution, as early as October, 1778, her law went forth that thereafter no slave should be imported by sea or land into the jurisdiction of her Commonwealth. One of her first acts when she had shaken from her the power of the throne was to write that edict of emancipation for territory of her own which she ever denied it was in the power of any one to write for her. She wrote it for the territory which her enterprise and valor had wrested from the grasp of France. Whatever she might choose to do herself, it were hard to conceive a more arrogant claim than that the North could deprive her of an equal right in the territory of her own donation. Even in respect to this territory the agreement of Virginia was without any equivalent whatever, and the ordinary principle of *nudum pactum* might have been applied to it.

The treaty of independence with Great Britain in 1783 carefully stipulated that the British should not carry away "any negroes or *other property* of the American inhabitants," as afterwards the treaty of Ghent, in 1814, spoke of "slaves or other private property." At the former period certainly no authoritative expression of the thirteen colonies would have denied that there was property in man. It is true that in those States where negro labor was unfriended by the climate, and therefore unprofitable to the master, the slaves were few, and at the date of the Constitution had virtually worn out in Massachusetts. This influence of soil and climate following in the tow of the sutler and deeper force, now swiftly growing to man's estate—the rising force—one might say the rising world of commerce—these potent persuasions were already combining to force the issue between the former and the latter reign.

THE CONSTITUTION A DISTINCT BARGAIN.

The Constitution of the United States was therefore a distinct bargain between the North and the South for the security of slave property, for which a redundant consideration was received by the former in the control and regulation of commerce by a simple majority instead of a two-thirds vote. From Virginia came the chief opposition to the continuance of the slave-trade. That trade was continued for twenty years; not by the vote of the solid South,

but of a solid New England. "Twenty years," exclaimed Madison, "will produce all the mischief that can be apprehended from the liberty to import slaves;" and George Mason rebuked the melancholy choice of Mammon, for that "some of our eastern brethren had from a lust of gain engaged in this nefarious traffic." With a prophet's majesty he implored the South to reject the provision extorted as the price of this concession—the provision to pass commercial laws by simple majorities. "This," he said, "would be to deliver the South, bound hand and foot, to the eastern States, and enable them to say, in the words of Cromwell on a certain occasion, 'The Lord hath delivered them into our hands.'"

Public opinion had as yet experienced no violent displacement as to the merchantable quality of negroes; for the very States in which slavery itself had ceased, or was ceasing to exist, were those most actively engaged in the traffic in slaves.*

THE KING DENOUNCED BY JEFFERSON.

In the original draft of the Declaration, Jefferson had denounced the King for warring against human nature. "Determined to keep an open market, where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable traffic. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he has obtruded them." This denunciation was stricken out partly in deference to South Carolina and Georgia. "But," adds Jefferson, "our Northern, brethren also, I believe, felt a little tender under these censures; for, though their people had few slaves

* A dispatch from Hartford, Connecticut, to the *Boston Herald* says: Many of Connecticut's old-time Abolitionists have greeted Jason Brown, son of John Brown, the martyr of Harper's Ferry, who has been visiting here for two or three days past. * * In referring to the slavery question he gives this significant opinion: "I believe that slavery was a sectional evil, and that the people of the North were as much to blame for its long continuance as the people of the South. Why? Because the old slave States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, and Pennsylvania, when they found slavery no longer profitable, sold their slaves to other people of the South and pocketed the money. To be sure, a few liberated their slaves—noticeably, the Quakers."—*Baltimore Sun*, June 2, 1891.

themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others." The importation of slaves into the South was continued by Northern merchants and Northern ships until it was prohibited by the spontaneous action of the Southern States themselves, which preceded, or was contemporaneous with, the legislation of Congress in 1807. Antecedent to the adoption of the Constitution, South Carolina passed an act prohibiting, under severe penalties, the importation of negroes from Africa. In 1803 this act was repealed for the reason, assigned in Congress by Mr. Lowndes, that it was impossible, without aid from the general government, "to prevent our Eastern brethren from introducing them into the country." "Had we received," he said, "the necessary aid from Congress, the repeal would never, in my opinion, have taken place. * * I wish the time had arrived when Congress could legislate conclusively on the subject."

FAVORED AS LONG AS PROFITABLE.

I fail to find the evidence that property in man was an obnoxious doctrine at the North until property in man wholly ceased there to be lucrative. Small as the number of slaves necessarily was to the north of Maryland, in several of them slavery existed for more than fifty years after the adoption of the Constitution. Where the interest was so limited and the emancipation so gradual, no great shock to society could well occur, especially as in the bulk of cases the emancipator, with no qualms of conscious whatever, received the full value of his slaves from those who bought them. The historian Bancroft is authority for the statement that more slaves were emancipated by last will and testament in Virginia than were ever set free in Pennsylvania or Massachusetts. Moreover, emancipation in the North, when it came, was accompanied by no recognition of equality. Prior to 1861 no negro in Massachusetts had ever been a member of its Legislature, or served upon the jury, or in the militia, or been appointed to any office beyond one of menial grade. This was freedom, with the recognition and opportunity of freedom severely omitted—"the name of freedom graven on a heavier chain"—heavier because it was the expression of a more invincible barrier than that of law, and breathed a more superlative scorn. In the second volume of his *Commentaries*, Chancellor Kent thus describes the relation of the races: "The African race are essentially a degraded caste of inferior rank and condition in society. Marriages are forbidden

between them and the whites in some of the States, and when not absolutely contrary to law, they are revolting and regarded as an offence against public decorum. By the Revised Statutes of Illinois, published in 1829, marriages between whites and negroes or mulattoes are declared void, and the persons so married are liable to be whipped, fined, and imprisoned. By an old statute of Massachusetts, of 1705, such marriages were declared void, and are so still." [This summary was cited and corroborated by the Chief-Justice of Connecticut as late as 1834.] The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania decided in 1837 that a negro or mulatto was not entitled to exercise the right of suffrage. It was not until July 4, 1827, that New York was ranked among the free States, and when the Constitution of 1846 was adopted negro suffrage was negatived by a vote of four to one. As late, certainly, as the date of the Dred Scott decision the Constitution of New Jersey restricted the right of suffrage to all white persons. This course of legislation in the North illustrated the recognized discrepancy of the races. Statute did not confer it, and statute could not take it away. Slavery in the South rested upon the natural supremacy of the white race over the black, and the total and inevitable disqualification of the latter for an equal struggle with the former.

THOSE SUBJECTED NOT OUR EQUALS.

Slavery in the South, unlike Oriental bondage, Roman servitude, and feudal villainage, was not the subjection of equals, differing only in opportunity, but the subordination of one extreme of humanity to the other; of the most abject to the most enlightened. The real inequality of the races had made subordination prescriptive. No higher encomium could possibly be pronounced upon the practical beneficence of Southern institutions, than the one tacitly sanctioned by the last amendment—viz.: that they had been sufficient to educate the lowest of earth's savages to take his place among the highest of earth's freemen.

As population increases it becomes cheaper to hire labor than to buy or own it; or, borrowing the phrase of Carlyle, to hire for years rather than for life. The labor of slavery ceases to be worth the capital involved in its support. The coercion of authority is replaced by the coercion of want, and the obligation to protect by the liberty to oppress. Nothing could be truer or wiser than that which was said by John Randolph in the Senate of the United States: "The natu-

ral death of slavery is the unprofitableness of its most expensive labor.

* * The moment the labor of the slave ceases to be profitable to the master—or very soon after it has reached that stage—if the slave will not run away from the master the master will run away from the slave; and this is the history of the passage from slavery to freedom of the villainage of England.”

The reasons of geography and worldly gain, which created such divergence of destiny North and South, are given by Judge McLean in his dissenting opinion in the *Dred Scott* case. “Many of the States on the adoption of the Constitution, or shortly afterwards, took measures to abolish slavery within their respective jurisdictions, and it is a well-known fact that a belief was cherished by the leading men South, as well as North, that the institution of slavery would gradually decline until it would become extinct. The increased value of slave labor in the culture of cotton and sugar prevented the realization of their expectations. Like all other communities and States, the South were influenced by what they considered their own interests.” The peculiarity of the situation was that while the people of the South were acting “like all other communities and States,” they were abused and accused as though none other had ever been so wicked, and as though their abusers and accusers had ever lived void of offence before God and man. The accusers, who had so comfortably purged themselves of their own sins, suffered such a very brief interval to elapse, before arraying themselves in their white raiment for the excommunication of others who, it is true, had moved more slowly, but who had so very much more difficulty to overcome and expediency to resist.

THEY WERE SOLD TO US.

One cannot but recall that which is narrated of Zachary Macaulay, the father of Thomas Babington, who made a fortune in the slave trade, and when that was done joined the anti-slavery people, and secured some handsome appointments by attacking the aforesaid business. It was well said on the floor of the Virginia Legislature by John Thompson Brown in answer to English invective: “They sold us these slaves—they assumed a vendor’s responsibility—and it is not for them to question the validity of our title.” And it was equally relevant to say to some others: “Your position involves the right of a grantor to revoke a grant without the consent of the

grantee for value and the right of one party to a compact to retain the whole consideration moving to him while repudiating every other."

A scheme of gradual emancipation had been proposed by Jefferson as early as 1776 and the general scheme of it approved by the convention which framed Virginia's Constitution in that year, but no action was taken, because "the public mind would not bear it." "Nothing," wrote Jefferson, "is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free, nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government. Nature, habit, opinion, have drawn indelible lines of distinction between them." Here plainly was a difficult air for statesmanship to breathe, a problem which might well vex the noblest. By what bond, other than the one existing, could darkest Africa and free America, the antipodes in race as in geography, dwell side by side in useful co-operation? Whatever might be written in the book of fate, when its was equally legible that the two races, equally free, could not live in the same government, what was the solution? This, on a very different scale from anything which ever existed in the North, was the problem which confronted the South—springing from no choice or voice of her own, but against her choice and against her voice. In 1830 there were movements in Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland and Virginia for the gradual emancipation of their slaves, and in Virginia the movement had nearly succeeded. It was the aggression of the Abolitionists which arrested the movement in all these States.

THE PROBLEM AT THE NORTH.

Connecticut will serve to illustrate the simplicity of the problem encountered at the North. In 1784 a scheme of gradual emancipation was enacted for the slaves, some three thousand in number, then in the State. It was not until 1848 that the emancipation of this small number was completed. Down to 1848 by the law of the State slaves were chattels, which could be sold by legal process, and which were assets in the hands of an executor. Gradual as this emancipation was, the preamble to the act of 1784 declares that it was, as soon as it could be done "*consistent with the rights of individuals and the public safety.*" What "individual right," what "public safety" was ever cared for by the inimical commonwealths which banded with such zeal for the reproof and edification of the

South? Having no longer any sins of their own to repent of, there was nothing left for them to do but to repent day and night of the wickedness of the South. There were alleviations to this kind of repentance, which reduce its heroic dimensions. It was a vicarious transaction, which eluded altogether the crown of thorns for the angels of repentance, and plaited it exclusively for the brows of those whose sins they ransomed. They repented proudly. One might speculate, as to what might have been the effect upon their trivial task, had Canada possessed the power and disposition to play their part (with the unrestricted right to do so, which resided no longer in the North); had every wind from that further North borne the poisoned arrow of a hate which never slept. Is it the rule for men to be convinced by execration and imprecation? It were a severe tax upon credulity to be expected to believe that the benevolence which referred to slave-holders as "blood-hounds," and to their community as the "small-pox" seriously desired to convert the sinners so approached. If missionaries thus approach the heathen, their rate of progress is accounted for. This was not the frame of mind wherewith to convert opinion, but was the frame of mind wherewith to persecute opinion.

CLAY'S PLAINTIVE REPLY.

There is something almost plaintive in the reply of Henry Clay to Mr. Mendenhall. It was as meek as an imperious spirit knew how to be. "Without any knowledge of the relations in which I stand to my slaves or their individual condition, you, Mr. Mendenhall, and your associates, who have been active in getting up this petition, call upon me forthwith to liberate the whole of them. Now, let me tell you that some half dozen of them from age decrepitude, or infirmity are wholly unable to gain a livelihood for themselves and are a heavy charge upon me. Do you think that I should conform to the dictates of humanity by ridding myself of that charge and sending them forth into the world with the boon of liberty to end a wretched existence in starvation? * * I own about fifty who are probably worth \$15,000. To turn them loose upon society without any means of subsistence or support would be an act of cruelty. Are you willing to raise and secure the payment of \$15,000 for their benefit if I should be induced to free them? The security of that sum would materially lessen the obstacle in the way of their emancipation."

But even when such security was provided by the slave-holder himself the way was far from smooth. One instance occurs to me with which was associated a revered relative of my own—John Randolph; and I can never mention the name of this transcendent flame of genius without recalling the incalculable debt which Virginia owes to his singleness of heart and purity of service. John Randolph, by a will executed in the presence of Mark Alexander and Nathaniel Macon, had made Judge William Leigh, the residuary devisee and legatee of his valuable estate, subject to certain specific legacies and provisions. The most important of these provisions was that of the means to enable the executor of the will to transport the slaves of the estate (set free by a previous clause) and settle them in some other State or territory. He appointed Judge Leigh his executor. The will was contested on the ground of the mental unsoundness of the testator. Judge Leigh, well aware that the emancipation of these slaves had been the undeviating purpose of Randolph's life, relinquished his absorbing interest under the will that he might become a witness in support of it and so at least accomplish the particular intent to which I have referred. To this extent the will was, in effect, sustained, and Judge Leigh was appointed commissioner to transport and settle the negroes as provided therein. The State selected for the settlement was Ohio; but when the commissioner landed, his first interview was with a mob formed to resist and repel the negro settlement. The clearest glimpse of the State of feeling is derived from the newspapers of the time.

NEWSPAPERS ON THE SITUATION.

[From the *National Intelligencer*, July 15, 1846.]

“The Cincinnati (Ohio) *Chronicle* of the 9th instant says that the emancipated slaves of John Randolph, who recently passed up the Miami Canal to their settlement in Mercer county, Ohio, met with a warm reception at Bremen. The citizens of Mercer county turned out *en masse* and called a meeting, or rather formed themselves into one immediately, and passed resolutions to the effect that said slaves should leave in twenty-four hours, which they did, in other boats than the ones which conveyed them there. They came back some twenty three miles, at which place they encamped, not knowing what to do.”

[From the *National Intelligencer*, July 24, 1846.]

"The Sidney (Ohio) *Aurora* of the 11th says these negroes (the Randolph negroes) remain on Colonel Johnson's farm, near Piqua. That paper condemns in decided terms the conduct of the citizens in Mercer in the late outbreak, and insists that they should have made their objections known before the land was purchased, and not waited until they had drawn the last cent they would expect out of the blacks (some \$32,000), and then raised an armed force and refuse to let them take possession of their property, as they have done. We look upon the whole proceeding as outrageous in the extreme, and the participants should be severely punished. What makes the thing worse is the fact that a number of those who were fiercest in their opposition to the blacks, and loudest in their threats to shoot, &c., were the very persons who sold them land, received wages for constructing the buildings, and actually pocketed a large amount of money for provisions not two weeks before the arrival of the poor creatures whom they have so unjustly treated."

THE RANDOLPH NEGROES.

[*National Intelligencer*, August 10, 1846.]

"The last Piqua (Ohio) *Register* says: 'These unfortunate creatures have again been driven from lands selected for them. As we noticed last week an effort, which it was thought would be successful, was made to settle them in Shelby county, but, like the previous attempt in Mercer, it has failed. They were driven away by threats of violence. About one-third of them, we understand, remained at Sidney, intending to scatter and find homes wherever they can. The rest of them came down here to-day, and are now at the wharf in boats. The present intention is to leave them wherever place can be found for them. We presume, therefore, they will remain in the State, as it is probable they will find situations for the whole of them between this and Cincinnati.' "

[*National Intelligencer*, August 15, 1846.]

"It is said that these unfortunate creatures have been again driven away by threats of violence from the lands which had been secured for them in Ohio, and that Judge Leigh, despairing of being able to colonize them in a free State, has concluded to send them to Liberia."

THE RESPONSE WAS VIOLENCE AND SCORN.

The negroes were finally allowed to occupy the land for which they had paid, but what a very invigorating sympathy did these two emancipators excite in this free State! Here was one Virginian who had emancipated by will numerous slaves, and here was another who had relinquished a large estate to secure the fulfillment of this part of the will. The response to them from the North was mob violence and contumelious scorn. What was a poor belated Virginian to do? If his slaves went North with his consent, stones and curses were good enough for them; they were only welcome when they went without it. In effect it was said, "Your negroes are intolerable to us; we are not willing to accept the companionship of a very small number, even on the terms of no cost to ourselves and all their expenses paid; but we will not cease to weary you with our importunity to set free and provide for your millions," and to do it, as Mr. Mendenhall said, "forthwith." Crusaders are not unapt to be a trifle derelict in magnetism when their solicitude is to convert everyone except themselves.

That which the North demanded of the South, as their expository supplement has shown, involved the admission of the improvised freedman to all those privileges which in the land of the crusaders had been so curiously overlooked, including that which at the North could not possibly exist—the power at the polls to exchange the barbarism of Africa for the civilization of the United States. Mr. Freeman, in his "Impressions of the United States," with the judicial calm which tempers all his writings,* has stated the problem as it was and is presented to the South. "There is, I allow difficulty and danger in the position of a class enjoying civil but not political rights, placed under the protection of the law, but having no share in making the law or in choosing its makers. But surely there is still greater difficulty and danger, in the existence of a class of citizens who at the polling-booth are equal to other citizens, but who are not their equals anywhere else. We are told that education has done and is doing much for the once-enslaved race. But education cannot wipe out the eternal distinction that has been drawn by the hand

*"Professor Freeman's sympathies were strongly marked, but they never caused him to swerve from truth, and they rarely caused him to swerve from justice."—*New York Nation*, April 14, 1892.

of nature. No teaching can turn a black man into a white one. The question which in days of controversy the North heard with such wrath from the mouth of the South, 'Would you like your daughter to marry a nigger?' lies at the root of the matter.* Where the closest of human connections is in any lawful form looked on as impossible there is no real fellowship. The artificial tie of citizenship is in such cases a mockery."

WHAT EMANCIPATION MEANT.

The sequel has shown that the emancipation which descended from the North meant a reconstruction of society, which could only be made effective by force. It carried in its wake the expulsion of a State legislature from its proper hall by the bayonets of the United States. It meant—the emancipators themselves being judge—that government of force which is indispensable when nature is superseded. It meant that which for eight years we had—a government of the bayonet, by the bayonet, and for the bayonet. One who has gained his title to popular applause by meriting the title of "Czar," very lately renewed his adhesion to this peculiar type of popular government. "They said," he exclaimed, "we could not coerce a State. We coerced eleven. I wish our Republicans had more courage, and we should coerce them until liberty prevails all over this land." In one sense the speech is logical. It is the reasoning of logicians who, "false to freedom, sought to quell the free." Only by force bills is the argument of the South refuted. And yet it is a droll idea of liberty which seeks to instill its blessings at the point of the sword. The distinction between freedom and despotism grows so alarmingly indistinct. No better proof could be given of the extent to which the movement, vainly resisted by the South, has revolutionized free institutions, than that such a compulsory freedom should have been the serious thought and purposed order of the day. "What is all the noise in the street?" said a gentleman in conscription time in New York. "Oh, nothing, sir," said Pat, "they are only forcing a man to turn volunteer." Such would be the comedy of the new logic if its serious adoption does not turn it into tragedy.

*For years the repetition of this question has been the standing gibe whereby the missionaries of a higher culture have exposed the illogical and slightly barbarian mental attitude of the South. But to this enlightened scholar the question seems to have several signs of hereditary intelligence.

Nevertheless in the same year in which Virginia emancipation was receiving such cold comfort in Ohio, on all other questions—financial, economic, and constructive—the mind of Thomas Jefferson had become the governing mind of the country. The principle of “justice to all and special privileges to none” became in this year the unmistakable choice of the States and of the people, and was dethroned only by the civil war. The tariff of this year had restored the revenue standard, which four years earlier had been displaced. It was soon made manifest that this tariff could only be criticised as being too high, and that the welfare of the country called for still further reduction, which in 1857 was ended.

MASSACHUSETTS WITH VIRGINIA.

Upon this, the only important financial issue of the time, Massachusetts was seen side by side with Virginia—the State of the Adamses with the State of Jefferson. The country was thriving, and the one problem was to guide the natural flow of prosperity within natural bounds. The type of government which bases its appeal for support upon governmental aids to special interests, and alliance, if not partnership with them; upon bounties to favored classes and the influence purchased by such favor; had received a complete, and, had it not been for the passions of the anti-slavery agitation, there is every reason to believe a final defeat. From the time of the decisive overthrow of this class legislation in 1846, and because of such overthrow the country had prospered.*

No party appeared in any force from 1846 to 1860 to dispute the salutary tendency of this legislation. It was “a condition and not a theory,” which was thus impregnable. The just reward of the general industry did not stagger under burdens imposed for the creation of excessive dividends to a few. On every legitimate subject of debate the State’s-rights administration of affair had extorted the acquiescence if not the welcome of traditional foes. Government was honestly administered and not honeycombed by the corruption which is to-day referred to as the necessity of politics. There was

* “Take the decade from 1870 to 1880, our increase in general prosperity under Republican high tariff was about twenty per cent., while during the decade from 1850 to 1860, under the Democratic revenue tariff, our general prosperity increased nearly one hundred per cent.”—*Speech of Hon. H. G. Davis, of West Virginia.*

prosperity without bounties; trade without subsidies; a character which could stand alone, and implore no staff for either infancy or old age. The winds of onward movement filled every sail. The gallant masts did not bend as the goodly timbers sped forward with the goodly freight.

ONLY ALASKA EXCEPTED

Alaska alone excepted (and in some sense this, too, is no exception) all the additions to Federal territory have been made under Southern administrations; and now, as the result of the war with Mexico, there was another not inferior to that of 1803, but which was, nevertheless, in the language of the South's great statesman, "the forbidden fruit." At the time of the Missouri compromise the prophetic mind of this New World had read the result of that much-vaunted business in the foundations on which it rested. The notes of alarm fell upon his ear like a "fire-bell in the night," and with a patriot's fire he translated to his countrymen the significance of those feet, "part of iron and part of clay." "The leaders of Federalism, defeated in their schemes of obtaining power by rallying partisans to the principles of monarchism—a principle of personal, not of local division—have changed their tack, and thrown out another barrel to the whale. They are taking advantage of the virtuous feeling of the people to effect a division of parties by a geographical line; they expect this will insure them on local principles the majority they could never obtain on principles of Federalism. * * Are our slaves to be presented with freedom and a dagger?" This was what Jefferson termed "treason against human hope." Never was truer sentence written than one which has been often, but cannot be too often, quoted: "A geographical line, coinciding with a marked principle, moral and political, once conceived and held up to the angry passions of men will never be obliterated, and every new irritation will mark it deeper and deeper."

KEPT BY THE SOUTH.

But never was the power of persistent misstatement so signally exhibited as in the accepted belief that this compromise, reluctantly assented to by the South as one in derogation of her rights, was by the South broken and by the North kept. The opposition to the compromise came invariably from the North, whenever the South was the beneficiary of it. It was the South which proposed the

extension of the line to the Pacific and the North which rejected it. The settlement of 1820 had been already dishonored by denial, and by denial from the North, when, in 1850, it was ignored and annulled on both sides of the line. This was the exceeding wickedness of the South—to think that the name should correspond with the reality; to think that when the reality had ceased to exist the utility of the name was not excessive; that when the practical operation of the compromise had been repudiated by the North, with every expression of scorn and contempt, the dead letter need cumber the statute-book no longer. And, after all, what was the practical effect of such a settlement, as derived from actual experience? It had been witnessed in the case of New Mexico (the most important of the Territories), which had been organized for more than ten years, which was open to slavery by the settlement of 1850, whose climate was suitable, which adjoined Texas. It had an area of two million square miles, and at the end of ten years there were upon its soil only twenty-two slaves, and of these only ten were domiciled. Did it injure the negro? Did it augment slavery?

JEFFERSON THE AUTHOR OF FREEDOM.

If there was one man who more than any other was the author of freedom in this Western Hemisphere, that man was Thomas Jefferson. He was not seeking to augment or prolong slavery when he wrote to Mr. Holmes, of Massachusetts, who agreed with him: "Of one thing I am certain, that as the passage of slaves from one State to another would not make a slave of a single human being who would not be so without it, so their diffusion over a greater surface would make them individually happier and proportionately facilitate the accomplishment of their emancipation by dividing the burthen on a greater number of coadjutors."

This was the great iniquity which caused the whole western reserve of Ohio in a single day to turn from the Whig to Republican.*

*On January 12, 1838, the principle of the Kansas-Nebraska act had been made a test question by the final resolution of the series, which on that day passed the Senate by a vote of nearly four to one. On the following day resolutions covering the same ground as to the Territories passed the House by large majorities. The question involved in the Kansas-Nebraska act had been established, as far as the nearly unanimous agreement of both Houses could establish it, sixteen years earlier without creating any excitement whatever. It had received the *imprimatur* of the States and of the people.

It was not the South which arrayed itself against the only sovereignty known to this country—the sovereignty of law. The constitutional position of the South received the sanction of the only umpire known to the Constitution. The final sanction, known as the Dred Scott decision, was the inevitable sequel to prior adjudications, and could have been no other than it was; and those prior adjudications, like the votes of the two Houses in 1838, had been too reasonable to awaken agitation or serious comment. The adjudication was that the Territories secured to the States by the common blood and treasure (and, it might have been added, more largely secured by the blood and treasure of the South, if the donations to the general government be considered)—that these Territories were secured equally to all the States, and not unequally to any, and that it was to deprive the citizen of his property without due process of law—to take his slave from him merely because the latter was found in the common territory of the United States. The adjudication was that the Federal Union rested on the basis of Federal equality.

At least the school of construction, which proclaimed the judgment of this tribunal to be the ultimate reason, when it was planted on the side of the Bank of the United States, should have been estopped to denounce their own canonized authority.

WANTED THE SLAVE LAW NULLIFIED.

Fourteen Northern States passed laws to practically nullify the fugitive slave law, but in doing so they not only violated the compromise and the compact of the Constitution, but the law as their own courts expounded it. The highest courts of these States (including that of Massachusetts, speaking through Chief-Justice Shaw), whenever the occasion arose to pass upon this law, uniformly supported it. The Supreme Court of Wisconsin did give a hasty opinion against it, but quickly retracted it. The lawless legislation was not South, but North, as tried by the exclusive jurisprudence of the latter. Never were people more completely covered by all the planopy of law—even the law of vindictive Commonwealths—than the people of the South.

It was in this state of the law of the land, as expounded by the highest Federal tribunal, that a party arose which sought no suffrage, offered no candidates, and excluded recognition in all that portion of the country which is called the South. It was a declara

tion of war against fifteen of the States of the Union and against the Federal compact upon which they stood. It was an appeal to one portion of the country, and that the most powerful portion, to know no rest until they had destroyed the other. It had no other reason of existence than to slit the North from the South by one clean cut, and then to mass the former against the latter. It had one memorable predecessor in the convention of Northern States (from which every Southern State was excluded), which met at Harrisburg in 1828 to frame the tariff known to history as "The Bill of Abominations." The "abominations" of that bill had been driven from the field in demoralized route and disorder. By their own intrinsic force they could make no further stand. Only on the back of this new agitation could they again ride into power. The States which could no longer be banded under the invocation of an imaginary interest were at last and permanently banded under the banner of a real enmity.* This opinion may be reinforced by that of a cool, dispassionate, Free-Soil Democrat—the ablest Northern statesman of his time and surpassed by none of any time. It was the opinion of Samuel J. Tilden that if the Republican party should be successful the Federal government in the Southern States "would cease to be self-government, and would become a government by one people over another distinct people—a thing impossible with our race except as a consequence of successful war, and even then incompatible with our democratic institutions."†

This was what the statesmen of the South foresaw and looked courageously in the face. The success of the party ranged against them meant the government of the South by the North and for the North—the relation of victor and victim. Lincoln was the representative of opinions and interests confined to one-half of the country and pledged to an irrepressible conflict with the other. The tariff which sprang from the first throes of the convulsion gave audible warning, that one of the spoils which belonged to the victor was the taxing power of the government, to be used to throw the

* "The republican party is a conspiracy under the forms, but in violation of the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, to exclude the citizens of the slave-holding States from all share in the government of the country, and to compel them to adapt their institutions to the opinions of the free States."—*Speech of Judge William Duer at Oswego, August 6, 1860.*

† Article of James C. Carter, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1882.

substance of one-half of the States into the lap of the other ; the supplies of the South to be intercepted by the receipt of customs, which would divert the profits of her industry into the pocket of the North.

VIRGINIA CAME FORWARD.

Nevertheless, when every right of property and every right of government was at stake, Virginia took counsel, not of her fears, but of her patriotic love for the Union, which she had done so much to enlarge; for which she had stripped herself of the whole northwest territory. She had given not principalities, but empires to the general government. What those who now condemned her had sacrificed for the Union was far less legible. Her voice was raised for peace. She pointed out that every practical issue which could possibly arise on the slavery question had been settled by the inexorable logic of events; that Kansas had already prohibited slaves, and it might be added negroes; that no territory north of Kansas could possibly be expected to do otherwise, but to allay apprehension she reiterated the proffer of the South to stipulate against admission on such terms. The relation to this subject of the territory south of Kansas was fixed by the compromise of 1850, and it was not the South which desired to disturb it. Virginia said to the North: "The only thing left open to possible agitation the South will stipulate in your favor."

The North claimed all the territories for their citizens and their institutions. The South was content to ask no more than the right of ingress into a part or one-half of the territories for her citizens and their property. The South said: "You blame us for effacing from the statute-book the dead letter of the Missouri compromise. Very well, then; we will restore that letter in form which you have so invariably repudiated in fact. Lawless as we deem it, for the sake of the Union we will seek to make it lawful by consent;" and the offer was disdained. The answer to the Peace-Conference was the fleet of war despatched to Charleston; the proclamation of the 15th of April, 1851, the transfer of the construction of the Constitution from the bench to the bayonet; the silence of the laws by the arms of the United States. Not until the compact of the Constitution was shattered beyond the reach of surgery by the summons of the North to armed war against the South did Virginia declare that an order of things "outside the Constitution" was no compact for her.

TO OVERTHROW EVERY SOUTHERN COMMONWEALTH.

That union of the purse and the sword which was the theme of such impassioned declamation at the North, when the object was to divide the South against Andrew Jackson, was welcomed with avidity, when the object was not the protection of a bank, but only the overthrow of every Commonwealth of the South. It was elsewhere than in Virginia that the value of the Union had heretofore been computed.

It was with the secession of New England that Hamilton threatened Jefferson, unless the debts of the States were assumed by the general government. The purchase and admission of Louisiana were held to justify the secession of New England, and for the very reason that the admission of any new State into the Union altered the Federal compact to which the Commonwealths of New England had acceded, by altering their relative weight therein. The embargo, the non-intercourse act, and the hostilities with Great Britain were deemed justifiable grounds for a dissolution of the Union; and the "Hartford Nation," which assembled in Congress to draw the necessary papers, was only restrained by that glory of New Orleans, which was a victory over New England quite as much as over Old England. The annexation of Texas was considered a ground for separation of the States, and for reasons which were once more based on the federative character of the Union, and the alteration of the relative importance of its members. On the 1st of February, 1850, Mr. Hale offered in the Senate a petition and resolutions asking that body to devise "without delay some plan for the immediate, peaceful dissolution of the American Union." And Chase and Seward voted for its reception. It was New England who taught us the memorable words, "amicably if we can. violently if we must."*

* "There is a great rule of human conduct which he who honestly observes cannot err widely from the path of his sought duty. It is to be very scrupulous concerning the principles you select as the test of your rights and obligations; to be very faithful in noticing the result of their application; to be very fearless in tracing and exposing their immediate effects and distant consequences. Under the sanction of this rule of conduct I am compelled to declare it as my deliberate opinion that if this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligations, and that as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some to prepare definitely for a separation—amicably if they

And what were the invasions which she could not stand without the threat and preparation of disunion? The measures which doubled the continent of free government and gave the Mississippi to us to be our inland sea and Mediterranean of commerce. And Virginia! When for the first time did she recoil with just and natural horror from the fate which was prepared for her? Not until she had no other alternative than to make good her right to free government out of the Union, or to submit to "freedom and a dagger" in it. Like the desert-bird who "unlocks her own breast" to satisfy her offspring, Virginia had partitioned and repartitioned her own territory to feed the Union—and this was her reward! That enemies and accusers who had counted so critically the profit of the Union, who at every step of its progress had weighed so nicely its commercial value, who had shouted so loudly that unless it was a Union which was profitable, it was no Union for them; that they who had been preaching and practicing disunion ever since there had been a Union; that they should have been the executioners of the State which had served it best and loved it most, was the curious revenge of time.

HAS NOT PLEAD LIKE A CULPRIT.

Virginia then took her stand against the prostration of every guaranty of the Federal compact and the complete overthrow of the terms upon which alone she had acceded to it. That she honestly thought this her enemies concede; that she justly thought, and, so far as the argument of reason is concerned, incontrovertibly thought, it, history will finally determine. The South has not to plead like a culprit before the world. It was the name and not the truth of freedom which was victorious against us. I await with confidence the final verdict, because of an abiding faith that every appearance is to reality as the gourd to the oak.

Virginia stood for the liberation of trade, for free association with the world. Far better than all anti-slavery agitation was this agency

can, violently if they must. * * * * Have the three branches of this government a right at will to weaken and outweigh the influence respectively secured to each State in this compact by introducing at pleasure new partners, situate beyond the old limits of the United States? * * * The proportion of the political weight of each sovereign State constituting this Union depends upon the number of States which have a voice under the compact."—*Speech of Josiah Quincy, January 14, 1811, on the Bill for the Admission of Louisiana.*

to unbind the fetters of mankind. She took her stand against the blind egotism of the narrow self-sufficiency which would isolate each community from every other and tear asunder all the bands of sympathy wherewith nature joins the populations of the earth; wherewith and whereby nature fortifies that mind of man which is never strong by its single strength. I will not confine this idea by my own poor words, but give it rather in the words of New England, speaking through the lips of the purest champion of her cause—one might say its conscience: "Free trade!" exclaimed Dr. Channing; "this is the plain duty and plain interest of the human race. To level all barriers to free exchange; to cut up the system of restriction, root and branch; to open every court on earth to every province—this is the office of enlightened humanity. To this a free nation should especially pledge itself. Freedom of the seas; freedom of harbors; and intercourse of nations free as the winds—this is not a dream of philanthropists. We are tending towards it, and let us hasten it. Under a wiser and more Christian civilization we shall look back on our present restrictions as we do on the swaddling bands by which in darker times the human body was compressed. The growing freedom of trade is another and glorious illustration of the tendency of our age to universality."

STOOD FOR THE FEDERAL UNION.

Virginia stood for the Federal Union; a union, as the name imports, which is created by treaty and reposes on the terms of that treaty. An involuntary Federal Union—a Federal Union extorted by force is a solecism. Every government, it is said, should contain within itself the means of its own preservation. Therefore, a Federal Union should contain the means of preserving the only basis of federation, the rights of the component States. A Federal Union which could readily be turned into a consolidation would be provided with the means of its own destruction.* A Union, by naming itself Federal, expresses its ligament to be, not coercion, but convention. A Federal Union is the first and noblest agency of that growing force of which, not

*"A union of the States containing such an ingredient seemed to provide for its own destruction. The use of force against a State would look more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment, and would probably be considered by the party attacked as a dissolution of all previous compacts by which it might be bound."—*Madison*.

universal subjection, but universal emancipation is the dream. The great transition of the latter centuries is the transition from the feudal to the Federal age, and from force to compact—that is, from force to freedom, which is the free dominion of the law—the coercion of ideas instead of the coercion of arms. To convince is to conquer. The flower of hope, which springs eternally, is the hope to change the law of power into the power of law; and in this strife of opposites the first-born son of mediation is Federal Union; the union of choice and affinity in place of constraint; the union of force in place of the union by force. As the tie is willing it is real; as it is real it is strong. It is through federation, not through centralization, that the true synthesis of the people comes.

A FEDERATION OF THE WORLD.

If the day ever comes “when the war-drum shall throb no longer” it will be ushered in, not by the empire, not by the imperial consolidation, but by “the federation of the world.” The mighty import of this heaving and throbbing time is that by its constitutions, rearrangements and resources, by the grace of its swift light and ready movement, for man’s coerced and driven obedience, there may now be inaugurated his spontaneous energies in willing union. It was for the exalted idea of self-governed freedom, which Virginia had been foremost to proclaim, that she now took up arms and suffered martyrdom.

But if a hostile criticism urge, “Your own involuntary servitude at home was at war with all this fine preachment of willing union,” the answer is:

1. It was the condition with which you deliberately made your bargain and received your redundant consideration, which was and still is redundantly retained.

2. The institution of slavery was fastened upon us by others, and very largely by those who seized it as a pretext for war against us. It is not for them to revile us for not solving in a day the tremendous problem which, on a scale so diminutive, consumed more than half a century of their own time. Slavery was the flail in their hand wherewith to beat down freedom. It was constitutional government and the rights of the States; it was the reality of a Federal Union, which they sought “to put in course of ultimate extinction.”

They were guilty of what Jefferson called “treason against human hope.” Slavery was our mode of dealing with a problem, for whose

presence in our midst our accusers in old England and New England were responsible.

3. Had emancipation been the only thing desired, the economic reasons which had been so successful at the North would not have been wholly idle at the South. The forces which put an end to slavery in Russia and Brazil were not obliged to lose their cunning elsewhere—those irresistible forces of the brain of commerce, out of whose ceaseless throb is nurtured the opinion, which rules at last the world and all the brave empire thereof. By the side of this Titan the Abolitionist was a puny arm which could only misdirect the mightier one and make it mischevius—"dashing with his oar to hasten the cataract, waving with his fan to give speed to the winds." Our accusers dealt with their own problem at their own convenience. What right had they to force us to do otherwise? *

Undoubtedly we were not prepared to exchange the freedom of the white race for the slavery of the black. Undoubtedly we were not prepared for an emancipation which meant the enthronement of the negro.

4. Never was there a great trust so nobly fulfilled as that incurred by the South for the institution of slavery, imposed upon her from the same magnanimous source whence her crucifixion for it also proceeded. If any labor in any land ever more convincingly proclaimed that it was subject to a more enlightened supremacy than force I do not recall it. For four years of war all force was withdrawn from the negro, but his affection, his obedience and his fidelity did not withdraw. A beneficial subordination and no other could have stood this test.

EMBLEMATIC OF THIS CAUSE.

Of this cause the statute this day unveiled is emblematic; and if I have left myself but little time to tell the story of valor, of which it is also an emblem, it is because that story is beyond the reach of

* "There exists a disposition to escape from our own proper duties to undertake the duties of somebody or anybody else. There exists a disposition not to do as our good old catechism teaches us to do—to fulfill our duty in that station to which it has pleased God to call us. No, sir, it is obsolete and worm-eaten. We must insist upon going to take upon ourselves the situation and office of some one else to which it has not pleased God to call us—of the Hindoos and the Otaheitan; of anybody or anything but our own proper business and families."—*Speech of John Randolph in United States Senate.*

controversy. On the 9th of November, 1859, the Howitzer company was organized. It saw service for the first time in the John Brown raid—the real beginning of the war. It seemed then to George Wythe Randolph, the first captain of this glowing strength, that if his mighty ancestor could speak once more from his lofty eminence, he would shout, “to arms!” For the practical interpretation of the Constitution and the Federal Union which it organized, had come to this: That a peaceful village south of the Potomac might be invaded at midnight for the purpose of midnight murder, and the invader be made by legal execution not a murderer but a martyr, so that the bells of Northern churches tolled his requiem as he expired, and in the words of one of his eulogists, “the gallows was made as sacred as the cross.” The John Brown raid was the vivid revelation of a spirit which left no alternative between a battle for the compact of the Constitution or its unconditional surrender.

The Richmond Howitzers did not organize to surrender without a blow the heritage of their fathers, and at the tap of the drum the company grew to a battalion. Like Gonsalvo when he pointed to Naples, they preferred to die one foot forward than to secure long life by one foot of retreat. We hear much of “the land of the free and the home of the brave,” but the two are one. It is only a “home of the brave” which can be a “land of the free.” Only so long as men are brave in the assertion of their rights are they free in the possession of them. The rights which we have now we owe to the fact that we once stood, not languidly, but with clear determination for them—to the respect which is compelled by the courage of conviction.

THE HOWITZER CHAPTER.

It is the Howitzer chapter of this history that we are here to celebrate to-day. Wonderful must it have been to any soldier of the “Old World” to witness the daily picture in that Howitzer camp—officers and men seated around the common camp-fire, as though the difference of rank were nominal and temporal only, and the only real and eternal thing the cause which joined their hearts and hands. It was the picture of what Jefferson called the Roman principle, which esteems it honorable for the general of yesterday to act as a corporal to-day. Every man was a brigadier around the camp-fire, and every man was subject to a discipline of honor more unsparing than the laws of war to every real dereliction. And how absolutely did those

command, just because they never spared themselves! To be first in rank was to be first in danger and side by side in every hardship.

It was on the extreme right at Fredericksburg when Stuart and Pelham, from the force of habit, were leading artillery in what fairly seemed a cavalry charge, that the gallant Utz was torn from his horse and from his life by the shell to which he opposed his invincible breast. This day is his memorial service. And how tenderly, when the pitiless rain had ceased, we bent over the still form of Randolph Fairfax—the offering of our grand old ally in every fight, the Rockbridge artillery—how tenderly we bent over that marble sleep and gazed for the last time on the fair, bright brow of the beautiful boy. How we watched through all that winter, while one, not of the Howitzers, but in authority over us, was sinking, and the very light of learning itself seemed to flicker in the socket as the life of Lewis Coleman put on its spiritual body. It was in the first clench of that long death grip which lasted from the Wilderness to Appomattox that as John Thompson Brown rode to the front of his batteries to secure an advance position, a bullet from the brown brush which hid the enemy's sharpshooters laid him in the dust. The beat of one of the warmest hearts, making a man's breast like a woman's, there ceased, and the bright outlook of a life all aflame with generous and manly hopes had fallen quenched. The sword presented to him by those Howitzers who, under his orders, had fired the first, and over his memory did afterwards fire the last shot in the war, clung to him as he fell. He fell with a harness of honor on him, worthy his father's son.

A FACE WITH A LASTING BRIGHTNESS.

If I wanted a picture of the intrepid calm which knows how to face unmoved a crashing world, there could be found no truer face for it than that of David Watson—a countenance which only seemed to light up in the rage of battle, but which kindled with a lasting brightness in the bloody angle at Spotsylvania Courthouse. And if I sought as a companion piece that bright, joyous valor which meets danger, not as simple duty, but clasps her as bride, whose descent into danger is like the sea-bird's toss upon the waves, I would draw it from Ned McCarthy, down to the hour when his bright day sank with the setting sun, in the fires of Cold Harbor. Peer of any whom I have named, firm with the firmest, cool with the coolest, brave with the bravest, patient, heroic, and magnanimous was Henry Jones.

These were men worthy of renown in any field. Their courage knew no danger. On the restless front of battle they were stars. I count it my greatest pride to have been their humblest follower.

And of that following what shall I say? I will say that I count it the best of all academics, the noblest university. No craven graduates in the firm tuition of God's discipline. The lesson of courage in daily jeopardy; of patience under privation and strain; the pursuit of high aims in disdain of earthly menace or disaster was taught to me, I trust not all in vain, by the Howitzer battalion. The heart to scorn death—nay, the heart to scorn self, the surrender of all for duty—was preached by their detachments from Bethel to Appomattox and from Manassas to Manassas—and then at the last, the highest, the bravest of all courage, the courage which shrinks not from defeat.

NO SILK-AND-SATIN WARRIORS.

They were no warriors of the silk-and-satin kind, who joined their throat of thunder to the grand tones of that epic of wrath. Seasoned veterans, with the faces of boyhood, stood behind the ordnance, which had been drawn from Yorktown to the Chickahominy, and which rang from Gettysburg to Petersburg. Never once were the cannoneers driven from the guns which had been captured for them from the enemy. The strength of conflict was in their sinews, the strength of conviction in their hearts. They moved in obedience to a principle which ruled the whole heart, and wielded the whole strength. They were made by pressure and fire as a diamond is made. As they faced storm after storm they added cubits to their stature. Far beyond all material triumph in building the character of a people is the struggle for that "baptism" which we name "the answer of a good conscience." From this source only comes the fortitude for that unshaken struggle with life's reverses which counts for more than all the exploits of romance. None really, none lastingly conquer who trim their sails or their souls for every breeze and have no permanent chart. "All that pass from this world," said John Foster, "must present themselves as from battle, or be denied to mingle in the eternal joys and triumphs of the conquerors."

BATTLES OF SPIRITUAL VICTORY.

I witnessed that wonderful sight as tried by all the past, four years of battles, which stand forth as scenes of a transfiguration; wherein as the war strain grew more tense, the warrior grew more noble—

battles which were images of spiritual growth and spiritual victory, wherein each in turn registered one more ascendancy of man's higher nature, wherein his ignobility was trampled by his nobility under foot, so that as rank by rank mortality was thinned the ranks of the immortals were recruited. For here soldiers presented themselves like disciples as a living sacrifice on the altar of all they revered. On God's great altar their lives were laid. Their battles were the litanies of heroes. Their valor was consecrated not under fame, but under duty. Their welcome to the foe as day by day he gained on them in numbers, but not renown, stands out for me as the most illustrious portrait of man's spiritual wrestle, wherein he greets a world in arms against him as his appointed angel, the true arena to which his sponsors in baptism devoted him. They steadily ascended on their ladder of pain. It was like the struggle of a strong will in a weak body. As in Angelo's figure, the soul grew as the body wasted. When the only way in which the victorious cause could commend itself to the "consent of the governed" was to "wear out by attrition" all who failed to perceive its beauty; when such a warfare "did like pestilence maintain its hold and wasted down by glorious death that race of natural heroes."

OBEDIENT TO THEIR CAPTAIN.

Our little band shared with their brothers the desolating tempest until it was their glory to stand with the 7,000 of Appomattox. Obedient to their great captain to the last, at his word, and only at his word, did they surrender. They wept as they dismounted their guns. It was still the courage which is loth to yield. When all was lost save honor their roll remained the roll of honor. The surrender of themselves to their great captain and his cause had been their great surrender which swallowed up all other. Of such is the kingdom which is victorious over defeat. It is the panoply which no defeat can pierce. The great souls of sacrifice, wherein civilization hath its root and whereof is its true branch—they truly have their symbol in that bush burning in the desert, ever self-consuming and ever unconsumed. Rightly we make the supreme effort of that war our measure. For if our mind was evil the blows we struck would have betrayed all its evil counsel; and as sheep know their shepherd, so do virtuous actions troop around a virtuous cause. If the heart of the South was the black and barbarous thing her enemies have painted a spear of fire should have discovered a shape so foul. That

heart has been tried in the fire; it has passed through the fire. I would not be guilty, and believe I am not guilty of irreverence when I say that in the midst of the fiery ordeal into which that heart was thrown there was one walking by it in the flames, whose form was as the Son of God. To adhere to success is easy. Constancy under an adverse star is the rare and holy virtue. The standard of steadfast honor has been borne aloft by men, who knew there was for them no other reward than the self-respect which only such fidelity can purchase. The heroic temper of that heart and the army it supplied, in victory and defeat, is a parable of the constancy of the human mind, which does us more good to-day than all our oppressions have done us harm.

THE EMBODIMENT OF THE STORY.

Our embodiment of this story is the work before which we will stand to-day with uncovered heads—and I might add with uncovered hearts. From our own ranks sprang the genius which has created it. Our own fellow-Howitzer is our artist. The companion of our toils preserves them for us. He has translated into temporal bronze the infinite meaning of our struggle and our sorrow; the image of a soul which can arm itself against the executioner of the body; as it were, the free soul in the captive body. The delicate and living lines, the lines of solemn thought and silent sorrow, which unite and converge upon the clear countenance of honor, outline a spirit over which the great calm has come of one who has leared the worst that fate can do. It is the truth which is wrought by action into a unanimity of soul and body, making each a portrait of the other. There is our Howitzer, "his soul well-knit and all his battles won." There he stands, waiting in silence. The breastwork he surmounts he has made his own. He stands upon the rampart which is only built in a people's heart. He who stands there is victor. There he stands, with mute appeal, as if to say: "The self I sacrifice is the lower and transitory self to the higher and eternal." A prayer in bronze supplicates the heavens—that prayer of which it has been written, *qui precari novit premi potest opprimi non potest*. A figure of faith stands upon the pedestal of war. To plant the hopes of reason on the prophecies of the heart, as Leverrier planted himself on the calculations of his science, is faith. To follow the heart's sense of rectitude through doubt and disaster; to stand in the crash which drives virtue to despair; to see the overthrow of hope and all its

leaves of promise trampled like a rebel in the dust, and still not to doubt, not to despair, is faith. In the vast mysteriousness which throws its deep but tender shadow across our way faith fears not. The very darkness is a lamp. On the face of the deep is felt a foothold from an unknown world, and the countenance is kindled by a sun which is not seen.

A STATUE OF THE SOUL'S STRENGTH.

There is a ritual which the inarticulate communion of all natural things repeats—the languages of the leaf and flower; the sweet blossom of spring and the sweeter sorrow of the falling year; the patient returning of the stars; the looks of living and the tears of silent things; the uproar of city and of sea; the gentleness around the clamor, seeming anger of the universe, the sweetness above its storms. We dedicate to-day a statue of the soul and the soul's strength. Kneeling souls requite it with their homage. It is our chapter in the last book of the Iliad of Chivalry. It is our hero on whose tranquil face is graved "the light of duty beautifully done." As we draw aside the veil of the martial form and bared brow of duty, let us also unveil the voice which says: "The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of the passing cloud shall be as a royal mantle. Thou shalt share in the azure of Heaven, and the youngest and whitest cloud of a summer's sky shall nestle in thy bosom. Thou belongest half to us."

At the conclusion of his remarks Mr. Robinson was liberally applauded, and just before he resumed his seat a number of the veterans arose and heartily congratulated him upon his splendid effort.

Judge Christain then extended an invitation to all the old members of the battalion to be present at the banquet, after which Bishop Randolph, who occupied a seat upon the stage, dismissed the audience with the benediction.

MARCH TO THE GROUNDS.

The Veteran and Military Display—Unveiling Scene.

Immediately upon leaving the Theatre the various organizations commenced forming in line preparatory to the march to "Howitzer Place," and a large crowd assembled on Broad street to see the

parade start. The procession moved about half-past 3 o'clock, and followed the route as printed in the *Dispatch*. Despite the fact that the weather was exceedingly disagreeable and a cold, drizzling rain was falling, the streets along the entire line were crowded with spectators.

A detachment of twenty police under command of Captain E. P. Hulce headed the procession, and after them came Chief-Marshal Henry C. Carter and his staff. Major Carter wore a white sash, and presented a very soldierly appearance as he rode his spirited charger. By his side was Captain E. D. Starke, chief of staff, and behind these two rode the following aids: Hon. George L. Christian, Colonel G. Percy Hawcs, Captain E. J. Bosher, and Captain Beauregard Lorraine. The chief of staff and aids wore red sashes.

Next came the First Virginia regiment, with the staff officers at the head of the organization. The popular infantrymen made an excellent showing, and all six companies turned out large numbers of men. Major W. E. Simons, the commandant, and Captain E. M. Crutchfield, the adjutant of the First battalion of artillery, followed after the infantrymen, and behind them came the Howitzer band, and then the other officers of the battalion.

ARTILLERYMEN, OLD AND YOUNG.

The next organization in the procession was the present Howitzer battery, commanded by Captain John A. Hutcheson. Nearly every member of the company was in the line, and the handsome artillerymen, with their soldierly bearing and flashing sabres, made a magnificent display. The cannoneers wore their overcoats and paraded dismounted.

The old warriors of the Howitzer Association followed the young artillerymen and turned out an immense number of veterans. Mr. D. O. Davis commanded the organization, and Messrs. James T. Gray, Thomas Booker and Rev. Mr. Damie bore the flag. Some of the most prominent business men of the city were in this division of the column. Behind the war-time cannoneers followed two carriages containing their invited guests. In one of these sat Messrs. Leigh Robinson, Blythe Moore, and Mayor Ellyson, while the other was occupied by Colonel Shields, Colonel W. E. Cutshaw, and Mr. W. L. White.

The Richmond Light Infantry Blues, commanded by Captain Sol. Cutchins and headed by their splendid band, preceded the veterans of Lee and Pickett camps. The Lee Camp veterans were headed by Colonel A. W. Archer, while Mr. H. A. Wallace commanded the old soldiers of Pickett Camp. The drum-corps of the former organization enlivened this section of the column with their inspiring music.

After the two camps came the staff of the First Virginia regiment of cavalry. The plumed officers in their full-dress uniforms presented a very martial appearance. Colonel W. F. Wickham headed them. Along with these officers rode Colonel John S. Cunningham, a member of the staff of Governor Holt, the Chief Executive of North Carolina.

Next came a platoon of cavalry, composed of the Ashby Light Horse and Stuart Horse Guards. Major H. M. Boykin commanded the troopers.

A CROWD AT THE GROUNDS.

The procession was a splendid one, and the superb military display attracted universal attention. Long before the column reached Howitzer Place the neighborhood was filled with people, who eagerly waited in the rain to see the veil lowered. Men, women and children lined the sidewalks of the streets bounding Howitzer Place, and the windows of all the residences facing the plat were crowded with spectators. The weather, which in the early part of the day had been exceedingly depressing, if anything became more disagreeable than ever when the column halted at the grounds and the rain began to fall quite fast, but the elements failed to dampen the enthusiasm of those who participated in the ceremonies. The members of the Association, animated once more with their old-time martial emotions, entered the enclosed section in which the monument stood, and after them came the veterans of Lee and Pickett Camps. It was a pleasing sight to note the reverential look upon the faces of those who silently gazed at the handsome memorial, which was still shrouded in its white covering. The unpropitious surroundings, the drizzling rain, the wet ground, and the leaden sky were all forgotten in that moment, and all present thought of still darker days and of times when sorrow and hardship drew them still more closely together.

THE UNVEILING SCENE.

In one corner of the plat a large Confederate flag, much the worse for wear, floated against the winter sky and added to the sombre effect of its surroundings. The present battery on reaching the grounds withdrew to the field which adjoins Harrison street on the west, and awaited the signal to fire the salute. All the cavalymen drew up their horses on the northern side of Howitzer Place, while the infantry forces halted near by. This was the panorama presented to the view of the spectators immediately before the canvas was lowered.

Just before this took place, however, Captain Carlton McCarthy attempted to send up an immense red, white and blue paper balloon. A huge Confederate flag was attached to it, and had the effort been successful the aerial ship would have created the wildest enthusiasm, but unfortunately the balloon, after getting thoroughly inflated, became wet, and could not be set afloat.

The pedestal of the monument, which was not covered, was adorned with several bouquets, and the bright garlands looked exceedingly pretty against the cold, gray stone.

PRAYER BY THE CHAPLAIN.

The unveiling ceremonies, though exceedingly simple, were of the most impressive nature. After all the military and veteran organizations had been assigned to their places, Mr. J. B. Moore commanded silence, and Rev. W. W. Landrum, the chaplain of the present battery, ascended the steps of the pedestal, and in a moment, despite the rain, all heads were uncovered, and all faces bowed in prayer. The minister, in a clear voice, made still more audible by the silence of the assembly said:

“Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we desire to recognize Thy authority in all our ways. Standing here in the great temple of nature, we, the veterans of the Confederate army and the citizen-soldiers of Virginia, lift up our praises to Thee as the God of nations and the Arbiter of Battles. We cheerfully submit to Thy righteous will in bringing into unsuccessful issue the great struggle for Southern independence, begun so bravely, continued so heroically, and ended with the loss of all save honor. Command Thy blessing upon our

united country, and grant that the States of this Union, North and South, may be hereafter one and inseparable in bonds of indissoluble and perpetual union.

"And now, O Lord, we thank Thee for the nobler past of the States lately forming the Southern Confederacy, for their courage, self-sacrifice, devotion to duty, and all those national characteristics which commanded the admiration of the civilized world. We bless Thee for the precious heritage of glory bequeathed by the South to succeeding generations. And we beseech Thee to cause our beloved section to advance in all just and righteous prosperity. Above all, give unto us loyalty to Thee and to the institutions of sound morality and true religion.

"Accept, most merciful God, this statue, we pray Thee, which we have erected as a memorial of Southern valor and as an object-lesson to inspire our youth with love of country and patriotic deeds. Grant that it may long withstand the war of the elements and the crumbling tooth of time. Grant that generations yet unborn in looking upon this embodiment in bronze of the most exalted manhood and soldiership may emulate and even surpass the character and conduct of their sires. Bless our aged veterans and all the volunteers. Bless us all. And, finally, when we have fought the fight and won the victory admit us, through the riches of Thy grace, into the eternal home of the soul, there to meet again those who have gone before. 'And Thine shall be the kingdom and the power and the glory forever.' Amen."

THE CORD DRAWN.

Immediately after the prayer Colonel J. C. Shields stepped forward and, removing his hat, took the cord fastened to the veil and slowly drew it until the covering slipped off the beautiful figure. Almost before the spectators realized it the bronze gunner, in all his soldierly dignity, was revealed to the crowd. The calm yet distinguished face of the artilleryman in silence looked towards the east, and seemed almost by his martial air to appeal to every noble emotion of those who looked upon it. A tremendous cry of applause arose, and then the band played "Dixie," while a moment later the roar of the cannon fired by the young artillerymen was heard in the field near by. The ecstasy of the veterans for the next few minutes can hardly be described, and their happiness was supreme.

The battery fired thirteen guns, and then the parade was disbanded.

Hundreds of persons inspected the monument, and as the crowd who witnessed the unveiling numbered several thousand it was nearly dark ere the place was deserted.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MEMORIAL.

The memorial consists of a pedestal surmounted by a bronze figure of an artilleryman eight feet in height, and the site is the triangular plat bounded by Grove avenue, Park avenue and Harrison street, which has been dedicated to this use by the City Council and designated as "Howitzer Place." The statue represents the figure of a young man of about twenty years, "No. 1" at the piece.

The face is not of the conventional classic form, but was modelled from a typical face characteristic of our own people. The pedestal is in the classic style, but varies notably from any other work of the kind in the city. It consists of a base, die (bearing the inscription: "To Commemorate the Deeds and Services of the Richmond Howitzers of the Period 1861-1865"), triglyph course, and cap, and is elevated on a mound about three feet high. The whole structure is nine and one-half feet in height, and, including the statue, seventeen and a half feet. On either side of the die there is a bronze medallion eighteen inches in diameter. One reproduces on an enlarged scale the Howitzer badge, with cross cannon and the motto: "*Cita Mors Aut Victoria Laeta*, 1859. The other bears the cross, saltire, of a Confederate battle-flag, and is encircled by the legend: "From Bethel to Appomattox."

These medallions were modelled entirely by Mr. William L. Sheppard, formerly an officer in the Second company of Richmond Howitzers, and who is well known in the artistic world particularly as an illustrator of books. He also designed and made the drawings for the pedestal. The eight foot bronze is a reproduction by Buberl, a New York sculptor, who modelled the Hill statue, of a statuette modelled by Mr. Sheppard. The upper part of the revetement of an embrasure indicates that the soldier stands on a breastwork, which he has mounted to gaze upon the retiring foe. At his feet the fragments of a shell embedded in the earth speak of a recent engagement and indicate good practice by the enemy.

At night the Howitzers and guests enjoyed a sumptuous banquet at Belvidere hall, and speeches and anecdotes added to the zest of the occasion.

THE HEROINE OF CONFEDERATE POINT.

AN INTERESTING CONTEMPORANEOUS ACCOUNT OF
THE HEROIC DEFENCE OF FORT FISHER,
DECEMBER 24th and 25th, 1864.

By the Wife of the Commandant, Colonel William Lamb.

[The patriotism and fortitude which animated and sustained the young matron, whose touching letter is here given, was, as is universally admitted, a typical exemplification of the Southern woman in the late war between the States.—ED.]

In the fall of 1857, a lovely Puritan maiden, still in her teens, was married in Grace church, Providence, Rhode Island, to a Virginia youth, just passed his majority, who brought her to his home in Norfolk, a typical ancestral homestead, where beside the "white folks" there was quite a colony of family servants from the pickaninny just able to crawl to the old grey headed mammy who had nursed "ole massa." She soon became enamoured of her surroundings and charmed with the devotion of her colored maid, whose sole duty it was to wait upon her young missis. When the John Brown raid burst upon the South and her husband was ordered to Harper's Ferry, there was not a more indignant matron in all Virginia, and when at last secession came, the South did not contain a more enthusiastic little rebel.

On the 15th of May, 1862, a few days after the surrender of Norfolk to the Federals, by her father-in-law, then mayor, amid the excitement attending a captured city, her son Willie was born. Cut off from her husband and subjected to the privations and annoyances incident to a subjugated community, her father insisted upon her coming with her children to his home in Providence; but, notwithstanding she was in a luxurious home, with all that parental love could do for her, she preferred to leave all these comforts to share

with her husband the dangers and privations of the South. She vainly tried to persuade Stanton, Secretary of War, to let her and her three children with a nurse return to the South; finally he consented to let her go by flag of truce from Washington to City Point, but without a nurse, and as she was unable to manage three little ones, she left the youngest with his grandparents, and with two others bravely set out for Dixie. The generous outfit of every description which was prepared for the journey and which was carried to the place of embarkation was ruthlessly cast aside by the inspectors on the wharf, and no tears or entreaties or offers of reward by the parents availed to pass anything save a scanty supply of clothing and other necessities. Arriving in the South, the brave young mother refused the proffer of a beautiful home in Wilmington, the occupancy of the grand old mansion at "Orton," on the Cape Fear river, but insisted upon taking up her abode with her children and their colored nurse in the upper room of a pilot's house, where they lived until the soldiers of the garrison built her a cottage one mile north of Fort Fisher on the Atlantic beach. In both these homes she was occasionally exposed to the shot and shell fired from blockaders at belated blockade runners.

It was a quaint abode, constructed in most primitive style with three rooms around one big chimney, in which North Carolina pine knots supplied heat and light on winter nights. This cottage became historic and was famed for the frugal but tempting meals, which its charming hostess would prepare for her distinguished guests. Besides the many illustrious Confederate Army and Navy officers who were delighted to find this bit of sunshiny civilization on the wild sandy beach, ensconced among the sand dunes and straggling pines and black-jack, many celebrated English naval officers enjoyed its hospitality under assumed names; Roberts, afterwards the renowned Hobart Pasha, who commanded the Turkish navy, Murray, now Admiral Aynsley, long since retired, after having been rapidly promoted for gallantry and meritorious services in the British navy; the brave but unfortunate Burgoyne, who went down in the British iron-clad "*Captain*" in the Bay of Biscay, and the chivalrous Hewitt, who won the Victoria Cross in the Crimea and was knighted for his services as ambassador to King John of Abyssinia, and who, after commanding the Queen's yacht, died lamented as Admiral Hewitt. Besides these there were many genial and gallant merchant

captains, among them Halpin, who afterwards commanded the "*Great Eastern*" while laying ocean cables, and famous war correspondents, Hon. Francis C. Lawley, M. P., correspondent of the *London Times* and Frank Vizitelli of the *London Illustrated News*, afterwards murdered in the Soudan. Nor must the handsome and plucky Tom Taylor be forgotten, purser of the "*Banshee*" and the "*Night Hawk*," who, by his coolness and daring, escaped with a boat's crew from the hands of the Federals after capture off the fort, and was endeared to the children as the "Santa Claus" of the war.

At first the little Confederate was satisfied with pork and potatoes, corn-bread and rye coffee, with sorgham sweetening, but after the blockade runners made her acquaintance, the impoverished store-room was soon filled to overflowing, notwithstanding her heavy requisitions on it for the post hospital, the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors always being a subject of her tenderest solicitude and often the hard worked and poorly fed colored hands blessed the little lady of the cottage for a tempting treat.

Full of stirring events were the two years passed in the cottage on Confederate Point. The drowning of Mrs. Rose Greenough, the famous Confederate spy, off Fort Fisher, and the finding of her body, which was tenderly cared for, and the rescue from the waves, half dead, of Professor Holcombe and his restoration, were incidents never to be forgotten. Her fox hunting with horse and hounds, the narrow escapes of friendly vessels, the fights over blockade runners driven ashore, the execution of deserters, and the loss of an infant son, whose little spirit went out with the tide one sad summer night, all contributed to the reality of this romantic life.

When Porter's fleet appeared off Fort Fisher, December, 1864, it was storm bound for several days, and the little family with their household goods were sent across the river to "Orton," before Butler's powder-ship blew up. After the Christmas victory over Porter and Butler, the little heroine insisted upon coming back to her cottage, although her husband had procured a home of refuge in Cumberland county. General Whiting protested against her running the risk, for on dark nights her husband could not leave the fort, but she said, "if the firing became too hot she would run behind the sand hills as she had done before, and come she would."

The fleet reappeared unexpectedly on the night of the 12th of January, 1865. It was a dark night, and when the lights of the fleet

were reported her husband sent a courier to the cottage to instruct her to pack up quickly and be prepared to leave with children and nurse as soon as he could come to bid them good bye. The garrison barge with a trusted crew was stationed at Craig's Landing, near the cottage. After midnight, when all necessary orders were given for the coming attack, the colonel mounted his horse and rode to the cottage, but all was dark and silent. He found the message had been delivered, but his brave wife had been so undisturbed by the news, that she had fallen asleep and no preparations for a retreat had been made. Precious hours had been lost, and as the fleet would soon be shelling the beach, and her husband have to return to the fort, he hurried them into the boat as soon as dressed, with only what could be gathered up hastily, leaving dresses, toys and household articles, to fall into the hands of the foe. Among the articles left was a writing desk, with the following unfinished letter, which after many years had been returned. It is such a touching picture of those old Confederate days that consent has been given to its publication:

"THE COTTAGE," *January 9th, 1865.*

MY OWN DEAR PARENTS:

I know you have been anxious enough about us all, knowing what a terrible bombardment we have had, but I am glad that I can relieve your mind on our behalf and tell you we are all safe and well, through a most merciful and kind providence. God was with us from the first, and our trust was so firm in him that I can truly say that both Will and I "feared no evil."

I stayed in my comfortable little home until the fleet appeared, when I packed up and went across the river to a large but empty house, of which I took possession; a terrible gale came on which delayed the attack for several days, but Saturday it came at last in all its fury; I could see it plainly from where I was, I had very powerful glasses, and sat on a stile out doors all day watching it—an awful but magnificent sight.

I kept up very bravely (*for you know I am brave, and would, if I thought I could, whip Porter and Butler myself*), until the last gun had ceased and it began to get dark and still. I was overcome at

last and laid my head on the fence and cried for the first and last time during it all. I then got my carriage and rode to a fort near by to learn the news, but my heart failed as I approached it, and I returned to the house and waited a dispatch, which I received about 11 o'clock, saying all was well. I was quite touched with a little incident which occurred during the day; the little ones looked very grave and thoughtful, at last Dick came to me in the midst of the roaring and awful thundering and said: "Mamma, I want to pray to God for my papa." He knelt down and said his little earnest prayer; then jumped up, exclaiming and dancing about: "Oh, sister, I'm so glad! I'm so glad! now *God* will keep care of my papa!"

The shelling was even more terrific on Sunday, and I, not knowing how long it might continue concluded to go to Fayetteville, and started Sunday noon in a small steamer, with the sick and wounded, to Wilmington, where I was obliged to stay for several days in great suspense, not able to get away and not able to hear directly from Will, as the enemy had cut the wires—and then a martyr to all kinds of rumors—one day heard that Will had lost a leg, &c., &c., but I steadfastly made up my mind to give no credit to anything bad. At last, I heard again, that we had driven our persecutors off, and I returned again to the place I went first, and the next day Will came over for me and took me to the fort, which I rode all over on horseback, but we did not move over for nearly a week. The fort was strewn with missiles of all kinds, it seemed a perfect miracle how any escaped, the immense works were literally skinned of their turf, but not injured in the slightest; not a bomb-proof or a magazine—and *there are more than one*—touched; the magazine the enemy thought they had destroyed was only a caisson; the men had very comfortable quarters in the fort—pretty little whitewashed houses—but the shells soon set fire to them, making a large fire and dense smoke, but the works are good for dozens of sieges—plenty of everything; particularly plenty of the greatest essential—*brave hearts*. Our beloved General Whiting was present, but gave up the whole command to Will, to whom he now gives, as is due, the whole credit of building and defending his post, and has urged his promotion to brigadier-general, which will doubtless be received soon, though neither of us really care for it.

We expect the Armada again, and will give him a *warmer* recep-

tion next time. The fort, expecting a longer time of it, was reserving their heaviest fire for nearer quarters. Butler's "gallant troops" came right under one side of the fort, but our grape and canister soon drove them off, and *not* Porter's shell, which did not happen to be falling that way at that time; they left their traces sufficiently next morning.

The "gallant fellow" who stole the horse from the inside the fort, was doubtless so scared he didn't know much *where* he was. The *true* statement of the thing is, that an officer, unauthorized by Will or the general, sent a courier outside the fort with a message to some troops outside, and soon after he left the fort, was attacked and killed by a Yankee sharpshooter hidden under a bridge. The poor body fell and the *horse* was taken, and the flag spoken of, in the same way, was shot from the parapet and blew outside, when it was taken. When any of them see the *inside* of the fort they'll never live to tell the tale.

Ah, mother! you all, at home peacefully, do not know the misery of being driven from home by a miserable, cruel enemy! 'Tis a sad sight to see the sick and aged turned out in the cold to seek a shelter. I cannot speak feelingly because of any experience myself, as God is so good to us, and has so favored us with life, health and means, and my dear, good husband has provided me a comfortable home in the interior, where I can be safe.

Will has worried so much about you, dear mother, thinking you would be so anxious about us. He often exclaims, when reading some of the lying accounts: "How that will worry Ma!"

How is my darling Willie? We do so want to see our boy. I think Will will have to send for him in the spring. Kiss the dear one dozen of times for his father and mother.

Though it was a very unpleasant Christmas to me, still the little ones enjoyed theirs. Will had imported a crowd of toys for them and they are as happy as possible with them.

I have not heard from my dear home since last August, and you can imagine how very anxious I am to hear, particularly of dear sister Ria. Is she with George? Do write me of all the dear ones I love so much. How I would love to see you all, so much, and home!

I forgot to tell you of the casualties in the fight. Ours were only three killed; about sixty wounded; they were all.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Reminiscences of Him as a Professor in the Virginia Military Institute.

SOME OF HIS PECULIARITIES SHOWN.

Rev. J. C. Hiden, His Former Class-mate, Gives New and Interesting
Particulars.

[From the Montgomery, Alabama, *Advertiser*, November 27, 1892.]

Stonewall Jackson, as a lieutenant during the Mexican war, and as a "Bellona's Bridegroom" in the late civil war, is reasonably well known to the reading world. The "Life" by Dr. Dabney is in many respects worthy of the illustrious subject as well as the very able and accomplished author. But this "Life," and all other "Lives," are devoted mainly to the task of depicting the Christian warrior, and as this is the role in which Jackson figured most conspicuously before the world at large and in which he was not fully himself, it was natural and proper that the several biographers should concern himself especially with this manifestation of the man.

Still, it is well known that Jackson spent a considerable part of his life as professor of natural philosophy, and of artillery tactics in the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington; and it is manifest to the observant reader that this portion of his life has received scant measure at the hands of the biographers.

This, however, is not due to any neglect on the part of these writers, for they must have known that all intelligent readers would be interested to know how Professor Jackson lived; how and what he taught his pupils; what he said and did in the class-room; indeed, anything that would throw any light upon the character and conduct of the man who said so little and did so much.

The simple truth is that there was precious little to tell about this phase of Jackson's life. A biography of a great literary man is apt to be but little more than a review of his work. The biography of a thinker must often be simply an account of his thinking and its

results, and the biography of a teacher, even though he be a great master of his profession, will not often contain much that is very new or very striking to the non-professional reader.

But Jackson's life, as a teacher, was singularly monotonous. He seldom opened his mouth except from absolute necessity. As Dick Taylor said: "If silence is golden, Jackson was a bonanza." He had his text-books, and he prescribed the lessons—fearfully long and desperately hard lessons they were—and at the appointed time he "heard" them, and this was about all of it. Discussions in the class-room were unknown, and even explanations were infrequent, and when they did occur they usually left the matter where they found it. The text was the one great thing which he came to "hear," and we came to "say," if we could, and most of us commonly couldn't, when the said text was *Bartlett's Course of Natural Philosophy*, in three of the toughest volumes that this scribe ever attacked—"Mechanics," "Optics and Acoustics," and "Spherical Astronomy."

Poor Allen! He was my room-mate during my first year (1854-'55), and with L. B. Williams, of Orange; L. W. T. Patton, of Richmond; Peyton Slaughter, of Madison, and myself, made up room No. 13. Where are they now? Williams, Allen and Patton were all of the same class; all occupied the same room; all graduated the same day; were all young lawyers; all colonels of Virginia regiments, and all fell at Gettysburg! And Slaughter had been disabled for life before the sad day on which our room-mates fell.

When I went in the "Third Class" I used to see Allen tugging over "Old Jack's" terrible lessons in Bartlett's Optics, and one day I opened the book and found on the fly-leaf the following stanza, which I suspect was Allen's own:

"'Tis said that Optics treats of light,
But oh! believe it not, my lark;
I've studied it with all my might,
And still it's left me in the dark."

Major Jackson was perfectly at home in the long, intricate and multitudinous "equations" and other mathematical formulas which make up so large a part of Bartlett's three volumes, and many of the cadets often expressed the belief that none of these ponderous tomes contained an equation or a formula which "Old Jack" could not repeat "by heart."

And yet, with all his minute and accurate acquaintance with the course, there was very little teaching done in that department, unless teaching be understood to mean the prescribing and hearing of lessons. Teaching, in the modern sense of that term, was not Jackson's forte. His silence was phenomenal, and sometimes portentous. He had no turn for explanation, no talent for putting things in various points of view, so as to adapt them to the various mental conditions of his pupils. During the war he was often and highly commended for keeping his plans to himself; but I doubt if he could have explained those plans if he had done his best.

Though I drilled under him for three years, and recited to him daily for a year and a half, I never saw him laugh outright. A very quiet, subdued sort of smile was the nearest thing to laughter that I ever saw him indulge in; and those smiles were very infrequent, and, indeed, occurred only when outrageously ludicrous things took place in his immediate presence.

If Abe Fulkerson put on a collar made to order out of some three-quarters of a yard of linen, and then convulsed the whole class with laughter at the grave but irresistably ludicrous way in which he would wear that unique collar in the class-room, Major Jackson would smile, knowing, as he did, that the collar was the only visible article of a cadet's wearing apparel of which the iron-clad "Regulations" did not rigidly prescribe the form and substance.

If Davidson Penn, a portent of mischief, put on an uncommonly serious face and asked, apparently in good faith, "Major, can a cannon be so bent as to make it shoot around a corner?" the Professor of Artillery would show not the slightest sign of merriment or impatience, but would, after a moment of sober reflection, reply: "Mr. Penn, I reckon hardly." We could never decide whether his gravity on such an occasion was real or assumed, but, if it was assumed, it was certainly well acted.

I have often wondered if Jackson managed to preserve his gravity when he read a certain "excuse" handed him by Hambrick. We had been at artillery drill, and Hambrick, along with the rest of us third-classmen and "plebs," had to perform the rather troublesome duty of pulling the cannon. Jackson had given the command—a favorite one with him and a very abomination to us—"L. Timbers and caissons, pass your pieces, trot, march!" Hambrick had failed to "trot" at command, and was accordingly reported by Jackson. The next morning the following excuse was handed in: "Report:

Cadet Hambrick, not trotting at artillery drill. Excuse: I am a natural pacer." If Major Jackson did laugh when he read this document none of us ever found it out, as the paper was probably read in private.

J. C. HIDEN.

Richmond, Va.

AUBURN, ALABAMA, *November 19, 1892.*

EDITOR "ADVERTISER:"

The above, clipped from a recent issue of the *Richmond State*, will doubtless be read with interest by the older graduates of the "West Point of the South," and at the same time serve to recall many interesting and amusing reminiscences of "Old Jack," as he was familiarly called by the cadets.

The three gallant Virginia colonels who so gloriously gave up their young lives at Gettysburg were of the class immediately after mine, and the now eminent Baptist divine, Dr. Hiden, was a "plebe" when I graduated. Many other amusing incidents connected with Jackson's career as a professor might be given to interest the public, and it is hoped that our distinguished educator, Colonel James T. Murfee, with his tenacious memory and graceful pen will soon follow Dr. Hiden's commendable example. We would like to know especially what was Colonel Murfee's scientific answer to "Old Jack's conundrum."

Many of the Colonel's class of 1853 were "called up" by the immortal Jackson and asked why a telegram—then a "telegraphic message" could not be sent from Lexington to Staunton. The immense deposit of iron ore in the immediate neighborhood and other scientific reasons were assigned, to all of which Jackson gave that well-remembered shake of the head, while there was a twinkle in his bright eye and the faintest smile played around the corners of his mouth. Finally, "Old Gabe"—Gabriel Gray, another Baptist minister by the way—was "called up," and in his amusingly peculiar and blunt way, he jerked out the following reply: "I don't know, Major, unless it is because there is no telegraph line between this place and Staunton." During the laugh that followed, Gray stood blushing, while Jackson, with his eyes fixed immovably upon him looked like a statue. As soon as order was restored, to the great amazement and amusement of the whole class, "Old Gabe" not excepted, Jackson, with a stiff military salute and a much more

perceptible smile on his face, replied: "Yes, sir! that is right; you can take your seat, Mr. Gray." This, "Old Jack's conundrum," was the talk of that happy, merry-hearted corps for years afterwards. Little did we "young rascals"—embryo Southern soldiers—then dream that our plain, "big-footed," taciturn, fearless, prayerful, tender-hearted and punctiliously polite "Professor of Natural Philosophy" was to flash so soon, meteor-like, before the world as one of its greatest military heroes, and that so many of us bright, ruddy faced boys, under his matchless leadership, were to go down to death with him under the "Stars and Bars," in defense of "Dixie," the land of fair women and brave men.

JAMES H. LANE.

THE PRIVATE INFANTRYMAN.

The Typical Hero of the South.

[From The *Times-Democrat's* Christmas Edition, 1892.]

The Old South has grand memories and the New South has splendid anticipations. The spirit which moved the Old leads the New South.

It is that spirit which seeks truth through roughest paths and heeds no danger in its pursuit. It is that spirit which warmed the hearts and steeled the nerves to bear the burdens of both the Old and the New South. My ideal hero embraced it with superb unselfishness.

Some would say he should be Robert E. Lee, whose great heart and lofty leadership enchained the everlasting affection of the South.

Some would say he should be Stonewall Jackson, whose magic power so often awakened the wonder of the world.

Some would say he should be Jefferson Davis, whose polished manhood held with unyielding nerve the pearl of Southern pride.

Some would say he was among the hosts of cavalymen and artillerymen, who flashed their swords and pulled their lanyards in battles often won.

Yes! These are the jewels of the South, and there are honors and memories for them; but I would take away the stars and trimmings and titles, for there was charm and inspiration in them.

I would eliminate, too, the higher grades of service.

The purest spirit, the deepest love, the greatest hero, the noblest manhood, was in the infantry private of the South.

He was reared when the "irrepressible conflict" quickened the pulse of the people. He was inspired by the intellectual gladiators of the South.

He gloried in the heroism of his ancestors, which had won the republic from England.

He shouldered the burden of his convictions, he grasped his musket for his cause, he inhaled the smoke of battle, he felt the sting of bullet, he bled from shot and shell.

He dared to die when he could foresee his unurned ashes scattered on the soil of his enemies.

Where is loftier heroism?

Where is nobler patriotism?

Where is truer manhood?

Where is grander chivalry?

Where a more ideal hero?

For principles, he carried the heaviest cross.

For principles, he courted an unknown grave.

He touched elbows in the unwavering line of charge.

He gained victory with the point of the bayonet.

He dauntlessly rushed over earthworks.

He stood like a "stone wall" on the field.

He was strongest in battle.

He was gentlest in victory.

He was most powerful in the face of menace.

He was tenderest to the captured.

His pride was grand, his bravery exalted, his heroism majestic!

His marvelous simplicity of conduct was consonant with his beauty of heart?

His life in camp was characterized by praiseworthy endurance.

He met his privations with the calmness of a philosopher.

He enjoyed the pastimes of his tent with the guilelessness of a child.

He doted on his faded uniform and jeered at the "slick" silk hat, even on the head of a Confederate congressman.

When the first year of his service had passed he was bright with hope.

Fort Sumter had fallen and Manassas had emblazoned his bayonet with glory!

The second year passed with five hundred and sixty-four battles and engagements, including Shiloh, the seven days' battle, which made the dark waters of the Chickahominy run red, Second Manassas and Fredericksburg, and his prowess was proved to the civilized world.

The third year passed with six hundred and twenty-seven battles and engagements.

It saw his pride at the highest and his hope brightest when, fresh from the victories of Chancellorsville, he invaded the soil of Pennsylvania.

Alas! for human hopes!

Gettysburg turned backward his footsteps and started anxiety in his breast.

How long could these bloody years last?

Surely, not longer than seven, as his ancestors' revolution had cost!

Then the fourth year passed, with seven hundred and seventy-nine battles and engagements.

His anxiety was over.

He saw the inevitable end.

Hope of success was gone.

It was only a question of the days he might be spared before the bullet pierced his heart.

He saw the end before the statesmen in the Capitol at Richmond. He knew overwhelming numbers would crush out the soldiery of the South.

His comrades were falling, and no recruits came to fill their places. He saw the end and felt it in the summer of 1864, but his allegiance to the army, his duty to himself and his family bade him go almost daily to a hopeless slaughter, and often he marched to battle for his personal honor, without the slightest hope for his country's independence.

Can you imagine heroism more sublime than the private infantryman's who held the front lines of the Confederacy during the last half of 1864 and the winter and spring of 1865?

Around Petersburg along the disastrous line of retreat to Appomattox, and even there he shouldered his musket and yielded ready obedience to the order for a charge, until his matchless commander said his duty to his country had been "faithfully performed," and further resistance would be a useless sacrifice.

He had enlisted as a private, he fought as a private, he surrendered as a private, and then he returned to private life to battle for bread. His country was lost, but a dauntless spirit directed him in the evolution to another citizenship. He guided the plow, wielded the axe, and did whatever his hand found to do, with the same unassuming fortitude which marked his career in the army.

He inspired courage in the young. He gave life to the weak, and grappled the new order of things with masterly mind.

Napoleon said: "True heroism consists in being superior to the ills of life in whatever shape they may challenge him to combat."

The infantryman not only felt as the illustrious warrior when he uttered this sublime sentiment, but he has demonstrated its truth by rising superior to all the evils of disaster, imbuing his associates with that resolute endurance which made him the breakwater of the Confederacy, and has made the bone and sinew of the progress and prosperity of the New South.

As his is the glory of the past, so his is the strength of the present. Whenever you find him, whether laboring on your streets, building your ships or tilling your fields, pause and lift your hat, for the Confederate private infantryman is the typical hero of the South.

He is entitled to the absolute respect of the grandest in the land. Already many stately granite shafts commemorate our hero leaders, but shall there not be one higher by an hundredfold and a thousand times more beautiful in design than any of these, dedicated to the infantry privates of the South?

Aye! I wish a shaft of burnished gold could lift its head from Virginia's valley, in which sleep the remains of Lee and Jackson, in memory of the private infantrymen of the Confederacy, emblazoning their glory to coming generations, for their heroism is the grandest type of all the thousand bloody fields which heralded Southern valor.

The private infantrymen were lowest in rank, yet highest in their loyalty to the finest sense of honor the human mind can conceive—grandest in humility, greatest in sincerity, purest in purpose; and never can temples of fame enshrine the memory of knightlier souls!

WILLIAM H. STEWART,
Late Lt.-Col. 61st Va. Infantry, C. S. A.,
Portsmouth, Va.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

The Origin and History of This Noble Institution.

THE ROLL OF INMATES.

Some of Its Benefactors—Its Several Buildings—The Management—Legislative Appropriations.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, November 27, 1892.]

In none of her monuments erected since the war, more than in Lee Camp Soldiers' Home, does Virginia teach the reverence she bears those who stood by her in her hour of sorest trial. None of her monuments speak more eloquently of the cause for which so many of the flower of the South laid down their lives; none of them appeal more powerfully to the generation now upon the stage to cherish the memory of the deeds and sacrifices of their fathers.

The Home is now in better condition financially and in respect of accommodations than it has been since its establishment, and to-day is fulfilling its noble mission more thoroughly than it has ever done. But that is not saying that it is compassing its sphere of possible usefulness. The calculation is that within the next quarter of a century most of the youngest of those who served in the Confederate army will have answered the last roll-call and grounded their arms in the citadel of graves. Yet within the next ten or twelve years the numbers whom exposure and wounds will have incapacitated for work will materially increase, and it follows that any further donations to, or enlargement of the facilities of the Home would be in the line of patriotic duty.

HISTORY OF THE HOME.

The inception of the Home and the inception of Lee Camp Confederate Veterans are coeval and their histories run parallel. In March, 1883, seven gentlemen met in this city and informally talked over the matter of raising funds to support a few disabled Confederate veterans whose condition had been brought to their attention.

They decided to put an advertisement in the city papers calling upon all Confederate veterans who felt an interest in the matter to assemble on April the 18th following. To this call thirty-eight men responded, and then and there organized Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans. The purpose for which the camp was organized was to take care of needy ex-Confederate soldiers, and no time was lost in giving this purpose practical shape. Captain Charles U. Williams was elected first commander of the camp.

In May, 1883, a bazaar was held in the armory with Mrs. Lewis N. Webb as manager, assisted by about one hundred other ladies, and Colonel H. C. Jones, N. V. Randolph and Colonel J. B. Purcell as a committee from the camp. This enterprise was kept open for nineteen nights and netted \$24,000.

THE HOME OPENED.

On the 12th of November, 1884, the Home property, consisting of thirty-six acres and an old house, was purchased for \$14,000, and on January 1, 1885, the institution was opened, the first inmate being a Mississippi man.

Soon thereafter Mr. Robert I. Fleming, of Washington, at a cost of \$2,500, enlarged, improved and remodelled the building on the grounds, and gradually handsome and commodious cottages were built and donated to the Home by Major Lewis Ginter, Hon. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, Captain A. G. Babcock, Mr. Mark Downey, Mr. James B. Pace, Mr. W. H. Appleton, of New York, and the children of ex-Governor William Smith. In 1888 the board raised by private subscription from the people of Richmond about \$5,000, with which they built and furnished the picturesque and and handsome Home chapel. The additional buildings erected by the board, including the mess hall, stable, &c., and the hospital, which last-named was completed this year, cost \$35,000.

SITUATION AND SURROUNDINGS.

The Soldiers' Home is one of the most attractive places about Richmond, and in the summer it is a favorite drive. Located in a grove of original growth, it is, from the road, the picture of restfulness and peace. The cottages and chapel are to the left of the main building as one approaches, and the new hospital to the right, and everything is as neat as a pin. On a nearer inspection, however, the

frowning guns upon the lawn and the maimed and battle-scarred veterans carry one back to anything but a scene of peace. Many of the inmates are totally disabled for work of any sort, and all they can do is to fight their battles over. They staked all on the South's great issue and lost all save life. Those who are able to perform physical labor police the grounds and wait upon the sick in the hospital. The entire premises are regularly inspected twice a week.

Since the establishment of the Home it has cared for 484 veterans. In addition to Virginians there have been on the rolls: From New Jersey, 1; South Carolina, 7; Georgia, 2; West Virginia, 5; District of Columbia, 2; Maryland, 3; North Carolina, 5; Florida, 1; Alabama, 1; Tennessee, 1; Texas, 1, and Mississippi, 1. As may well be imagined, the number of deaths in proportion to the inmates has been very large.

THE PRESENT ROLL.

The present roll embraces one hundred and sixty-six men, and the dates of their admission, their names, and their commands are as follows:

November 22, 1887, William Aldridge, E, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry.

March 22, 1890, William J. Atkinson, Second Houston.

July 26, 1890, R. A. Atkinson, A, Home Guards.

October 2, 1890, Luther R. Ashby, A, Seventeenth Virginia Cavalry.

May 13, 1886, Charles W. Bingley, K, Sixth South Carolina Infantry.

August 3, 1886, George Berry, Courtney Battery.

November 10, 1887, Adam Bodell, G, Thirty-third Virginia Infantry.

June 19, 1888, J. G. Baker, I, Sixth Virginia Infantry.

August 11, 1888, Ignatz Brecheisin, Johnson Battery.

August 15, 1888, Quinfrey Bradley, E, Eleventh Virginia Infantry.

August 29, 1888, John M. Brumfield, Fayette Artillery.

August 10, 1889, R. S. Baldwin, Hospital service.

July 29, 1892, R. H. Buchanan, C, Sixth Virginia Infantry.

August 19, 1892, Robert Banks, D, Sixth Virginia Infantry.

June 22, 1885, John H. Conley, G, Eleventh Virginia Infantry.

August 8, 1885, Thomas V. Carr, C, First Virginia Infantry.

May 25, 1886, Frank Carr, Confederates States steamer Patrick Henry.

March 3, 1887, P. R. Cunningham, H, Fifty-eight Virginia Infantry.

November 24, 1887, Robert G. Carrington, A, Fourth Virginia Infantry.

October 28, 1888, Charles W. Cooper, S, Fifth Virginia Infantry.

January 8, 1889, Z. T. Curlew, B, Sixty-first Virginia Infantry.

August 7, 1889, I. G. Crews, F, Eleventh Virginia Infantry.

March 14, 1890, John Carhoni, A, Eighteenth Virginia Infantry.

April 29, 1890, W. W. Caldwell, C, Twelfth Virginia Infantry.

August 15, 1892, George B. Carrington, D, Nineteenth Virginia Infantry.

May 25, 1886, Andrew J. Dobbs, H, Twelfth Virginia Infantry.

March 16, 1887, Charles C. Been, C, Second Virginia Infantry.

February 17, 1888, Andrew Donnally, Greenbrier Cavalry.

December 1, 1891, Thomas Dunn, D, First Virginia Battalion of Infantry.

July 5, 1891, Nat. G. Dickinson, D, Fourteenth Virginia Infantry.

August 27, 1891, C. A. Dupriest, Lunenburg Artillery.

July 18, 1885, W. F. Eads, G, Forty-ninth Virginia Infantry.

July 6, 1888, Joseph Edelin, H, Seventh Virginia Infantry.

August 13, 1889, B. F. Eckles, A, Twelfth Virginia Infantry.

March 30, 1892, Luc. W. Edloe, Selden's Battery.

November 3, 1889, W. S. Forester, K, Fifty-fifth Virginia Infantry.

August 9, 1892, J. Ferneyhough, F, Thirteenth Virginia Infantry.

September 24, 1888, Harrison Groves, I, Twenty-seventh Virginia Infantry.

July 28, 1890, D. S. Godsey, D, Twenty-first Virginia Infantry.

October 26, 1890, James M. Guest, D, Fifteenth Virginia Infantry.

November 22, 1890, William J. Goodwin, B, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry.

July 16, 1891, Hobson C. Goodman, Stuart Horse Artillery.

March 16, 1892, L. J. B. Godwin, F, Ninth Virginia Infantry.

June 16, 1892, William P. Green, B, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry.

June 3, 1885, Charles A. Henry, C, Twenty-second Virginia Infantry.

December 19, 1888, Wash. S. Heath, Fayette Artillery.

- May 7, 1891, James E. Heath, F, Fourteenth Virginia Infantry.
July 28, 1891, Richard Harding, A, Thirty-fifth Virginia Cavalry.
March 14, 1892, Samuel L. Holden, C, First Virginia Cavalry.
July 21, 1892, Alpheus H. Hobbs, K, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry.
July 12, 1886, Alvin L. Jude, A, Fifteenth Virginia Infantry.
August 5, 1889, Henry Jones, Dance's Battery.
March 23, 1892, Stephen C. James, Purcell Battery.
August 10, 1892, Charles R. Jones, C, Fifteenth Virginia Infantry.
November 20, 1885, F. Miaskoski, Able's Florida Battery.
July 5, 1886, L. S. King, H, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry.
October 29, 1891, John E. Kennedy, H, Fourteenth Virginia Infantry.
August 26, 1892, Dennis Kelley, D, Fourth Virginia Cavalry.
August 1, 1887, William M. Lawson, H, First Virginia Infantry.
March 7, 1889, William A. Lewis, Grimes's Battery.
August 3, 1889, William T. Lewis, First Company Howitzers.
January 11, 1890, Joseph Landrum, G, Twenty-sixth Virginia Infantry.
January 20, 1890, Robert H. Leadbetter, Rantaub's Battery.
October 14, 1890, Reuben W. Long, Johnson's Battery.
May 11, 1891, Lem. R. Lansford, F, Sixteenth Virginia Infantry.
October 27, 1891, W. S. Sayard, G, First Virginia Infantry.
March 14, 1892, Joseph W. Little, I, Eighteenth Mississippi Infantry.
March 14, 1892, John F. Lay, Confederate Cavalry.
March 16, 1892, John H. Lentz, E, First Virginia Battalion Infantry.
March 18, 1892, J. W. Lawson, B, Second Virginia Cavalry.
August 15, 1892, Austin C. Lipscombe, Fayette Artillery.
August 19, 1892, Robert R. Lewis, Heavy Artillery.
August 24, 1892, Henry D. Logan, Moorman's Horse Artillery.
August 30, 1892, A. B. Lewis, B, Twenty-fourth Virginia Cavalry.
October 1, 1892, W. H. Lewis, C, Thirty-eighth Virginia Infantry.
October 27, 1892, Robert W. Lilleston, C, Sixth Virginia Infantry.
November 18, 1892, Charles Layton, Confederate States Navy.
August 11, 1886, George T. Mears, H, Sixty-first Virginia Infantry.
December 30, 1887, James McLaren, E, Fifty-sixth Virginia Infantry.

- April 3, 1889, Daniel Martin, C, Forty-fourth Virginia Infantry.
July 20, 1889, W. A. Meanley, A, Archer's Battalion of Infantry.
July 20, 1890, John A. McLean, E, Sixty-first Virginia Infantry.
October 1, 1891, S. P. Moseley, E, Twenty-first Virginia Infantry.
November 20, 1891, J. W. Mitchell, I, Forty-eighth Virginia Infantry.
- March 9, 1892, George S. Millan, D, Seventeenth Virginia Infantry.
July 16, 1892, John McGowan, C, First Virginia Infantry.
July 20, 1892, Jesse McLain, I, Fifty-eighth Virginia Infantry.
August 5, 1892, Robert McIntire, Pegram's Battery.
September 28, 1892, Jesse S. Markham, Botetourt Battery.
September 28, 1892, J. M. P. Marable, Twentieth Virginia Infantry.
May 23, 1887, S. S. Neale, I, First Virginia Infantry.
June 19, 1887, R. F. Noel, C, Forty-fourth Virginia Infantry.
December 25, 1891, Thomas R. Neale, D, Thirty-sixth Virginia Battalion of Cavalry.
- August 11, 1892, Ludwig Noswitz, K, Fifteenth Virginia Infantry.
August 25, 1892, Thomas B. Nolan, E, Third Virginia Infantry.
August 19, 1886, William O'Brien, Carter's Battery.
August 27, 1888, J. J. O'Neil, G, Eighteenth Virginia Infantry.
July 18, 1889, W. C. Orbison, A, Sixth Louisiana Infantry.
July 2, 1890, C. W. Ottman, A, Fifth Louisiana Infantry.
June 27, 1892, Walton Obenshain, I, Eleventh Virginia Infantry.
November 11, 1892, Dannis O'Hare, A, Tenth Virginia Battalion of Infantry.
- November 23, 1892, John O'Roark, Rice's Battery.
September 22, 1886, James F. Padgett, A, Twenty-fourth Virginia Cavalry.
- November 29, 1888, Charles W. Perkins, Parker's Battery.
July 24, 1889, Patrick Perry, C, Heavy Artillery.
January 30, 1890, E. F. Partram, I, Fourteenth Virginia Infantry.
November 13, 1890, John T. Pegram, Eppes's Company.
November 2, 1891, Thomas W. Pinchback, B, First Virginia Infantry.
- November 23, 1892, William E. Perley, A, Nineteenth Virginia Infantry.
- November 12, 1891, Patrick Powers, C, First Virginia Battalion of Infantry.
- December 10, 1891, M. B. Portiaux, Assistant-Quartermaster.

June 15, 1892, A. J. Perdue, Fayette Artillery.

November 20, 1892, Joel L. Preston, A, Fifty-eighth Virginia Infantry.

September 19, 1889, William H. Quinn, E, Second Virginia Cavalry.

April 10, 1885, C. Roach, Lee Battery.

April 27, 1886, L. D. Robinson, F, Fifth Virginia Cavalry.

May 11, 1886, William Rowles, Johnson's Battery.

September 21, 1886, John Raines, I, Thirtieth Virginia Infantry.

June 24, 1889, Albert G. Robertson, Heavy Artillery.

May 15, 1891, John L. Reid, surgeon Confederate States Army.

December 19, 1891, Samuel Rutherford, B, Thirty-sixth Virginia Infantry.

October 21, 1891, Thomas Rudd, E, Thirty-second Virginia Infantry.

July 29, 1892, John A. Rossen, A, Forty-third Virginia Battalion Cavalry.

July 18, 1885, John Shelton, Pegram's Artillery.

August 25, 1885, Edward Sweeney, D, Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry.

September 15, 1885, F. C. Stainback, A, Twelfth Virginia Infantry.

December 9, 1885, Elijah Smith, I, Third Virginia Cavalry.

June 5, 1886, Samuel Stott, A, Sixth Virginia Infantry.

June 27, 1886, F. W. Simmons, F, Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry.

December 21, 1886, Samuel G. Street, C, Tenth Virginia Battalion Heavy Artillery.

December 21, 1888, A. E. Sergeant, D, Twenty-third Virginia Infantry.

November 23, 1889, T. A. St. Clair, E, Third Virginia Battallion Infantry.

January 18, 1890, Emil Scholl, Letcher Battery.

July 28, 1890, D. W. Stratton, B, Fourth Virginia Cavalry.

October 20, 1890, H. A. Shifflett, Dance's Battery.

November 15, 1890, John W. Satchfield, Pegram's Battery.

October 30, 1891, Nathan L. Smith, A, Fifty-seventh Virginia Infantry.

April 30, 1892, John C. Sutton, Fayette Artillery.

May 26, 1892, P. P. Slaughter, fourth colonel Fifty-sixth Virginia Infantry.

- July 16, 1892, W. Brooke Smith, Assistant-Quartermaster.
November 11, 1892, Edward E. Savage, Carter's Battery.
September 21, 1885, W. M. Taliaferro, E, Second Virginia Cavalry.
November 2, 1887, W. B. Taliaferro, H, Fifth Virginia Infantry.
October 15, 1887, Peter Taft, Confederate States Navy.
July 26, 1888, James M. Taylor, D, Sixth Virginia Infantry.
July 25, 1891, Thomas Taylor, E, Forty-seventh Virginia.
June 25, 1882, George N. Trimyer, G, Fifty-fifth Virginia Infantry.
August 19, 1892, E. B. Tucker, D, Fifty-third Virginia Infantry.
January 18, 1888, Joseph M. White, Morris's Artillery.
April 26, 1886, George W. Wynne, C, Twelfth Virginia Infantry.
May 18, 1886, H. C. Willis, B, Twenty-fifth North Carolina Infantry.
May 27, 1887, John E. Warthen, D, Fifty-ninth Virginia Infantry.
December 20, 1887, W. R. Williams, C, Twelfth Virginia Infantry.
December 29, 1888, T. P. Walden, F, Twenty-fifth Virginia Battalion Cavalry.
September 13, 1889, Edward Williams, Confederate States Navy.
October 25, 1890, E. G. Wall, D, Eighteenth Virginia Infantry.
November 9, 1891, Wilson White, F, Third Virginia Infantry.
November 17, 1891, James W. Wall, C, Thirty-sixth Virginia Infantry.
December 6, 1891, A. W. Winston, C, Seventh Virginia Infantry.
May 28, 1892, W. E. Wilbourne, C, Fifty-third Virginia Infantry.

At the last meeting of the board seven applications were approved, thus filling up all the present available space in the Home. The board, however, hopes in a few months to have accommodations for two hundred and fifty inmates.

THE MANAGEMENT.

The affairs of the Home are administered by a Board of Visitors elected by Lee Camp, to which are added the Governor, the State Treasurer, the Auditor of Public Accounts and the Judge of the Circuit Court of Richmond. The first president of the board was Captain Charles U. Williams, and the first Executive Committee consisted of N. V. Randolph, Colonel J. B. Purcell, and Colonel Henry C. Jones. Captain Williams resigned after serving about a

year, and General Fitzhugh Lee succeeded him. General Lee retired about a year before his term as Governor expired, was succeeded by General John R. Cooke, who served until the time of his death, and the next president was Mr. N. V. Randolph, the incumbent.

The present board is as follows: Major N. V. Randolph, president; Lieutenant-Colonel A. L. Phillips, first vice-president; Major T. A. Brander, second vice-president; James B. Pace (president Planters National Bank), treasurer; Captain J. W. Pegram, secretary; Governor P. W. McKinney, A. W. Harman, Colonel Morton Marye, Judge Beverley R. Wellford, Colonel H. C. Jones, General W. H. Payne, Joseph W. Thomas, Colonel Archer Anderson, Major Lewis Ginter, Captain John Maxwell, Joseph B. McKenney, Judge E. C. Minor, Colonel John Murphy, Colonel J. W. White, James T. Gray, Colonel E. P. Reeve, Colonel Hugh R. Smith, Major W. A. Smoot, Captain Washington Taylor, Colonel J. H. Hume, Portsmouth; Colonel D. M. Lee, Fredericksburg; Captain R. M. Booker, Hampton, Virginia; Colonel Alexander W. Archer.

Executive Committee: Major T. A. Brander, Colonel John Murphy, Joseph W. Thomas.

GENERAL W. R. TERRY.

For some months after the opening of the Home the direct executive officer was Captain James Pollard, the present adjutant. In the latter part of 1885 General William R. Terry was elected superintendent, and has held that position ever since, but on the 8th of November, 1892, owing to physical infirmities resulting from wounds received during the war, tendered his resignation, to take effect January 1st next. General Terry was one of the most gallant officers in the Confederate army. He was born in Liberty, Virginia, in 1827 and educated at the Virginia Military Institute. At the breaking out of the war he entered the service as captain of cavalry, but was soon thereafter promoted to the colonelcy of the Twenty-fourth Virginia regiment. In May, 1864, he was made a brigadier-general and was assigned to the command of Kemper's brigade, the former commander having been desperately and permanently disabled at Gettysburg.

A GREAT SUFFERER.

After the war General Terry served several terms in the State Senate. He also held the position of the Superintendent of the Penitentiary for some time. He is in the truest sense of the term a battle-scarred veteran, and there is hardly a day of his life that he does not suffer from the effects of his wounds.

The board accepted General Terry's resignation with reluctance, and elected as his successor Captain Charles P. Bigger. This choice is regarded as most fortunate. Captain Bigger was born in this city, and is about fifty-two years of age. He entered the Confederate army at the breaking out of the war, and served gallantly until June, 1864, when, while he was in command of the Richmond Blues, his arm was shattered in an engagement in front of Petersburg and he was relieved. After the war he held for a long time the position of Superintendent of the City Almshouse, in which capacity he displayed great executive ability.

STATE APPROPRIATIONS.

For the first two years of its existence the Home was supported entirely by voluntary contributions and such funds as the board could beg. Then the State came to the relief of the institution, and up to February 12, 1892, the board had received from that source \$60,000.

In March last the Legislature passed a bill, the conditions of which were that the State would appropriate to the Home \$150 a year for each inmate for a period not exceeding twenty-two years, no annual appropriation to exceed \$30,000, and that at the end of the twenty-two years the State was to take possession of the property under a deed from Lee Camp. This arrangement afforded greatly-needed financial relief, and enabled the Home to increase the number of its inmates. Yet, as above stated, there is still a wider field before it if the hands of the board are upheld by further substantial aid.

The labor of those who have managed its affairs has been truly a labor of love and of patriotism, in which, in season and out of season, they have made sacrifices of time and money. Owing to a mistake in the bill above referred to the Home was entirely without revenue for three months and had to incur a debt of \$4,000.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL N. B. FORREST.

Lord Wolseley's Estimate of the Man and the Soldier.

"I HAVE NEVER ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE SENT YOU
WHERE I WAS UNWILLING TO GO MYSELF."

"You Have Been Good Soldiers—You Can be Good Citizens."

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, April 10, 1892.]

The officer of regular troops intrusted with the duty of quickly raising levies for immediate war service is often too prone to think that his one great endeavor should be to "set them up" and so instruct them in drill as to make them look as much like regulars as possible. As a matter of fact, he almost invariably fails to accomplish this aim, and in his well-meant efforts too often robs them of their only good quality—in a military point of view, I mean—the fearless dash and go so often possessed by undisciplined fighting men. Like the well-meaning missionary, who, in persuading the heathen to believe no longer in their idols, robs them of their spiritual faith without being able to induce them to accept christianity in its place, the result is usually disastrous in both cases. The troops, especially the horse, raised by Monmouth during his rebellion, are a very good illustration of what I mean.

General Forrest never into any such error. He had no knowledge of military science nor of military history to teach him how he should act, what objective he should aim at, and what plans he should make to secure it. He was entirely ignorant of what other generals in previous wars had done under very similar circumstances. This was certainly a great misfortune for him, and a serious drawback to his public usefulness. But what he lacked in book lore, was, to a large extent, compensated for by the soundness of his judgment upon all occasions, and by his power of thinking and reasoning with great

rapidity under fire, and under all circumstances of surrounding peril or of great mental or bodily fatigue. Panic found no resting place in that calm brain of his, and no dangers, no risks appalled that dauntless spirit. Inspired with true military instincts, he was, most verily, nature's soldier.

His force was largely composed of wild and reckless men, who all looked to him as their master, their leader, and over whom he had obtained the most complete control. He possessed that rare tact—unlearnable from books—which enabled him not only effectively to control these fiery, turbulent spirits, but to attach them to him personally “with hooks of steel.” In him they recognized not only the daring, able and successful leader, but also the commanding officer who would not hesitate to punish with severity when he deemed punishment necessary.

He thoroughly understood the nature and disposition of those he had to deal with, their strong and their weak points, what they could and could not accomplish. He never ventured to hamper their freedom of action by any sort of stiff barrack-yard drill, or to embarrass it by any preconceived notions of what a soldier should look like. They were essentially irregulars by nature, and he never attempted to rob them of that character. They possessed as an inheritance all the best and most valuable fighting qualities of the irregulars, accustomed as they were from boyhood to horses and the use of arms, and brought up with all the devil-may-care, lawless notions of the frontiersman. But the most volcanic spirit among them felt he must bow before the superior iron will of the determined man who led them. There was a something about the dark-grey eye of Forrest which warned his subordinates he was not to be trifled with, and would stand no nonsense from either friend or foe. He was essentially a practical man of action, with a dauntless, fiery soul and heart that knew no fear.

To take my readers through his military career would be to rewrite the history of most of the war in the Southern States of the Confederacy. He was present at the eventful battle of Shiloh, a brilliant secessionist victory one day, a defeat the day after. When General Beauregard's line of battle halted on the evening of Sunday, the 6th of April, in the midst of the Federal camps which had been taken, his troops were thoroughly exhausted, and thought only of obtaining food from the captured supply wagons. Forrest on his own initiative, pushed forward his scouts to watch the enemy's doings

and soon discovered that large Federal reinforcements were being ferried over the Tennessee river.

He at once perceived the gravity of the position, and did all he could to communicate this to his army headquarters, but no one knew where they were. In his search to find them he fell in with the officer commanding an infantry brigade, to whom he said, in his own rough colloquial vernacular: "If the enemy come on us in the morning we shall be whipped like hell." His prophecy was not far wrong, and by Monday night General Beauregard's army was in retreat.

General Sherman pressed the retiring Confederates very hard all Tuesday, the 8th of April; upon one occasion during the day Forrest, with about three hundred and fifty men, keenly watched his opportunity for an offensive return from behind a ridge which afforded his soldiers good protection. The Federal advanced guard of two battalions of cavalry and a regiment of foot, upon reaching the ridge, at once proceeded to attack it with great spirit, but in crossing a little intervening ravine and stream, fell into some confusion. Forrest with his usual quick military perception of such an opening, at once told his bugler to sound the "Charge!" and, pistol in hand, dashed in among the astonished Federals. The effect was instantaneous. The enemy's horsemen fled back panic stricken through the woods, scattering their own infantry, who quickly doubled after them. A scene of the greatest confusion ensued, and Forrest, pursuing for some distance, killed many, and took some seventy prisoners. With his usual hardihood, pushing on well ahead of his men, he soon found himself face to face with the enemy's main body, and under a galling fire from all sides. A ball struck him above the hips, and, hurting his spine, at once benumbed his right leg. His horse, though mortally wounded, still enabled him to bolt for his life through a crowd of the enemy, who shouted: "Kill him!" "Shoot him!" etc. An unerring shot with his revolver, he soon cleared a path for himself, and found once more at least temporary safety among his own men.

It was many weeks before he was again able to take an active part in the war. The following description of this affair by General Sherman will, I think, interest my military readers:

"The enemy's cavalry came down boldly at a charge led by General Forrest in person, breaking through our lines of skirmishers, when the infantry, without cause, threw away their muskets and fled.

The ground was admirably adapted to a defense of infantry against cavalry, being miry and covered with fallen timber. As the regiment of infantry broke, Dickey's cavalry began to discharge their carbines, and fell into disorder."

A couple of months after the battle of Shiloh, Forrest was sent to command a cavalry brigade at Chattanooga, and bidding good by to his old regiment, set out in June, 1862, for this new sphere of action. Within a month of entering upon this new command he had taken Murfreesboro in Tennessee. It was one of the most remarkable achievements of his life. His force consisted of not more than about two thousand badly-armed men on horseback. A five days' march brought him before that place at early dawn—the enemy being in entire ignorance of his presence. Surprised in their camp, and charged in the streets of the town, the place was soon taken. It was Forrest's birthday, and the evening before, when he told his men this, he begged they would celebrate it by their courage. His appeal was not in vain, for they never fought better against greater odds.

After the town had fallen, there remained two camps outside in which the Federals still showed fight. Before setting out to attack them many who did not know Forrest regarded this enterprise as rash and doomed to failure; and now several of his officers urged the propriety of being content with what he had already achieved, and begged him to fall back at once with the stores and prisoners he had taken before his retreat could be interfered with. They little realized the fiery temper or the military genius of their new commander, upon whom they pressed this advice. This was the first time his new force, demoralized by previous failures, had seen him in action. They were not yet infected with the fire which burned within him, and he had not yet had time or opportunity to catch hold of their inauguration or their spirit. They had no enthusiasm for this stranger, nor any great confidence in his ability as a general.

He was, however, determined they should believe in him before the day was out, as his own regiment had long done. His further operations that day showed a rare mixture of military skill and of what is known by our American cousins as "bluff," and led to the surrender of the camps attacked. The general in command and one thousand seven hundred infantry were made prisoners, a vast amount of stores were burned, and four field-guns, six hundred horses, many wagons, and a large quantity of arms, ammunition, clothing and food were taken. It was a brilliant success, and as it was his first great

foray, it at once established his reputation as a partisan and as a daring cavalry leader, to be dreaded by commanders of Federal posts and stations within his sphere of action.

His raids upon the enemy's lines of communication were frequent and most successful. No rivers stopped him, and any detailed accounts of the railways and valuable military stores he destroyed and the fortified posts he captured would alone fill a volume. His pursuit of Colonel Streight's cavalry column for four days and nights in 1863 reads like an exciting novel. It ended in his saving the great arsenal and in the capture of Streight and one thousand seven hundred of his men by the six hundred troopers he then had with him.

He took part in General Bragg's retreat from Tennessee, and one day, being with the tail of the rear guard, an excited old lady rushed from her house and, upbraiding him, urged him to turn round and fight. As he took no notice of her entreaties, she shook her fist at him and cried out: "Oh, you big, cowardly rascal, I only wish old Forrest was here; he'd make you fight!" Such was then the public estimation in which he was held.

But, as we sometimes find in all armies, his commander-in-chief did not agree with this popular opinion of his merits and ability as a soldier; for, later in the autumn, he was superseded by a very inferior man as a cavalry leader. He forthwith resigned his commission; but, instead of accepting his resignation, the central government promoted him to the rank of major-general, and assigned him to the command of North Mississippi and West Tennessee.

There he had to raise, organize, arm and equip an entirely new force. With it he did great things in 1864 against large numbers of well-armed and splendidly-equipped Federal cavalry. The cavalry force of about seven thousand men under General Sooy Smith, and belonging to Sherman's army, he completely defeated in a fairly open and prairie country suited for the action of regular cavalry, had either side possessed any. General Sherman officially described Smith's division as composed of "the best and most experienced men in the service." This part of the campaign had been expressly designed by that general with a view to the capture or destruction of Forrest's force. But Smith was no match for his opponent, who out-generaled him, and the result was the reverse of what Sherman had intended and anticipated. Forrest's force during these operations numbered about three thousand men, one-half of whom were raw and badly-armed recruits. General Grant says: "Smith's com-

mand was nearly double that of Forrest, but not equal man to man, for lack of a successful experience, such as Forrest's men had had." And yet they were, as soldiers went in this war, well drilled and commanded by a regular officer, whereas Forrest's men knew little more of drill than their general, who, his friends alleged, could not at any time have drilled a company.

A small brigade of about seven hundred Kentucky infantry was now handed over to him, but having found horses for these foot soldiers they were thenceforward reckoned as "cavalry." His little army now consisted of two weak divisions, with which, in 1864, he took Union City, attacked Paducah, had a most successful engagement at Bolivar, and finally captured Fort Pillow. In these operations he inflicted great loss of men, arms, horses and stores upon his enemy, largely reinforced his own command, and refitted it with captured equipments. Repeated efforts were subsequently made by General Sherman to capture or destroy Forrest's apparently ubiquitous force. He several times drew a great cordon of brigades and divisions round him, but all to no purpose; he defeated some and escaped from others. His hairbreath escapes from capture when thus closely surrounded by numerous bodies of troops, each larger in itself than his whole command, read more like the pages of romance than the history of military events. All through his operations one great secret of his success was his intimate knowledge of the enemy's movements and intentions. His campaigns were made in districts where the inhabitants were heart and soul with him, and it was therefore much easier for him than for the Federal generals to obtain useful information. His system of reconnoissance was admirable, and, for the reason just given, he could venture to push his scouts out in twos and threes to very great distances from headquarters.

One Federal general was removed from his command at Memphis for having failed to do anything against this now redoubtable commander. Shortly after Forrest himself marched into Memphis, and took possession of the newly-appointed Federal general's uniform, which was found in his room. The disgraced general, in vindication of his own conduct, wittily said: "They removed me because I couldn't keep Forrest out of West Tennessee, but my successor couldn't keep him out of his bedroom."*

*Forrest sent this uniform back to its owner, who, in his turn, sent Forrest some gray cloth and gold lace to make into a Confederate uniform.

It is not my intention to enter here into the much-vexed question of Forrest's dealing with the garrison of Fort Pillow. He reached that place at 9 A. M., the 15th of April, 1864, after a ride of about seventy-two miles since 6 P. M., the previous evening, and having surrounded the place, he duly summoned the commandant to surrender with his garrison as prisoners of war. Negotiations followed, which occupied some time, but led to no result. The signal for assault being then given, the place was quickly taken. There was a heavy loss on both sides, but all things considered, including the intense ill-feeling then existing between the men of Tennessee who fought on one side and those on the other, I do not think the fact that about one-half of the small garrison of a place taken by assault was either killed or wounded evinced any very unusual bloodthirstiness on the part of the assailants. The unexpectedness of this blow, and the heavy loss in killed and wounded it entailed, served much to increase Forrest's reputation as a daring cavalry leader, and to intensify the dread in which his name was held far and near among his enemies.

An officer who knew Forrest well gives me the following description of the force under his command about this time: The two friends had breakfasted together on the every-day food of the negro—corn meal and treacle—as they sat side by side on the bank of the Tennessee to watch Forrest's troops pass over that great river. His command then consisted of about ten thousand mounted men, well provided with blankets, shoes and other equipment, everything being legibly stamped with "U. S.," showing whence he had obtained them. His artillery consisted of sixteen field pieces—also taken from the Northern army—each drawn by eight horses. The train numbered two hundred and fifty wagons, with six mules or horses each, besides fifty four-horse ambulances. He had himself enlisted, equipped, armed, fed, and supplied with ammunition all this force, without any help from his own government. For the two previous years he had drawn absolutely nothing from the quartermasters' or commissariat departments of the Confederate States. Every gun, rifle, wagon and ambulance, and all the clothing, equipment, ammunition and other supplies then with his command he had taken from the Northern armies opposed to him.

His was, indeed, a freebooter's force on a large scale, and his motto was borrowed from the old raiders on the Scottish border: "I shall never want as long as my neighbor has."

His defeat of General Sturgis in June, 1864, was a most remarkable achievement, well worth attention by the military student. He

pursued the enemy from the battle for nigh sixty miles, killing numbers all the way. The battle and this long pursuit were all accomplished in the space of thirty hours. When another Federal general was dispatched to try what he could do against this terrible Southerner, the defeated Sturgis was overheard repeating to himself, as he sat ruminating in his hotel, "It can't be done, sir; it can't be done!" Asked what he meant, the reply was, "They c-a-n-'t whip old Forrest!" General Sherman's report, in cipher, of this battle was: "He (Forrest) whipped Sturgis fair and square, and now I will put him against A. J. Smith and Mower, and let them try their hand."

In these operations Forrest was again badly wounded; but, notwithstanding this misfortune, he took the field once more early the following August. Unable to ride, he followed in a buggy. He struck at Sherman's line of communication, tore up railroads, destroyed bridges and viaducts, captured gunboats, burned transports and many millions of dollars worth of stores and supplies of all sorts. Well justified, indeed, was Sherman when he wrote to Grant in November, 1864: "That devil Forrest was down about Johnsonville, making havoc among the gunboats and transports."

He took part in General Hood's disastrous Nashville campaign, and covered the retreat of that general's army from Columbia. This most trying of duties he discharged with his usual daring, ability and success. No man could have done more than he did with the small force then at his disposal. Throughout the winter of 1864-65 everything looked blacker for the Confederacy day by day, until at last all hope faded away and the end came. It was a gallant struggle from the first, and, as it were, a pitched battle between a plucky boy and a full-grown man. The history of both armies abounds in gallant and chivalrous deeds done by men who fought for their respective convictions and from a sincere love of country. If ever England has to fight for her existence, may the same spirit pervade all classes here as that which influenced the men of the United States, both North and South. May we have at the head of our government as wise and far-seeing a patriot as Mr. Lincoln, and, to lead our mounted troops, as able a leader as General Forrest!

A man of Forrest's characteristics is only possible in a young and partially-settled territory, where English human nature has been able to show its real solid worth, untrammelled by Old World notions of conventionality and propriety—where men do what they deem right, but not because of laws enacted for the benefit and protection of the community, or of policemen kept to enforce those laws in the main-

tenance of order. Acts of cruelty and violence are often perpetrated in a border community, such as that in which Forrest passed his youth. Rough, but, on the whole, fairly even-handed justice is administered, though occasionally the inhabitants take the law into their own hands when the ordinary process of law is deemed too slow in its methods, or those who administer it too weak or too timid to enforce it. But it is a great nursery where the right-minded, able and courageous boy grows into the strong, determined man—into the citizen most suited to the social wants and requirements of the wild and self-willed community he has to live in.

Forrest possessed all the best qualities of the Anglo-American frontiersman. He was a man of great self-confidence, self reliance and reticence; a man of quick resolved and prompt execution, of inexhaustible resource, and of ready and clever expedients. He had all the best instincts of the soldier, and his natural military genius was balanced by sound judgment. He always knew what he wanted, and consequently there was no weakness or uncertainty in his views or intentions, nor in the orders he gave to have those intentions carried out. There was never any languor in that determined heart, nor weariness in that iron body. Panic and fear flew and hid at his approach, and the sound of his cheer gave courage to the weakest heart. It has always seemed to me that the great distinctive difference between men of action, between the great and insignificant, the strong and the limp, is the possession or the lack of determination, and of the energy necessary to make that determination felt at all times and under all circumstances. No amount of talent will make a two-legged creature a real man without it.

General Joe Johnston, one of the most celebrated of the Confederate leaders, had a very high opinion of Forrest, and regarded him as one of the ablest soldiers whom the war had produced. He is still often referred to in the South as "the greatest revolutionary leader, on the Confederate side. And although I for one cannot indorse that opinion, I feel that he was a heaven-born leader of men. An uneducated slave dealer, he achieved great things during the war, and would, I am sure, have achieved far greater had he been trusted earlier and given the command of armies instead of the weak regiments and brigades which for so long were alone confided to him.

The war over, Forrest at once recognized the necessity of patriotically accepting the fact that the North had won, and that the South must accept whatever terms the humane Mr. Lincoln might dictate. He published an address to the gallent men who had so long fol-

lowed his plume in battle, and who were not only personally devoted to him, but thoroughly believed in him as a skillful and an eminent leader. He reminded his men that the terms granted by Mr. Lincoln were satisfactory, and manifested "a spirit of magnanimity and liberality on the part of the Federal authorities." "Whatever your responsibilities may be to government, to society, or to individuals, meet them like men. The attempt made to establish a separate and independent confederation has failed; but the consciousness of having done your duty faithfully, and to the end, will, in some measure, repay you for the hardships you have undergone." The last paragraph of this famous order was as follows: "I have never on the field of battle sent you where I was unwilling to go myself; nor would I now advise you to a course which I felt myself unwilling to pursue. You have been good soldiers; you can be good citizens."

Forrest had fought like a knight-errant for the cause he believed to be that of justice and right. No man who drew the sword for his country in that fratricidal struggle deserved better of her; and as long as the chivalrous deeds of her sons find poets to describe them and fair women to sing of them, the name of this gallant, though low-born and uneducated general, will be remembered by every Southern State with affection and sincere admiration. A man with such a record needs no ancestry, and his history proves that a general with such a heart and such a military genius as he possessed, can win battles without education.

Like most of the planters who had become soldiers, the end of the war found him financially ruined. But with that pluck and energy which characterized every action of his life, he at once set to work to retrieve his fortune. He went back to his plantation, and from it he extracted enough to keep him from want. He also embarked as a contractor upon some of the railways then being pushed over the Western plains, and although he was never rich again, his gains placed him above poverty.

He died about twelve years after the close of the war, from the effects of the wound near the spine, which he received at the battle of Shiloh. He had been four times wounded, and had had eighteen horses killed and ten others wounded under him during his four years of war service. What a record!

It would be difficult in all history to find a more varied career than his—a man who, from the greatest poverty, without any learning, and by sheer force of character alone, became a great fighting leader of fighting men—a man in whom an extraordinary military instinct

and sound common sense supplied to a very large extent his unfortunate want of military education.

When all the disadvantages under which the South fought are duly considered, it is wonderful what her soldiers achieved. But soldiers who believe in themselves and have absolute faith in their leaders are very difficult to beat in war, where success depends so largely upon the firm inner conviction of military superiority over your enemy. Victories gained over him early in a war engender that feeling of self-confidence which is, in fact, the twin brother of success. Little by little this feeling grew in the force under Forrest, and he knew well how to foster it among the wild and restless spirits who followed him.

“So much the weight of one brave man can do.”

His military career teaches us that the genius which makes men great soldiers is not to be measured by any competitive examination in the science or art of war, much less in the ordinary subjects comprised in the education of a gentleman. The reputation of a school-boy depends greatly upon his knowledge of books, but that of a general upon what he has done when holding independent command in the field. And it is thus we must judge Forrest's claim to military fame. “In war,” said Napoleon, “men are nothing; a man is everything.” And it would be difficult to find a stronger corroboration of this maxim than is to be found in the history of General Forrest's operations.

WOLSELEY.

THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

ORATION BY HON. D. B. HILL, AT THE ONE HUNDRED AND
SEVENTEENTH ANNIVERSARY, CELEBRATED
AT CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA,
MAY 20, 1892.

[From the Richmond (Va.) *Times*, May 21, 1892.]

Senator Hill and his party arrived at Charlotte, North Carolina, at 2 o'clock A. M. May 20, 1892. A reception committee, headed by Mayor Robert Brevard, escorted them from the Richmond and Dan-

ville station to the Buford Hotel. After breakfasting Mayor Brevard and the members of the Executive committee called at the hotel and escorted the party to the Central Hotel, from the balcony of which they were to review the parade. Governor Holt was sick and unable to be present.

He deputed the pleasant task of welcoming the guests to Adjutant-General James D. Glenn, who received them in the parlors of the Central Hotel, and escorted them to the balcony. Other members of the Governor's staff and of the staff of the Governor of South Carolina were present in full uniform. Senator Hill's appearance on the balcony was greeted with prolonged cheering from the crowd which lined the sidewalks.

THE PROCESSION.

The procession formed at the junction of Tryon and Ninth streets. In the line were the Governor's Guards and Zouaves, of Columbia; the Fayetteville Light Infantry, the Guilford Grays, of Greensboro; the Hornet's Nest Riflemen and Queen City Guards, of Charlotte, and the Iredell Blues, Cabarras Black Boys, Cleveland Guards and Southern Stars, of the Fourth regiment, and holding the last place in the line, the Naval Artillery, of Charlotte. The column moved at 10 o'clock, passing under the massive arch at the intersection of Tryon and Trade streets. It passed the reviewing balcony, and then moved down south Tryon street to a large field, which had been selected for the military manœuvres. When the procession had passed the reviewing stand, Senator Hill and his party were escorted to carriages and driven to the battle-field, where they had an excellent view of a very spirited sham battle. From the battle-field they went to the Auditorium, where an enormous crowd had gathered to hear the senator's speech. The Rev. Edward Mack opened the ceremonies with an invocation. After the reading of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, Senator Hill was introduced.

SENATOR HILL'S ADDRESS.

He said:

To-day, this 20th day of May, in the one hundred and sixteenth year of American Independence, we come to celebrate the one hundred and seventeenth year of North Carolinian independence. We stand upon historic ground! A birthday of liberty! The birthplace of liberty!

Your historians narrate that here the first Declaration of Independence was promulgated.

It is a simple story, and is briefly told.

The patriotic citizens of this county of Mecklenburg, in this grand old State of North Carolina, restless under the yoke of oppression, impatient of the injustice of foreign rule under which they had long suffered, and imbued with the spirit of self-government, assembled together at the court-house over thirteen months before the memorable action of the Continental Congress, with the startling news of the battle of Lexington ringing in their ears, renewing their devotion to the inherent and inalienable rights of man, bravely and solemnly resolved, in substance, that they were a free and independent people, and that the political bands which had bound them to the mother country were dissolved.

It was a sublime and heroic action. It was without an example in the history of the world. What a page in the history of these United States of America!

One of your later statesmen, and among your greatest, the Hon. William A. Graham, whose memory will be ever cherished, and whose name will be ever honored by the sons of North Carolina, has recorded for all time to come, in his centennial and memorial address at Charlotte in 1875, the thrilling story of that immortal deed.

Not only was North Carolina the first colony in which independence was declared, but it is confidently claimed—and history seems to confirm the statement—that here in your State the first blood was spilled in the United States in resistance to the exactions of English rulers, at an engagement between the royal forces and the North Carolina militia, known as “Regulators,” so early as the 16th of May, 1771, at the battle of Alamance.

It is not denied that these facts have been questioned. I am well aware that the settled verdicts of history are appealed from in all directions. Historical criticism is making formidable reprisals where the faith of many generations had never wavered. A gentleman in the West questions if the author of the Shakespeare plays and sonnets spelled his name with the correct assortment of letters of the alphabet. Nobody now thinks worse of Bolingbroke for his attainder than of Andrew Johnson for his impeachment. People live and pay taxes who think John Adams was quite right when he coupled Hamilton and Burr as dangers to the republic and its freedom.

The Swiss are told that no such person ever lived among their mountains as William Tell.

And now the historians are not content with saying that Christopher Columbus sought a westward passage to the Island of Japan and the Asiatic mainland, was interrupted by the little archipelago off Florida, made his crew take an affidavit that one could march on foot from Cuba across Asia to Spain, but never landed upon North America nor suspected the existence of the Pacific ocean.

These terrible historic critics go further still, and I will read you what the last of them, Mr. Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard University, says in this very quadri-centennial year, which we are about to celebrate by the Chicago Fair, upon the death of Christopher Columbus.

"We have seen a pitiable man meet a pitiable death. Hardly a name in the profane history is more august than his. Hardly another character in the world's record has made so little of its opportunities. His discovery was a blunder, his blunder was a new world, the new world is his monument. Its discoverer might have been its father; he proved to be its despoiler. He might have given its young days such a benignity as the world likes to associate with a maker; he left it a legacy of devastation and crime. He might have been an unselfish promotor of geographical science; he proved a rapid seeker for gold and vice-royalty. He might have won converts to the fold of Christ by the kindness of his spirit; he gained the execrations of the good angels. He might, like Las Casas, have rebuked the fiendishness of his contemporaries; he set them an example of perverted belief. The triumph of Barcelona led down to the ignominy of Valladolid, with every step in the degradation palpable and resultant."

Does anything survive in all this wreck of famous reputations?

Yes. There is a tomb at Mount Vernon where one of the mighty dead lies in peace, with honor.

The historians have now done their best and their worst. Thank God, we know at last that the Father of his Country has left to the children and the children's children of this great nation, through all generations, the priceless legacy of a pure, unsullied name. George Washington, John Adams and his son, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison (to name no more)—all these, among the great founders of a mighty State; all these, the first leaders of our still contending

political parties, retain their title to our reverence as to our pride, to our esteem as to our admiration. The whole record of their long, laborious lives has been exposed, upturned, published, and not one syllable of shame.

It is the slander of envious or ambitious rivals which the record has exposed—to their shame. It is the hideous revilings, the ceaseless calumnies of some partisan newspapers, on both sides, which have been shriveled up and burnt away in the glare of modern investigation.

It is the credulity of opposing partisans, sectarians, bigots, which the muse of history now mocks with her wise smile.

Fellow-citizens of North Carolina, fellow-citizens of Mecklenburg, I congratulate you especially that there is something else which the tooth of time has wholly spared.

I congratulate you that after all the researches of their contemporaries, their historians and their critics, here, too, you can hold fast and keep forever undisturbed your veneration for the “gray forefathers of the State,” and all your pride in the authentic precursors of American Independence.

Grant for a moment the very uttermost that anybody ever tried to prove to unsettle the verdict of the North Carolina historian.

Has it ever occurred to you to inquire what it amounts to? Nothing at all, or nothing but this—that your forefathers were less than a fortnight later in being still by more than a year in advance of all as the forerunners, the precursors of American Independence.

Which one of the thirteen States, finding such a record as that among its archives, never questioned, undisputable, authentic and contemporaneous, would not regard the Mecklenburg Resolves of the 31st of May as a perfect title to all that was ever claimed for North Carolina’s sons as the forerunners of American Independence. Let every other page of your annals perish, and then would not the old Bay State? would not the Empire State? would not the Keystone State? would not old Virginia? if that remaining record belonged to either one of them, instead of belonging, as it does, by an unchallenged title, to the Old North State, proclaim it the very Koh-i-noor among all the jewels of American liberty?

Turn in every light and it blazes with an incomparable lustre.

I lately turned over some few of the leaves of controversy.

I glanced at the famous correspondence of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson over the Raleigh Register, in their old age, in their

renewed confidence and mutual regard, just one short lustrum of seven years before "the Colossus of the Revolution" and the author of the Declaration of Independence united to celebrate together on the 4th of July, 1826, by their joint exit from the life of this world and their joint entrance upon the life to come, the semi-centennial anniversary of American Independence.

I looked over Peter Force's American Archives, and turned a page or two of your own State records.

And I found time to read the paper of the all-accomplished President Welling, of the Columbian University, at Washington, upholding as your highest pride the resolves of May 31st.

I was looking to see what emerged from all that dust.

If you will pardon the words of an old song, I was looking to see what "nobody can deny."

And in a discussion of the Mecklenburg Resolves of the eleventh day after the 20th May, I stumbled upon the words "Virtual Independence."

What, then, if you gentlemen of North Carolina please, what, then, would actual independence be?

I appeal to the text.

"All commissions, civil and military, heretofore granted by the crown to be exercised in these colonies are null and void, and the constitution of each particular colony wholly suspended."

"The provincial congress of each province under the direction of the great Continental Congress invested with all legislative and executive powers within their respective provinces, and that no other legislative or executive power does or can exist at this time in any of these colonies."

Such was the large, strict logical derivation from the wrong of Parliament; then follows, what?

A temporary grant of power by the inhabitants of this county, to be held and exercised by virtue of their choice.

Is that all? No—"shall hold and exercise their several powers by virtue of the choice, and independent of the crown of Great Britain and former constitution of this province."

The exercise of old or new commissions from the crown to mark an enemy of his country.

Preservation of the peace and administration of justice provided for and the tenure of their office who bore the purse or sat in judgment to be "during the pleasure of their several constituents."

And they who bore the sword of power were bidden to arm and hold "themselves in readiness to execute the commands of the General Congress of this province and this committee."

Such was, indeed, that "clear and logical conception" which the Mecklenburg patriots of 1775 were foremost to form "of the civil status created for the American colonies by the address of both houses of Parliament to the Crown, adopted February 7, 1775, declaring the colony of Massachusetts in a state of 'actual rebellion,' " and constructively passing the same sentence of outlawry on all the other colonies which were giving her aid and comfort.

Fellow-citizens of North Carolina, it is not quite enough to say that the Mecklenburg patriots of 1775 won and wear the unique fame of the precursors of American Independence.

The North Carolina Koh-i-noor blazes from a broader facet with a finer light. The Mecklenburg patriots of 1775 also carried onward the very evangel of Democracy!

I peruse these authentic, unquestioned resolutions, the text undisputed, the record contemporary and continuous and clear, and I care not what went before or came after, for I say, severance from and independence of the parent State are here.

But also every mark of the highest style of self-government is here.

Severance, because of encroachments upon self-government—Independence—resumption of power by the self-governed to the end of its redistribution upon the servants of their choice—the temporary character of the grant affirmed, subject to termination by the termination of its necessity, or by the awaited exercise of authority on the part of the larger social structure to which their union and voluntary difference were affirmed through the Provincial or the Continental Congress.

Shall we find in the immortal Declaration of Independence, which Jefferson penned, a surer, firmer grasp of government by the people, of the people, for the people, than that?

It will never be found, except by those who could make the mistake which your forefathers never made—the mistaking of Mecklenburg county for North Carolina, the mistaking of North Carolina for the United Colonies of North America.

But the dignity and self-restraint of men capable of self-government, ordering the spirit and the structures of their society, are here.

Nothing for aggression is here, but everything for defense.

But the substantial of self-government were denied, and so "the old order changed, giving place to the new."

They had understood their epoch. They had hewed to the very line, and then they waited for a twelve-month the fateful issue.

But resolute then for self-government they were, at the hazard of their fortunes and their lives.

A long renown to the Mecklenburg Patriots of 1775, the precursors of American Independence !

But a deathless renown to self-respecting, self-governing freemen, capable to rend asunder and destroy that unserviceable body of government which no longer fitly houses and serves the soul of liberty !

This great decision of the Mecklenburg forefathers, I say, bears every mark of the highest style of self-government.

Of pure Democracy there is no finer type.

No orders came thundering down from the seat of centralized power. They conversed with one another and determined their course in this county of Mecklenburg, and then staked the fortunes and the lives of freemen as of less value than their liberty.

Liberty to do what ?

Liberty to establish justice and maintain it; liberty to surround and guard their own social order with all their united force; liberty to keep off the encroachments of the officers of government, by keeping in hand the sum and methods of taxation and holding the tenure of the officer at the pleasure of his constituents.

Such is the attitude of freemen. Such is the mind of the Democrat—Democrat in the broadest sense, I mean. And then, what courage of the patriot !

Can you conceive of servility in souls like theirs ? Can you conceive of a demagogue making headway in that company ?

Let us keep before the eyes of our fellow-countrymen, thronging hither from all lands, this type and style of true Democracy, this type and nobler style of humanity. Is that too proud a claim ?

Let us see. I brought with me to this celebration of Mecklenburg county Patriotism, a newspaper printed in the great metropolis called London one hundred and sixteen and a half years after the day and deeds we celebrate. It is the London *Times* of last November 25th. It contains the report of a speech in Birmingham made by the prime minister, an actual ruler of Great Britain to-day. Allow me

to read you one short passage from that speech, in which he discusses some Democratic changes proposed—among them, parish councils. He says:

“I wish to know what they are to do. Parishes are a very strange, a very unequal division of the country. You will find parishes very small and parishes very large. They have no duties so far as I know to perform, and when I am told, ‘You ought to give them parish councils in order to make rural life more interesting than it is,’ I really cannot admit that the object of representative institutions is to amuse the electors who send representatives to them. If among the many duties the modern State undertakes the duty of amusing the rural population should be included, I should rather recommend a circus or something of that kind. But I am quite certain if you attempt to amuse them by giving them parish councils you will not satisfy the demand you have raised.

I looked for the reply to these gibes of Lord Salisbury by some of the politicians opposed to him, and I found it (and had it copied from the London *Times* of April 21st) in a speech by Sir William Harcourt, who is thought likely to be one day Mr. Gladstone’s successor. He said:

“We want to give life, occupation, interest to the villagers. We do not ridicule them and tell them to go to a circus. We want these men to have an interest in and an authority over their own affairs, to have something to fill their minds and hearts on the long, dull, dreary round of weekly labor—something that will give them a sense of security for themselves and their families and not a sense of dependence upon the variable and eleemosynary favors of others, however generous and kind they may be.”

I do not know which one of these British statesmen would be thought the more insolent by a Mecklenburg citizen addicted to self-government and capable of it—Sir William Harcourt, with his supercilious sympathy, or Lord Salisbury and his circus and his contempt.

But I ask all critics of the American citizen to compare that stereoscopic figure of the British citizen, seen with one Liberal and one Tory eye.

The Mecklenburg patriots in their parish or county council struck for self-government, instantly resolved to risk poverty, defeat, outlawry, danger, imprisonment and death. Well did they know their undertaking was no holiday affair. It meant privation, bankruptcy, separation from home and friends, protracted military service, sick-

ness, suffering and every peril incident to a hazardous rebellion. Defeat did not dismay them, treachery did not destroy their confidence, jealousies did not divide their councils, blunders did not cast them down and success did not unduly exalt them. They were a plain people—honest, earnest, steadfast and true. They fought for principles and not for spoils; for their country and not for power; for posterity, and not for themselves alone. They contended against the injustice of taxation without due representation, against the inequality of governmental burdens, against the exactions of arbitrary power, against the imposition of standing armies to harrass the people and eat out their substance, against non-resident office-holders, and against the attempt to make the military superior to the civil authority. A holier cause never enlisted the efforts of freemen; a nobler type of freemen never walked this earth.

The circumstances of the Mecklenburg declaration were most extraordinary. There had been no recent conflict upon North Carolina soil; she had no grievances which were not common to all the colonies. Mecklenburg was in a portion of the country remote from the centres of population; there was no immediate prospect of foreign invasion of its territory or actual impending injury to its citizens; it was a period of darkness and uncertainty in which the future could not be predicted; yet this people, without consultation with other localities, and without pledges of assistance from other colonies, relying upon the truth and justice of their cause with "war in each heart and freedom on each brow," unaided and alone set the ball in motion and boldly inaugurated a righteous rebellion, the result of which no one could foretell. The recollection of this chivalric, but perilous undertaking constitutes a source of pride to the State of North Carolina "ever to be cherished, never to be forgotten."

It was a step for which, as yet, neither the State at large nor the Colonial Congress was prepared. It evinced the highest courage and the loftiest patriotism, but it nevertheless seemed to many patriots premature. Resistance to British authority at that time had not assumed anywhere else the form of a demand for separation. Such resistance was elsewhere made as a protest against abuses and as an effort to secure the correction of grievances rather than to establish a new government. Reformation under royal rule was all that had thus far been generally contemplated.

But to this general sentiment of loyalty the citizens of Mecklenburg presented a notable exception. The leading characters are said

to have been ripe for revolution from the very beginning of the difficulties, and the popular sentiment responded in one decisive act, which we this day commemorate. Their decisive and daring action gave to North Carolina the proud distinction, which it has ever since enjoyed, of having been the first of all the colonies to sound the tocsin of revolution and to assert the right of independence.

The same firm determination and high spirit which led to the early pronunciamento of 1775, more than a year in advance of all the other colonies, characterized the conduct of your people during all the dark and stormy days which followed. Lord Cornwallis unwittingly paid your forefathers a compliment when he declared Charlotte to be "the hornet's nest of North Carolina"—a reputation which, I am informed, it has ever since gloriously maintained.

The Mecklenburg declaration was momentous in its consequences, because it was the inception of a successful revolution. It was never retracted. It was unique. It was so startling in its boldness, so grand in its conception, so potent in its influence for the good of mankind, and so securely intrenched in those eternal principles which it concisely embodied, that it stands forth conspicuous as an unprecedented event, a wholly American page in the history of the world's progress. That it largely influenced the subsequent similar action of the united colonies cannot stand in need of proof. It kindled the fires of liberty everywhere. It encouraged the dream and hope of a separate government. It cheered the weak-hearted and the wavering, invigorated the just demands of the people, and quarried the cornerstone of the foundations of all our future greatness.

It is natural that this commemoration should possess a greater interest than any other which you observe. It belongs to your city, your county and your State. It has a peculiar significance to you which no other public event can import. It appeals to your local pride, your social pride, your pride of ancestry, your pride of race.

You go forward from this early May day to the National Fourth of July day as from

"One happy prologue to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme."

The great central and important thought of the Mecklenburg declaration was the idea of self-government which is boldly embodied. It was a protest against oppression. It was also a distinct repudiation of the divine right of kings. The wisdom of the con-

victions then embodied in the Mecklenburg assumption of self-government have been vindicated by over a hundred years' successful administration of this Republic. We may safely assert that our form of government is no longer an experiment. This people have demonstrated their capacity to govern themselves. The most intrepid pioneers who, more than a century ago, led the advance in the great struggle for political liberty and self-government, could hardly have anticipated so complete and so large an outcome as that which we behold between the two oceans, the great lakes and the gulf.

The people of North Carolina contributed their full share throughout the whole revolutionary struggle which followed the county and the Colonial Declarations of Independence. The valor of their troops was displayed on every Southern battle-field. The State itself was the constant theatre of important engagements and stirring events. We do not need to be reminded of the achievements at Guilford Courthouse and King's Mountain and other notable and bloody contests, where your citizen soldiers won enduring laurels over England's best disciplined forces. The glorious victory at King's Mountain, occurring as it did at a most gloomy period of the Revolution, when the hopes of patriots had been prostrated and the enemies of America encouraged by the disaster of Camden, turned the tide in the South in favor of the patriot cause as did the victory of Trenton under Washington at the North.

The battle of Guilford Courthouse, where Greene measured swords with Cornwallis, was an important struggle, where great military genius and valor contended for mastery, and where the cause of the whole country seemed to be in jeopardy. The heroism of your forefathers made your soil an uncomfortable abiding place for British soldiers.

But it is unnecessary to repeat in your presence the story of the American Revolution, because you are as familiar with it as household words. Next to the story of the Saviour it is the first one you teach your children to read. It sounds like a romance. It partakes of some of the features of a legend. It is a tale of resistance to unjust exactions; of opposition to a restricted commerce; of the struggle of a brave people of thirteen colonies seeking to be free; of the effort to establish the right of revolution for just cause; of an unequal contest of right against might for seven long years; of numerous bloody battles and serious defeats; of many privations,

hardships and woes; it is the narrative of a cause which produced a Washington to lead its armies; a young Lafayette to bring succor and assistance from across the waters; a Franklin to give counsel; a Jefferson to defend with his voice and pen; it is the account of courage, heroism and fortitude unsurpassed in the annals of time. It tells of an army crossing the Delaware amid snow and ice, and of the retreat of half-starved patriot soldiers with bare feet and bloody tracks; of the capture of Ticonderoga "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress;" of the intrepid Putnam's great leap from the rocks; of the famous exploits of "Marion's men;" of the valor of "Mad Anthony Wayne;" of the shameful treason of an Arnold at a critical period of the contest; of the decisive battle at Saratoga in the North and the subsequent surrender of the English army under Cornwallis at Yorktown in the South; of the evacuation of New York; of the final glorious triumph of the Continental armies; of the recognition of our independence and the establishment of a free republic—this is the epitome of the Revolution.

I am reminded of the fact that this county has another proud claim to distinction. It is the birthplace of Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk, two Presidents of the United States, two leaders of a great political party, two statesmen whose memory the country delights to honor, and whose achievements have reflected credit upon the county and State of their nativity. Truly you live in a most favored portion of our land. It was appropriate that these two great defenders of the rights of the people should have been born at the spot where liberty and independence were first ushered into existence.

The great heritage of freedom which was transmitted to us is ours—"Ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit." The exercises of this day, besides refreshing our recollection of revolutionary memories and stirring our hearts with patriotic pride, serve a better purpose in impressing upon our minds a sense of the responsibilities and duties of citizenship which devolve upon this generation. The defense and preservation of the free institutions of America are obligations which we cannot escape. The eyes of the world are upon us. For over a century this country has run the glorious race of empire. We are in the lead, but the struggle is still on.

We should not be unmindful of the fact that we are the custodians of a sacred trust. Let us distinguish our discharge of that trust by

the performance of deeds worthy to be remembered, and those which will surely advance the welfare and promote the progress of our common country. Let us not endeavor to win laurels by war. Brighter than any which we can hope to secure in this field have already been gathered by our fathers. Let us make this period an unexampled time of peace, an era of improvement, an age of reason. Let beneficent acts and philanthropic works abound everywhere. Let us excel in public virtue and private integrity, in the development of our vast resources, in the spread of education, in the promotion of religion, in the advancement of the arts and in the cultivation of a fraternal spirit. Let this be the era of good feeling, of higher national standards, of broader public purposes and larger conception of political duties.

By these noble aims and lofty purposes we shall best promote the cause of good government everywhere and evidence our appreciation of the services and sacrifices of our revolutionary sires and of all the glorious memories which cluster around our early independence days.

SENATOR GRAY'S SPEECH.

When Senator Gray was introduced by Mayor Brevard to read the Declaration of Independence he said that coming to Charlotte as a stranger he felt that he could go away as a friend. [Applause.] He was glad to come into this beautiful State under the auspices of the senator it had so long delighted to honor; who had so gallantly represented the Old North State in the United States Senate. [Applause.] He had heard something, he said, of this great anniversary. As a student he was interested in reading something about it and in reading something of the historic doubts which those envious of the honor claimed by a single State had cast upon it; but he would go from Mecklenburg to-day a willing witness of the verity of this historic event. [Prolonged applause.]

The sham-battle had been so delayed that it was 2.30 o'clock when Mayor Brevard called the assemblage in the auditorium to order, and it was 3.30 when Senator Hill finished speaking. His remarks were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

THANKS FOR TWO.

Congressman Alexander, taking the platform at the close, offered the following resolution :

Resolved, That we tender to the Hon. David Bennett Hill, of New York, our thanks for the able, eloquent and patriotic address this day delivered by him, and that our people will hold in lasting remembrance his participation in our celebration of the one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

Then Senator Ransom offered a resolution of thanks to Senator Gray, which was adopted.

Elias Carr, the Democratic nominee for Governor, was introduced. There were loud cries for Gray, then for Carr, and then for Ransom, but none of them responded, and after giving three cheers for Senator Hill the meeting broke up. Senator Hill held an informal reception on the platform, and then returned to his hotel. Dinner was served at 4 o'clock. At 6.30 o'clock Senator Hill, Senator Gray, General Lathrop and the United Press correspondent left Charlotte on the special car "Neva" for the North.

THE DAY OBSERVED IN RALEIGH.

All the State departments and the banks of the city were closed to-day, being State holiday, in honor of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. Governor Holt, who was to have been present at Charlotte to-day on the occasion of the celebration, is quite unwell and confined to his room, and consequently unable to be present.

THE MAN WHO KILLED GENERAL A. P. HILL.

Statement of Mr. Mauk, Who Says He Fired the Fatal Shot.

The Baltimore *American*, of May 29, 1892, in a long article describing how General Hill was killed, reproduces the account of

his courier, Sergeant Tucker,* and also a statement from Corporal John W. Mauk, of Company F, One-Hundred-and-Thirty-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry, who claims that he fired the fatal shot, and who, at the time, was in company with Private Daniel Wolford, of the same company. Mauk's statement is as follows :

On the morning of the 2d of April, 1865, after the rebel works had been carried in the front, the main portion of the troops deployed to the left inside the enemy's works. A portion of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Sixth Army Corps, became separated from the main body, and pushed forward to the railroad and a wagon road, running parallel with each other. Comrade Daniel Wolford and myself, of Company F, One-Hundred-and-Thirty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, reached this point. We came to a saw-mill just across the railroad, and close to it, under a slab-pile near the track, we found some crow-bars, with which we tore up two rails of the track. Previous to this, however, we who were separated from the others saw a wagon-train passing along and advanced, firing on it, expecting to capture it. This accounts for our advancing in this direction. After tearing up the track we went obliquely to the left from the railroad, in the direction of a swamp about a half or three-quarters of a mile from the saw-mill, which we had passed to the right when firing on the train, and going in the direction of the railroad. Here we attempted to cross back on the Corduroy road, which led through the swamp toward a body of our men on the hill near the former line of the rebel works. These men were stragglers who had been lost from their commands, and were making coffee and eating breakfast. Just as we entered the swamp we saw two men on horseback coming from the direction of Petersburg, who had the appearance of officers. They advanced until they came to the men on the hill; they then turned and rode toward us. We had just entered the swamp, when they advanced with cocked revolvers in their hands, which were leveled at us. Seeing a large oak tree close to the road, we took it for protection against any movement they would be likely to make. Seemingly by direction of his superior, one of the rebel officers remained behind. The other advanced with his revolver pointed at us, and demanded our surrender, saying,

* First published in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XI, December, 1883, pages 564-9.

"Surrender, or I will shoot you. A body of troops are advancing on our left (*i. e.*, from the direction of Petersburg), and you will have to surrender, anyway!" The officer still advanced and peremptorily demanded, "Surrender your arms." I said "I could not see it," and said to Comrade Wolford, "Let us shoot them."

We immediately raised our guns and fired, I bringing my man from his saddle.

The other officer, throwing himself forward on the horse's neck, rode off in the direction from which they had come, while the horse of the other followed. We knowing not what was on our flank, and not being able to see in that direction, backed out and went farther down the swamp, and crossed to the men on the hill.

Shortly afterwards I told Comrade Wolford that I would go and see what the officer had with him. I went a short distance, and saw what I took to be a skirmish line advancing. I went back and got part of the men on the hill—perhaps ten or fifteen—and deployed them as skirmishers for self defence. The advancing line came within hailing distance. I ordered them to halt, which they did. Then I said: "Throw up your arms, advance, and give an account of yourselves."

On being questioned they said they had captured some rebel prisoners, and were taking them to the rear. Six or eight were carrying guns and were dressed in our uniform. About that many were without guns, and wore rebel uniforms. I took their word and let them go. Turning round they asked me if a man had been killed near there. I told them I had killed an officer in the swamp. They went off in that direction. I had no suspicions at the time, but afterward thought this was a Confederate ruse to get the body of the man I had just killed. Comrade Wolford and myself shortly after this joined our regiment, and nothing more was thought of the affair until summoned to brigade and corps headquarters to answer questions.

After I had given a statement of the affair General Wright asked me if I knew whom I had killed. I told him that I did not. He said: "You have killed General A. P. Hill, of the Confederate army."

All this occurred on the morning after the rebel works had been carried, on the 2d of April, 1865.

JOHN W. MAUK.

UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF GENERAL AMBROSE POWELL HILL

AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, MAY 30, 1892.

With the Oration of General James A. Walker on the Occasion.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, May 31, 1892.]

Richmond is a city of memories and it must also be a city of monuments; monuments which entwine our hearts with the past and pledge us to a patriotic future.

We have now a monument in Oakwood cemetery to the sixteen thousand dead buried there; a granite column (nearly finished) in Marshall Park (Libby Hill) to all of the soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy; a statue to Stonewall Jackson in the Capitol Square; a granite pyramidal pile to the twelve thousand Confederate dead in Hollywood, and in the same cemetery monuments over the graves of Pickett, Stuart, Maury and others; a statue of Wickham in Monroe Park, and an equestrian statue of Lee at the west end of Franklin street. Our duty in this respect to A. P. Hill is also done, and movements are on foot to do like honor to President Davis and to "Jeb" Stuart.

The people of Richmond gave themselves up on the 30th of May heartily and enthusiastically to the two great events to which the day had been dedicated—the unveiling of the statue of General Ambrose Powell Hill and the Hollywood memorial ceremonies.

The 30th of May, 1892, has passed into history as a date on which the patriotic pulse was regnant. The scenes of the morning fill another tablet to be laid away along with those on which are inscribed the records of the unveiling of the Jackson and Hill statues. The scenes of the afternoon were a repetition in large measure of what has occurred annually for over two decades, but they never lose their freshness, nor can they become less pregnant with a beautiful and touching lesson as time rolls on.

The note of preparation for the actual demonstration began Sunday afternoon. On every train military companies and camps were arriving, and by midnight the man seen on the street who did not have on uniform or wear a badge was the exception.

In the morning companies, camps and veterans unattached began to move to the assembly-grounds as early as 9 o'clock, and by 10 o'clock the whole western section of the city was stir and bustle.

HILL'S FOLLOWERS HERE.

The rumble of artillery, the flash of sabres, the gleam of bayonets, the waving of battle-flags, the tramp of infantry and squadrons of cavalry, the notes of the bugle, and the martial music of the bands made the occasion one intensely inspiring. Marked in the throng by every one were the men who wore the badge of the Thirteenth Virginia, Hill's old regiment. Some of these survivors look even now as if they had not passed middle age, but the majority of them are gray-haired, and have left behind the half-century mile-stone on the road of life.

Another organization whose members attracted special attention wherever they were seen was the Pegram Battalion Association. All the veterans were recipients of general recognition and evoked enthusiastic greeting, but the Thirteenth survivors and the Pegram Battalion survivors were more distinctively noticeable by their badges, and perhaps more prominently associated in the public mind with Hill.

Two focal points of interest before the procession moved were the Mechanics' Institute and the residence of Major Thomas A. Brander, corner of Franklin and Fourth streets. At the former, the headquarters of the Pegram Battalion Association, the aids reported to the chief marshal, and orders were being sent out every few minutes by them. At the latter the ladies who were to occupy seats in carriages assembled, and were assigned by Colonel J. V. Bidgood.

CROWDS ON THE STREETS.

The sidewalks along the route of the procession, from Fifth and Franklin to Richmond College, were lined with people. Certainly there has been no such outpouring of all classes since the unveiling of the Lee monument, and certainly the spirit of the occasion was manifest in every face. The demonstration on the streets was an honor to Hill, an honor to the cause none contributed more than he to make glorious, an honor to Richmond.

The march was a long, hot and dusty one, but those in line, including the veterans, stood to it with splendid steadiness. Many of the latter bore on their bodies the scars of battle, and others were broken in health from exposure in camp or bivouac, but there was about the veteran column something of that grim determination of the days when their dauntless courage, their fortitude, and their disregard for all obstacles that confronted them made the armies of the Confederacy the admiration of the world.

RESPECT TO GENERAL LEE.

The march was devoid of interest, except repeated cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, until the parade reached the Lee monument. Here the colors were dipped, the infantry came to a carry, and then a reverse, the veterans, the cavalry, and the artillery also saluted, and the bands played dirges. After leaving this point the column broke into a rout step, which was continued to the site of the Hill monument, where the different organizations were assigned positions.

The actual ceremonies of the unveiling occupied about an hour and ten minutes; and, save for the dust, the crowd suffered very little inconvenience, as a delightful breeze was blowing all the time.

MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS.

A Splendid Parade of Military and Veterans Viewed by an Enthusiastic Throng.

There was an unusually large crowd of visitors in the city, and as their numbers were greatly augmented by the military and veterans from various portions of the State, the streets were thronged from early morn till late at night. The hotels were packed, and every train added to the multitude, which seemed to grow as the hours wore on. Broad street, especially in the neighborhood of the Regimental Armory, was literally jammed in the early part of the morning, and for several squares around the thoroughfares were almost blockaded.

Most of the visiting military reached here on Sunday, and as the various organizations arrived they were met at the depots by the local volunteers and escorted to their quarters. Throughout the Sabbath, and even until 9 or 10 o'clock yesterday morning the

armory was like a bee-hive, and hundreds of men were pouring back and forth, while a crowd was constantly in front of the building. Guards were posted at the doors to keep back the public, and these were on duty from early Sunday morning until the troops formed in line yesterday.

The visiting soldier boys were evidently enjoying themselves as much as possible, and before the column moved they could be seen scattered about in every direction.

CROWDS ON THE STREET.

The parade, which was one of the leading features of the day, was the finest display of military and veterans seen in this city since the Lee monument unveiling, and attracted universal attention. Thousands of people lined the streets from the Capitol square, where the various organizations began to fall in, up to the Lee-Monument grounds. The porches and verandas along the route were crowded with pretty girls, who cheered and waved their handkerchiefs to the troops as they passed.

A few minutes after 9 o'clock the formation of the magnificent column was commenced, and the various companies, troops and batteries began falling in. Broad street from Fifth to Ninth, and Marshall from the Armory to Ninth fairly swarmed with soldiery, and the thoroughfares looked as if the city had been besieged by a mighty invading host. The flash of the musketry and the gleaming of the cavalry and artillery sabres were truly an inspiring sight, which was rendered still more imposing by the appearance of the veterans, nearly all of whom wore the Confederate gray. Hundreds of badges with the colors of the Lost Cause were sold upon the streets, and many of these were worn upon the coat lapels of those who marched in the long line.

The arrangements for the formation of the procession had been made with great care and precision, but some little difficulty was experienced in getting the various organizations in exactly the right places. The column was, therefore, a trifle late moving. The order to "forward, march!" was given a few minutes before 11 o'clock. Grace street from Ninth to Fifth, the first part of the route, was literally jammed with men, women, and children, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed when the procession started amidst the strains of inspiring music and the hurrahs of the multitude.

THE POLICE, MARSHAL AND AIDS.

A squad of mounted police under command of Captain E. P. Hulce, of the Third District, rode at the head of the line. The "blue coats" all wore their helmets of gray, and presented an excellent appearance. Behind these came the chief-marshal, General Harry Heth, who wore a buff sash and looked every inch a soldier as he sat erect on his prancing charger. He was followed by Colonel William H. Palmer, his chief of staff, whose sash was white. The aids, all of whom wore red sashes, were as follows: Captain W. Gordon McCabe, Petersburg; Colonel W. W. Finney, Sublett's Tavern, Virginia; Lieutenant Beverly H. Selden, Richmond; Captain Stockton Heth, Radford, Virginia; Colonel G. M. Fague, Washington, D. C.; Dr. George Ross, Richmond; Dr. C. W. P. Brock, Richmond; Joseph Bryan, Richmond; Captain R. H. T. Adams, Lynchburg; Colonel J. V. Bidgood, Richmond; Judge E. C. Minor, Richmond; Judge H. W. Flournoy, Richmond; Colonel T. M. R. Talcott, Richmond; Colonel Walter H. Taylor, Norfolk; General G. M. Sorrell, Savannah, Georgia; W. R. Trigg, Richmond; Colonel A. G. Dickinson, New York; Captain W. H. Weisiger, Richmond; Colonel W. E. Tanner, Richmond; G. Powell Hill, Richmond; Colonel Archer Anderson, Richmond; General T. M. Logan, Richmond; Captain Charles U. Williams, Richmond; Colonel R. L. Maury, Richmond; Colonel C. O'B. Cowardin, Richmond; Captain E. P. Reeve, Richmond; Major N. V. Randolph, Richmond; Judge Geo. L. Christian, Richmond; Chas. Selden, Richmond.

Colonel Henry C. Jones, commandant of the First Virginia regiment of Infantry, had charge of all the militia. He was accompanied by the following officers from the brigade staff: Major John H. Dinneen, inspector-general; Major Meriwether Jones, quartermaster; Major M. D. Hoge, Jr., surgeon; and Major William M. Evans, assistant adjutant-general. Captain L. T. Christian and Captain B. B. Walker, of the Second regiment, District of Columbia National Guard, by special request, also acted as members of Colonel Jones's staff, all of whom were mounted.

THE FIRST AT THE HEAD.

The First regiment, which presented a splendid appearance and marched unusually well, headed the infantry forces. Major J. H.

Derbyshire commanded the first battalion and Captain Charles Gasser, the second. The following were the staff officers: Major E. P. Turner, surgeon; Captain D. A. Kuyk, assistant-surgeon; Captain E. A. Shepherd, adjutant; Captain J. R. Tennant, quartermaster; Captain Cyrus Bossieux, commissary; and Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge. The figure of the beloved Presbyterian divine, as he sat erect and soldierly upon his horse, attracted considerable attention. The non-commissioned staff, who marched with drawn swords, were Sergeant-Major R. B. Hickok, Quartermaster-Sergeant P. L. Falkner, Ordnance Sergeant H. P. Gray, Commissary-Sergeant J. V. B. Moore, Post-Quartermaster-Sergeant J. S. L. Owen.

The Grays (Company A) were commanded by Captain C. Gray Bossieux, with Lieutenants Garrison and Goode and nine commissioned officers. Thirty-five privates were in line, making a total rank and file of fifty-six men.

Captain Frank Cunningham commanded the Walker Light Guard (Company B), and his commissioned officer was Lieutenant J. J. Haverty. Lieutenant William Russell was assigned to duty as adjutant of the Second battalion. Fifty officers and privates of the company paraded.

Captain Harry Lee Watson, the newly-elected commandant, was at the head of Company C, which paraded thirty-five men. Lieutenant J. B. Patton was the next officer in rank, while Lieutenant J. R. Holstead, the other commissioned officer, was detailed as officer of the guard.

Company D, which was commanded by First-Lieutenant Charles A. Crawford, in the absence of Captain Gasser, who had charge of the Second battalion, turned out fifty-seven men.

Captain E. Leslie Spence, officer of the day, commanded Company E, which paraded thirty-five men. The other officers were Lieutenants J. P. Davis and George R. Fairlamb.

Company F, which paraded thirty-two, was commanded by Captain George Wayne Anderson, with Lieutenants S. J. Doswell and G. P. Shackelford.

The Hospital Corps of the regiment turned out in large numbers. The following were the members in line: Acting-Stewards Flavius Glinn, L. H. Burwell, H. L. Cardoza, G. F. Ferrin, P. E. Gibbs, W. H. Goodliff, Samuel Harris, C. V. Jones, Robert Hardwicke, C. H. Kindervater, H. Kindervater, G. E. Matlock, L. B. Samuels, J. P. Scott, W. R. Smith, C. N. Pugh, J. F. Waller, B. P. T. Wood,

W. H. Parker, Jr., L. B. Reams, R. R. Allen, A. G. Allen, and G. E. Bailey.

The Drum-Corps, an important adjunct of the regiment, paraded in full force, and took no trifling part in the procession, for they made themselves heard in their characteristic way.

THE FOURTH REGIMENT.

A battalion of the Fourth regiment followed the First, and was preceded by an excellent band of twenty pieces. Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Hodges commanded, while Major L. A. Bilisoly acted as surgeon, and Lieutenant B. W. Salomonsky as adjutant. The visiting infantrymen presented a splendid appearance. The following were the companies composing the battalion:

Company B (Norfolk), Captain M. Terrall; three non-commissioned officers and fifteen privates, making a total of nineteen men.

Company D (Hampton), Captain G. W. Hope; First Lieutenant, F. W. Couch; Second Lieutenant, J. W. Tennis. Six non-commissioned officers and twenty-three privates, making a total of thirty-three men.

Company E (Portsmouth), Captain R. E. Warren; Second Lieutenant, T. C. Owen. Five non-commissioned officers and twenty privates, making a total of twenty-seven men.

Company G (Petersburg Grays), Captain F. R. Lassiter; Lieutenants R. O. Jones and W. L. McGill, and twenty-five privates, making a total of twenty-eight men, rank and file.

Company K (Portsmouth), Captain J. W. Happer; First Lieutenant, E. W. Owen; Second Lieutenant, J. W. Leigh. Seven non-commissioned officers and twenty-six privates, making a total of thirty-six men.

NATIONAL GUARD AND BLUES.

The Provisional battalion, which was commanded by Captain Sol. Cutchins, was preceded by the Blues' Band, which rendered beautiful music as the procession moved along the route.

Company C, of the District of Columbia National Guard, of Washington, was one of the finest-looking organizations in the command. The officers were Captain George E. Pickett, First-Lieutenant E. D. Smoot, and Second-Lieutenant Underwood. There were twelve non-commissioned officers and thirty-five privates, making a total of fifty men.

The Huntington Rifles, of Newport News, were commanded by Captain G. W. Fitchett and Lieutenants R. G. Hughes and J. E. Williams. Six non-commissioned officers and thirty-six privates were in line, making a total of forty-two men.

The Richmond Light Infantry Blues, under command of Lieutenant Clarence Wyatt, paraded fifty-six men, and appeared in the pink of condition. The other officers were Lieutenant William B. Pizzini, Lieutenant E. T. Baker (surgeon), First-Sergeant George Guy, Orderly-Sergeant Frank Steel, Sergeant G. B. Mountcastle (leader of the band), and La Rue Grove, drum-major. The latter attracted considerable attention by the skilful manner in which he twirled the baton.

THE THIRD REGIMENT BATTALION.

The battalion of the Third regiment was commanded by Captain T. S. Keller, and consisted of the following companies:

Company D (Charlottesville), First Lieutenant, L. F. Roberts; Second Lieutenant, J. N. Marshall. Four non-commissioned officers and thirty-three privates; total, rank and file, forty men.

Company E (Lynchburg), Captain F. Camm; First Lieutenant, T. D. Oglesby; Second Lieutenant, W. J. Seabury; Third Lieutenant, W. S. Faulkner. Seven non-commission officers and twenty-four privates, making a total of thirty-five men.

THE ARTILLERY.

The First Battallion of Artillery, which was the largest body of cannoneers that has paraded the streets of this city for years, presented a magnificent appearance as they marched with even pace along the route.

Major W. E. Simons commanded the artillerymen, and the following were the officers of his staff: Captain W. G. Harvey (adjutant), Major Ed. McCarthy (surgeon), Captain J. E. Phillips, Lieutenants R. L. Vandeventer, E. M. Crutchfield, and H. L. Turner.

It is no disparagement to the visiting cannoneers to say that the Richmond Howitzers presented the finest appearance of all the batteries. They paraded mounted and carried their four guns, limber-chests and caissons. Eighty of the gallant artillerymen were in line, and as they marched in the procession, amid the heavy, rumbling sound of the cannon, there was something truly martial in their

appearance. Captain John A. Hutcheson commanded the Howitzers, and his Lieutenants were W. A. Barratt, T. H. Starke and C. W. McFarlane.

The Grimes Battery, of Portsmouth (Battery C), a recently organized company, vied with the Howitzers in neatness of appearance and soldierly demeanor. They were commanded by Captain George W. McDonald and Lieutenants H. R. Warren and W. K. Gale, and paraded fourteen non-commissioned officers and nineteen privates.

The Lynchburg Blues (Battery D), a well-drilled organization, were commanded by Captain John A. Davis and Lieutenant J. F. Graves, and paraded twelve non-commissioned officers and fourteen privates, making a total of thirty men.

SIX TROOPS OF CAVALRY.

The cavalry regiment was the largest body of military horsemen that has been seen in this city since the war, and it was an inspiring sight to behold the troopers as they proudly marched in the procession. Colonel G. Percy Hawes commanded the regiment, and the following were the members of his staff: Lieutenant-Colonel, W. F. Wickham; Major, W. Kirk Mathews; Major Lewis Wheat, M. D., surgeon; Captain H. M. Boykin, adjutant; Captain A. B. Guigon, commissary; Captain E. D. Hotchkiss, ordnance officer; Captain E. D. McGuire, M. D., assistant surgeon. Non-commissioned staff: Captain E. P. Turner, surgeon of Troop B, Surry county; Sergeant-Major W. B. Marks; Commissary-Sergeant, John C. Small; Quartermaster-Sergeant J. F. Bradley; Ordnance Sergeant, E. S. Hazen.

ORGANIZATIONS IN THE REGIMENT.

Troop A (Stuart Horse Guard). Captain Charles Euker, Lieutenants E. J. Euker and J. R. Branch, eleven non-commissioned officers and twenty-five privates, making a total of thirty-nine.

Troop C (Fitz Lee Troop, Lynchburg), Captain T. J. Ingram, First Lieutenant W. M. Seay, Jr., Second Lieutenant H. W. Baker; nine non-commissioned officers, and twenty-five privates—total thirty-seven.

Troop D (Hanover Troop), Captain W. D. Cardwell, First Lieutenant M. P. Howard, Second Lieutenant Fenton Noland; eleven non-commissioned officers and twenty six privates—total forty.

Troop F (Chesterfield Troop), Captain David Moore, First Lieutenant A. C. Atkinson, Second Lieutenant J. C. Winston; eleven non-commissioned officers, and twenty-six privates; total thirty-eight

Troop F (the Ashby Light Horse) made their first appearance before the public in their new uniforms, and as they passed up Franklin street they were frequently greeted with applause. Captain Edgerton S. Rogers was in command, and the other commissioned officers were Lieutenants George B. Pegram and C. H. Rose. There were eleven non-commissioned officers and thirty-six privates in line, making a total of forty-nine men rank and file.

GUESTS IN CARRIAGES.

The military were followed by a long line of carriages containing the distinguished visitors. The following is a list of the guests thus honored: Governor P. W. McKinney, Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, Colonel C. S. Venable, General James A. Walker, Dr. J. William Jones, Major T. A. Brander, Captain Thomas Ellett, Captain R. B. Munford, Miss Lucy Lee Hill, Miss Russie Gay, Miss Forsythe, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Saunders, Mrs. Ransom, Miss Thomas, Miss Fannie Hill, Miss Minnie Hill, Mrs. Wiltshire, General Fitzhugh Lee, General Dabney H. Maury, Dr. J. B. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Bispham, Mr. John Purcell, Mrs. McKinney, Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, Miss Lelia Dimmock, Mrs. J. B. Pace, Mr. McIntosh, Miss McIntosh, Mrs. McIntosh, Mrs. General Heth, Miss Heth, Mrs. W. H. Palmer, Mrs. E. G. Leigh, Mrs. Frank Christian, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Taylor, Miss Muns, Mr. William L. Sheppard, Mrs. William L. Sheppard, Miss Jennie Ellett, Miss Styles, General D. A. Weisiger, General C. J. Anderson, Colonel R. Snowden Andrews, General James McDonald, Colonel John Murphy, Mrs. J. W. White, Mrs. Christian, Mrs. Brander, Dr. C. H. Todd, Mrs. R. B. Munford, Mrs. Pickett, Colonel Morton Marye, Mr. R. H. Cardwell, and Colonel F. G. Skinner.

In addition to these there were a number of private carriages in the line.

All of the military, with the exception of one company of infantry, wore their fatigue uniforms and forage caps.

APPLAUSE FOR THE "VETS."

The veteran organizations who followed behind the brightly dressed soldier lads were not less inspiring in appearance, and the aged

warriors came in for a liberal share of applause from the multitudes who thronged the streets.

First in the line marched the Pegram Battalion, who wore large straw hats with red bands, upon which was printed the name of their organization. Over a hundred of the old "rebels" were in the line, and despite the heat of the day and the fatigue of the walk, they showed that they had not forgotten how to march.

Captain John Tyler, the president of the battalion, headed the organizations, and the following gentlemen, who wore red rosettes, were his aides: Captain James W. Pegram, Mr. Joseph M. Fourqurean, Colonel J. B. Purcell, Mr. James T. Ferriter, Mr. John S. Ellett, Major A. R. Courtney, Mr. Frank D. Hill, Major A. W. Garber, Mr. C. A. Robinson, Mr. Corbin Warwick, and Mr. H. Cabell Tabb; Courier, Master James A. Langhorne.

Captain Tyler wore the uniform he used during the war, and also had on a white rosette to mark his rank.

The veterans of this organization proudly carried with them two historic Confederate battle-flags, which plainly showed by their appearance that they had been through the ravages of war. One of the tattered banners was the ensign of the old Pegram Battalion, and the other was the flag of Crenshaw's Battery, which was attached to this command.

Next followed Colonel William P. Smith, commander of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans, Department of Virginia, escorted by the members of his staff, who were all mounted.

Behind these came the members of the Lee Camp on foot, dressed in the beloved Confederate gray, and preceded by their drum corps, which made the air quake with their merry music. Colonel A. W. Archer, their commander, was at their head. At least one hundred and fifty of the gallant old soldiers were in the line. Major Robert Stiles, on a spirited horse, accompanied this command. He was dressed in the little gray jacket he wore during the war, and looked every inch a soldier as he galloped around on his steed.

THE MARYLAND VETERANS.

There was a great hurrah from the Virginia soldiers when the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States, of Maryland, headed by the Great Southern Band with about thirty pieces, fell into line behind the Lee Camp veterans at Monroe Park. This

body reached the city at 11 o'clock on a special train, and was under command of General George H. Steuart. The party embraced about one hundred members of the society.

General Steuart's staff consisted of Captain Winfield Peters, Major McHenry Howard, Major N. V. Randolph, and Mr. S. W. Travers. The two latter were kindly designated for this duty by order of General Heth. These staff officers, who were all mounted, rendered very efficient services to General Steuart, and it was through their aid and the kindness of Captain Ellett and Major Brander that the Marylanders, who arrived after the column started, were able to get their position in the line.

Among the prominent Marylanders who were in the party were: Colonel Thomas S. Rhett, State-Treasurer Spencer C. Jones, Rev. William M. Dame, Mr. and Mrs. Stacey P. Bispham and Mrs. James G. Wiltshire (the ladies being the neices of General A. P. Hill), Hugh McWilliams, R. M. Chambers, Colonel J. Thomas Scharf, William J. Scharf, Dr. J. G. Heusler, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Carter and Miss Carter, Captain and Mrs. R. P. H. Staub and two daughters, William J. Biedler, Captain Adolph Elhart, and S. A. Kennedy, passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railroad.

An interesting incident in connection with the attendance of Generals Heth and Steuart at the unveiling of the monument is the fact that they and General Hill were fellow-cadets at West Point Military Academy. General Heth was senior major-general under Lieutenant-General Hill when the latter was killed.

OTHER HOME VETERAN ORGANIZATIONS.

The veterans of Louisa Camp, under the lead of Commander William Overton, came next, and preceded the members of the old First Virginia regiment, who numbered about fifty men. The latter, who were under the command of Colonel F. H. Langley, wore straw hats with black bands, which contained the name of their organization. The Fort Monroe band came next in the procession, and preceded Pickett-Buchanan Camp, No. 3, of Norfolk, which was headed by Commander Walter F. Irvine. The veterans of this organization numbered about seventy-five, and were beautifully uniformed in the regulation suit of gray. Stonewall Camp, No. 4, of Portsmouth, paraded about twenty-five men, who were headed by Commander R. C. Marshall. R. E. Lee Camp, No. 2, of Alexandria, numbered

about twenty-five men, with William A. Smoot as commander. Captain W. Gordon McCabe commanded the veterans of A. P. Hill Camp, No. 6, of Petersburg, which was one of the largest organizations among the division of old soldiers. The drum-corps of this organization preceded the warriors from the Cockade City, who numbered about one hundred. Maury Camp, No. 2, of Fredericksburg, numbered about forty men, and was commanded by W. B. Goodrick. The veterans of George E. Pickett Camp, No. 2, presented a splendid appearance. They numbered about sixty men, and were headed by Commander Catlett Conway.

A number of other Confederate camps and veteran organizations were in line, and among these were the members of the old Thirteenth Virginia Infantry and the Richmond Light Infantry Blues' Association.

THE SONS OF VETERANS.

Last in the military column came the Sons of Confederate Veterans. R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, of this city, numbered about thirty men, and was under the command of Mr. W. Dean Courtney, while R. E. Lee Camp, No. 2, of Alexandria, which was headed by Mr. U. S. Lambeth, numbered about fifteen men. R. S. Chew Camp, of Fredericksburg, presented a splendid appearance, as fifty-four men paraded, and all of them wore the new uniforms of the organization, which are similar to those of the veteran camps. The officers of the Fredericksburg "Sons" are: James A. Turner, commander; W. H. Merchant, adjutant; J. F. Anderson, first lieutenant; John B. Cox, second lieutenant; F. H. Revere, first sergeant; Thomas Larkin, orderly sergeant. This camp was accompanied by Bowering's Band of twenty-three pieces.

The members of the Board of Aldermen and City Council, who rode in hacks, brought up the rear of the line, which was followed by vehicles of every description, which contained people who were going to the unveiling.

AT THE LEE MONUMENT.

As the soldier boys reached the Lee monument each infantry company came to a "carry," and the parade around the statue was to the strains of a funeral dirge. Upon leaving the immortal Lee in bronze the order to reverse arms was executed. This portion of the

proceedings was exceedingly solemn, and more than one follower of the great chieftain looked up at the life-like picture with tearful eyes.

Just beyond the monument was a large number of covered wagons, containing seats, which were in waiting for the procession. They were provided for the veterans, and at this point those who had become fatigued took seats in these vehicles, riding the remainder of the way to the grounds.

After passing the monument the infantry took the old Hermitage road to the grounds, while the prominent visitors and citizens in carriages, buggies and other vehicles kept on around the new drive.

ARRIVAL AT THE STATUE.

Pen-Picture of an Animated Scene—The Disposition of the Organizations.

For an unveiling demonstration such as that of yesterday there could be no prettier place than the site of the Hill monument and its environments. The precise location of the memorial is at the intersection of two grand avenues and on a broad, level, unwooded and unfenced plateau. As has been stated before, it overlooks the scene of some of General Hill's greatest achievements, and the whole locality is indissolubly associated with his name and his fame.

The ceremonies at the monument were appointed to begin at noon, but, as usual on all such occasions, there were unavoidable delays. Long before the hour named, however, the crowd began to assemble at the grounds, and as far as the eye could reach in every direction the sides of the roadways were lined with vehicles of every description, and the clouds of dust in the distance told of more coming. The monument faces to the South, and just in front of it and across the circular drive around it the grand stand had been erected. The structure, which was set apart for the especially invited guests, the orators, &c., was profusely decorated with Confederate and State flags, and Confederate bunting. Just opposite it, and at the foot of the bastion which supports the base of the monument, there was another stand about five feet square, from which the unveiling cords were to be pulled. This was similarly decorated. At both stands and around the monument were veterans from the Lee Camp Soldiers' Home.

THE MARCHERS IN SIGHT.

The head of the advancing column from the city came in sight at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, and when about a quarter of a

nile from the monument the cavalry broke away in a trot across the field to the southeast, the infantry turning into the same field behind them. The whole movement as viewed from a distance was exceedingly striking and realistic, and, whether so intended or not, had the effect of suggesting an effort on the part of the cavalry to head off the infantry. The artillery then moved forward, the camps closing up the gap, and the former after passing in front of the grand stand moved into the field to the west and unlimbered, and the veterans were massed in front of the grand stand and between it and the monument.

In the meantime the guests in carriages had alighted, the marshal and his aides had picketed their horses, and the stand had rapidly filled up. Among those who occupied seats on it were Governor and Mrs. McKinney; Mrs. Saunders, sister of General Hill; Miss Lucy Lee Hill and Mrs. Russie Gay, daughters of General Hill; Mrs. Forsythe, half-sister of Miss Hill and Mrs. Gay; Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, General Fitzhugh Lee, Mr. Alexander Cameron, wife, and two daughters; Mr. Charles Talbott, Mrs. Appleton, J. Ide, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Leigh and son, Colonel W. E. Tanner, Mrs. W. J. White, Mrs. Thomas A. Brander, Mrs. Perkinson, Mrs. Fellows, Mrs. Waddy, Ex-Lieutenant-Governor J. L. Marye, Colonel Fred. Skinner, Dr. C. W. P. Brock, Rev. Dr. Hoge, Mr. Arthur B. Clarke, Mr. Robert H. Whitlock, Mr. Joseph Bryan and family, Colonel Snowden Andrews, Mrs. George E. Pickett, Colonel Thomas N. Carter, General G. M. Sorrell, Dr. George Ross, General Field, Colonel Miles Cary, Colonel C. O'B. Cowardin, Colonel Morton Marye, Hon. R. H. Cardwell, Mr. John V. L. Klapp and others.

AN ANIMATED PICTURE.

While the disposition of the various organizations was being made, the picture from the statue was a most animated and inspiring one. There was a clear sweep for the vision in whichever direction one turned. All over the field to the southeast were groups of cavalry, and paralleling the road in the same direction was a long line of glistening musket-barrels. To the immediate rear, the Hermitage road was bordered by vehicles and citizens. To the immediate rear of these, and made all the more prominent by a background composed of another immense throng in citizen's dress, were the Confederate camps and Sons of Veterans, in their gray uniforms and vari-colored badges. To the left and west the red artillery were stationed; here, there, and everywhere staff officers

were galloping over the fields, and on every side fluttered State colors and Confederate battle-flags. Some of these were new, but not a few were bullet-riddled and blood-and-weather-stained, and had waved over many a victorious field, and were dear in every thread to those who gazed upon them.

THE UNVEILING CEREMONIES.

Major Brander Presides, Dr. Newton Prays, and Dr. Jones Presents the Orator.

When a little before 1 o'clock Major Thomas A. Brander, president of the Hill Monument Association, called the assemblage to order it was estimated that there were some fifteen thousand persons on the grounds, and there was a remarkable hush for such a crowd as Rev. Dr. John B. Newton stepped forward and offered the following prayer:

Almighty God and Heavenly Father, in Thee "we live and move and have our being," and without Thee we can do nothing. Bless us, we pray Thee, in our present work.

Put far from us the spirit of evil, and fill us with Thy grace and heavenly benediction.

May all that we do be to Thy glory and to the honor and welfare of Thy people.

Impart to us the love of Thy truth. Inspire us with high and holy purposes. Make us duly sensible of Thy mercies and humbly submissive to Thy will.

Bless our people everywhere. Give them grateful hearts for all the sacred memories of the past; for all that was true and noble in the lives of those whose names we revere, and whose self-sacrificing devotion to duty we this day commemorate. Comfort all who mourn, strengthen the weak, lift up the fallen, and save the perishing.

We ask all in the name of Thy dear Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

THE ORATOR INTRODUCED.

Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, who entered the Confederate army as a private in the Thirteenth Virginia, General Hill's old regiment, and who is known throughout the length and breath of the Southland for his devotion to the Southern cause and its memories, introduced the orator of the day, General James A. Walker. Dr. Jones said:

*Mr. President, Comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia,
Soldiers of the Confederacy, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

If the personal allusion may be pardoned, I will say that I count myself one of the happiest, if not the happiest, man in all this vast crowd assembled here to-day.

Always happy to meet the men who wore the gray—for if there is one man on earth whom I honor and love above another, it is the true Confederate soldier—I delight to mingle in reunions of the survivors of every army of the Confederacy as they gather from Maryland to Texas.

But it is for me always a peculiar pleasure to attend a Confederate gathering in historic, battle scarred heroic old Richmond, and to mingle with the men who followed Lee and Jackson and Longstreet and Ewell and A. P. Hill [great applause], and “Jeb” Stuart; the men who composed the Army of Northern Virginia, the noblest army of heroic patriots that ever marched under any flag, or fought for any cause, “in all the tide of time.”

A HAPPY TASK TO DISCHARGE.

And yet a still greater happiness is mine to-day; for, as I look out on this crowd I see the faces and forms of men by whose side I have marched along the weary road, bivouacked in the pelting storm, or went into the leaden and iron hail of battle—the men of the noble old Thirteenth Virginia regiment and the grand old Third Corps assembled to honor themselves by doing honor to our peerless leader—the brave and accomplished soldier, the chivalric Virginia gentleman, the devoted patriot, the martyr hero of our dying cause, “gallant and glorious Little Powell Hill.”

I am only to introduce the fitly-chosen orator of the day, and I shall not, of course, be guilty of the gross impropriety of attempting a speech myself, but I am sure that you will pardon me if I say just this: Richmond is fast becoming the “Monumental City.”

Her peerless Washington, surrounded by his compatriots of the Revolution of '76—her Lee—her Jackson—her Wickham—her monument to “the true hero” of the war, the private soldier, now being erected—her monument to “the flower of cavaliers,” dashing, glorious Jeb Stuart, which is to be erected in the near future—and the projected grand monument to our noble Christian President, soldier,

statesman, orator, patriot—Jefferson Davis—all these will teach our children's children that these men were not "rebels," and not "traitors," but as true patriots as the world ever saw.

A WORTHY WORK WELL DONE.

But I do not hesitate to declare that none of these monuments have been, or will be, more worthily erected than the one we are to unveil here to-day to A. P. Hill—a worthy comrade of that bright galaxy of leaders which made the name and fame of the Southern Confederacy immortal forever. And now it only remains for me not to introduce, for I shall not presume to do *that* to an audience of Virginians and of Confederate soldiers, but simply to announce the orator of the occasion.

The lieutenant-colonel and intimate friend of A. P. Hill, his successor in command of the old Thirteenth Virginia regiment; the man whose heroic courage and high soldierly qualities attracted the attention of Lee and Jackson, and caused them to select him to command the old "Stonewall" brigade, which he ably led until shot down in the "bloody angle" at Spotsylvania Courthouse; the man who succeeded the gallant and lamented John Pegram, and led Ewell's (Early's) old division around Petersburg and to Appomattox Courthouse; the man who was always at the post of duty, was one of the bravest and best soldiers and most indomitable patriots that the war produced—that man has been fitly chosen to speak of A. P. Hill on this occasion, and it gives me peculiar pleasure to announce the name, General James A. Walker, of Wytheville, Virginia, or if my loved and honored old friend and commander will pardon the liberty, I will announce him by a name more familiar still to his old followers and comrades, "Stonewall Jim Walker," the worthy successor of A. P. Hill and of Stonewall Jackson, the man worthy to voice the feelings and sentiments of his old command concerning their loved leader, A. P. Hill. [Applause.]

Dr. Jones spoke with his usual force and vigor, and throughout the crowd punctuated his sentences with cheers.

GENERAL WALKER'S ORATION.

A Splendid Vindication of the South's Love and Reverence for Her Heroes.

As General Walker came to the front, his shattered and almost useless arm hanging limp at his side, a burst of applause went up

that made the welken ring. He was in splendid voice, and spoke with a feeling that carried the crowd with him from the beginning. He said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the

A. P. Hill Monument Association:

We meet to pay tribute to the memory of a comrade whom we love and admire, and who is worthy the love and admiration of all true Southern hearts.

We come thus together in no spirit of disloyalty to the present, or "to the powers that be," but in a spirit of loyalty to the past, and out of reverence for a great nation which perished in its infancy.

The war between the States has long been over; the most prominent actors in that struggle have passed from the stage of life; the angry passions it engendered have subsided, and with no feelings of animosity towards any living on account of that strife; with hearty acquiescence in the settlement of all vexed questions of government and politics fairly submitted to the arbitrament of the sword and fairly decided by the award, the people of the South accepts the result in all its legitimate bearings and just deductions as become a brave and honorable people, but with no feeling of inferiority; with no craven spirit; with no regrets or professions of sorrow for the past, and with no apologies to offer.

They staked their all upon the uncertain chances of war, and they will stand the hazard of the die.

Though overpowered, they are proud of the record they made—of the valor of their armies; of the patriotism and courage of their women, and of the sufferings they endured in a just cause.

They honor and reverence their chosen leaders and cling to their memories with tender recollections, which neither time nor change can efface.

BROKEN WITH THE STORMS OF STATE.

A few months ago, in the city of New Orleans, the President of the Confederate States of America lay dead—"an old man broken with the storms of State," who for twenty-five years had been proscribed and disfranchised by the government under which he lived; denied the rights of citizenship accorded to his former slaves; without country, without fortune or influence, and by whose life or death no man could hope to be gainer or loser.

No mercenary motives influenced a single individual to mourn for him. And yet the whole Southland, all the sons and daughters of the Confederacy, all their children and their grandchildren, from the gray-haired veteran to the infant of tender years, wept over his bier and mourned with genuine heart-felt sorrow for Jefferson Davis.

Dead, but his spirit breathes;
Dead, but his heart is ours;
Dead, but his sunny and sad land wreathes
His crown with tears for flowers.

A statue for his tomb ;
Mould it of marble white ;
For wrong, a spectre of death and doom ;
An angel of hope for right.

They mourned for him, not because they grieved for the proud banner which was furled, or for the cause which was lost, but because he had been their President, just and true, in the days of their trial and adversity, and because he had been persecuted for their sakes.

History records no more touching scene than the South weeping at the grave of Jefferson Davis—a scene which touched even the bitterest foes of the sad mourners.

Mr. Ingalls, then United States Senator from the State of Kansas ; a man as noted for his hatred of the Southern people as for his brilliant talents, from his place in the Senate chamber said: " He could understand the reverence of the Southern people for Jefferson Davis." " He honored them for their constancy to that *heroic man*." " Ideas could never be annihilated." " No man was ever converted by being overpowered." " Davis had remained to the end, the immovable type, exponent, and representative of those ideas for which he had staked all and lost all."

Such a tribute was scarcely to have been expected from that source, and seems to have been wrung reluctantly from him by the admiration excited by the spontaneous outpouring of the sorrow of a whole people over the loss of their loved and faithful leader. Had these words been all, spoken by that brilliant but bitter man on that occasion, it would have been better for his future fame and better for the country.

But he said more that was uncalled for and unjust to his fellow-citizens of the South. He said: " The South had not forgiven the North for its supremacy and superiority." " If the South could

hold the purse and the sword it was patriotic." "The Southern people had not accepted the amendments to the Constitution in good faith." "They had their heroes and their anniversaries." "They exalted their leaders above the leaders of the Union cause."

To these charges—that the South has its "heroes and its anniversaries;" that it "exalts its leaders above the leaders of the Union cause"—we plead *guilty*; and we are proud of our guilt. Yes, the South has its heroes and its anniversaries. The State of Virginia has, by solemn enactment of her General Assembly, made the natal day of her illustrious son, Robert E. Lee, a legal holiday, equal in its observance to the birthday of her other great son, George Washington, the father of his country.

If that be treason, let them make the most of it.

OUR HEROES AND OUR ANNIVERSARIES.

And why shall not the South have its heroes and its anniversaries? The South has its history; its traditions; its wrongs; its ruins; its victories; its defeats; its record of suffering and humiliation; its destruction and, worse still, its reconstruction. She has many cemeteries filled with her own patriotic dead, slain fighting her battles; and she has on her soil, beneath her bright skies, larger, more numerous, and more populous cemeteries, filled with brave men, slain in battle by the hands of her warriors.

Is there nothing worthy the song of the heroic muse in all this?

For four years the Confederate government floated its flag over every State beneath the Southern cross, and the Confederate armies carried their battle-flag in triumph from the Rio Grande almost to the capital of the Keystone State, and spread terror to the Great Lakes. Its little navy showed the strange colors of the new-born nation from the Northern sea to the equator, driving the American merchant marine from the high seas, until scarcely a ship engaged in commerce dared show the Stars and Stripes on the Atlantic ocean.

For four bloody years the Confederacy stood the shock of all the power and resources of the greatest republic on the face of the globe, and fought for independence on more than one hundred battle-fields, and at last, when her armies were worn away by attrition and her means of resistance exhausted, succumbed to "overwhelming numbers and resources."

Vanquished, yet victorious ;
Overcome, but not humiliated ;
Defeated, but not dismayed.

Was there no heroism in all this? Heroes are not made to order. Deeds make heroes—imperishable deeds, born of virtue, courage, and patriotism. Genius may make men great ; power and place may make men famous, but the crown which decks the brow of the true hero is more than genius can give or power and place can bestow.

If Robert E. Lee is not a hero in the highest and best sense of the word, can you point to a name on the pages of history more deserving the title? For four years he successfully led the armies of the Confederacy, proudly, grand, supremely great ! In the sublime language of the gifted Senator Hill, of Georgia, " He possessed every virtue of all the other great commanders without their vices."

" He was a foe without hate,
A friend without treachery,
A soldier without cruelty,
And a victim without murmuring."

" He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guilt. He was a Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a true king. He was as gentle as a woman in life, pure and modest as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and as grand in battle as Achilles."

And Stonewall Jackson! is he not a hero every inch from spur to plume? His fame is as bright as sun at the noon-day ; as fixed and imperishable as the everlasting mountain peaks of his native State. When his spirit passed over the river and rested under the shade of the trees, the unspotted soul of a Christian hero went to its reward. Who denies that he was a military genius? Who says he was not an unselfish patriot? Who does not admit that he was as pure, as simple, and as free from guile as a little child? Amid the lurid lightnings, fierce passions, and dead thunders of the greatest civil war of modern times, when men's minds were full of evil machinations, and their hearts filled with hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, he laid down his life; and yet, strange to tell, not one word of unkindness or reproach assailed his memory. The most implacable

of our foes breathed no word of criticism or charged him with a single act or speech unbecoming a true Christian hero. If Stonewall Jackson was not a hero, then the history of the world, its wars and revolutions, its struggles for country and freedom, never knew a man worthy to wear that title.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER'S VALOR.

I might prolong the list, but will speak here of but one other. His name I do not know, but his deeds of valor I have seen, while his courage, his fortitude, and his unexampled achievements all the world admires. This greatest hero of modern times is the private soldier of the Confederate army, who courageously and nobly did his duty, enduring the hardships and privations of his station without a murmur. He was the equal of the most famous soldiers of ancient or modern times. The Grecian phalanx was not more solid. The three hundred at Thermopylæ were not more devoted. The Roman legion was not more steadfast and courageous. The Old Guard was not more reliable and certain in the hour of danger. The Light brigade was not more daring. Half-clad, half-starved, he endured the greatest fatigues and hardships without repining, and faced the heaviest odds without blanching or faltering.

And is it counted strange that the Southern people cherish the memories of these men? Is it a matter of reproach that they have their heroes and their anniversaries? Is it a matter of surprise that they exalt their leaders above the leaders of the Union cause? Does any reasonable man expect less? Does he expect us to exalt General Grant above General Lee; General Sherman above Stonewall Jackson, or General Sheridan above A. P. Hill? [Great and continued applause.]

Blood is thicker than water. The affections of a brave people cannot be transferred from their own leaders to the leaders of the opposing side any more than water can run up hill by the force of gravity. It is contrary to the law of nature. The Southern people respect and admire the brave men who fought against them, and they feel a patriotic pride in their greatness, but they love their own heroes with a love which surpasses the love of woman. They are "bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh," and each atom of the dust of their dead who wore the gray is dearer to them than all the dust of all the brave men who wore the blue.

"For in all the colors that deck the world
Your gray blends not with blue.

"The colors are far apart,
Graves sever them in twain,
The Northern heart and the Southern heart
May beat in peace again.

"But still, till time's last day,
Whatever lips may plight,
The blue is blue, but gray is gray,
Wrong never accords with right."

Loyalty to the Government of the United States does not require disloyalty to our own people or our own traditions. Loyalty to the Union does not require that we should love Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, or canonize Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts. In thus honoring and cherishing the memories of their dead, the Southern people honor themselves and exalt themselves in the estimation of all right-minded people. If they failed to do this, they would deserve and receive the contempt of all brave people. The desire to honor the memory of dead friends is a natural instinct, firmly implanted in the human heart, and is as old as the history of the human race.

Sophocles, in his tragedy of *Antigone*, tells us that when the daughter of *Œdipus* was brought before Cleon, King of Thebes, accused of paying the rights of sepulture to her brother, Polynices, slain in combat, declared a traitor, and his funeral rites forbidden under penalty of death, she acknowledged and exulted in the deed. And when asked by the king, "And darest thou, then, to disobey the law?" she bravely and defiantly answered the tyrant thus:

"I had it not from Jove,
Nor the just gods who rule below;
How could I ever think
A mortal law, of power or strength sufficient
To abrogate the unwritten law divine,
Immaculate, eternal, not like these
Of yesterday, but made ere time began.
Shall man persuade me then to violate
Heaven's greatest command, and make the gods my foes?
Believe me King: 'Tis happiness to die:
Without remorse I shall embrace my fate.
But to my brother had I left the rites
Of sepulture unpaid, I then indeed
Had been most wretched.
I cannot live to do a deed more glorious."

GALLANT, CHIVALROUS, NOBLE A. P. HILL.

The people of the South have done no deed more glorious than in doing honor to their heroic dead and in perpetuating their memories in enduring monuments and life-like statues.

Out of their poverty, they have erected monuments to Lee and Jackson, and Albert Sidney Johnston, and A. P. Hill. May the good work go on, until Davis, and Joe. Johnston, Jeb Stuart and Ewell, and many others have received the honor. Let every city, town and county in the South erect monuments to Confederate valor, and thus teach future generations to respect the men who upheld the conquered banner. But though many may worthily receive this honor, there is no name more worthy of a monument than he whose statue we unveil here to-day. Gallant, chivalrous, noble A. P. Hill; the daring, dashing, successful military chieftain; the courteous, knightly, kind hearted gentleman; the unselfish and sincere friend and the devoted patriot; the officer who rose from the rank of colonel to major-general in the short space of ninety days, and who filled every rank in the Army of Northern Virginia from colonel of a regiment to lieutenant-general in the incredibly brief space of fifteen months; the soldier whose military genius, valor and individuality so impressed itself upon every body of troops he commanded that it became famous for its achievements even in the history of that splendid Army of Northern Virginia.

Wherever the headquarter flag of A. P. Hill floated, whether at the head of a regiment, a brigade, a division, or a corps, in camp or on the battle-field, it floated with a grace and a confidence born of skill, ability and courage, which infused its confidence and courage into the hearts of all who followed it.

It was ever advanced nearest the enemy's lines, ever at the post of danger, always in the thickest of the fight. It floated over more victorious fields, and trailed in the dust of fewer defeats than any flag in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Ambrose Powell Hill was born in Culpeper county, Virginia, in the year 1825, and entered the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1842. Owing to ill health, he did not graduate until July, 1847, and was immediately ordered to join his regiment in Mexico as second lieutenant of artillery. He reached his post of duty in front of the City of Mexico in time to participate in several of the closing engagements which opened the gates of the city to the

American troops and placed General Scott in possession of the halls of the Montezumas. For gallant conduct in these affairs he was breveted first lieutenant of artillery, having won his spurs in his first battle.

After the close of the Mexican war, Lieutenant Hill was stationed for several years in Florida, leading a quiet, uneventful life, interspersing the routine duties of garrison life with reading, hunting, and fishing. In 1857 he was detailed for service in the United States Coast-Survey Office, at Washington city, where he remained until the Spring of 1861. In this position, as in all others, Lieutenant Hill was faithful and attentive to his duties, and a great favorite with all his brother officers, as well as in the refined circle of society in which he moved. In the year 1860 he married a sister of the distinguished Confederate general, John H. Morgan.

RESPONDED TO VIRGINIA'S CALL.

And now the young soldier's cup seemed full, with nothing more to be desired. In the enjoyment of domestic felicity, possessed of fortune, surrounded by friends, with every prospect of speedy promotion and advancement in his chosen profession, he had every inducement to side with the Union, and every selfish consideration appealed to him to cast his lot with the government he had served from boyhood, and to remain with the flag he had marched under in foreign lands.

When the year 1861 was ushered in, and he saw State after State withdrawn from the Union, and heard their senators and representatives resign their seats in Congress, and war became inevitable, he was urgently appealed to by his army associates to remain in Washington, and was promised that in the event he remained he would not be required to use his sword against his native State.

But the good Virginia blood which coursed through his veins, and which came to him from revolutionary sires, claiming kindred with the old Culpeper minutemen, acknowledged allegiance to no power save Virginia. And as soon as the secession of his State became a fixed fact he resigned his commission in the army, and bidding farewell to old friends and comrades, reported to duty to Governor Letcher, and was commissioned colonel of Virginia volunteers. Colonel Hill was at once ordered to report to General Joseph E. Johnston, then in command of the troops on the upper Potomac, and was assigned to the command of the Thirteenth Virginia Infan-

try, made up of companies from the counties of Orange, Culpeper, Louisa, Hampshire, and Frederick, in Virginia, and one company from Baltimore, Maryland. This regiment was composed of splendid material, and by his training and discipline and from the spirit he infused into its officers and men, it was made equal to the best of the regular troops, and became as well known throughout the Army of Northern Virginia as its first loved commander.

Of this regiment General Lee said: "It is a splendid body of men." General Ewell said: "It is the only regiment in my command that never fails." General Jeb Stuart said: "It always does exactly what I tell it." And General Early said: "They can do more hard fighting and be in better plight afterwards than any troops I ever saw."

From Harper's Ferry to Appomattox this splendid body of men carried the battle-flag of their regiment into every battle fought by Lee and Jackson, and never failed. To the last, the remnant of the regiment was as undaunted, as unwavering, and as ready to respond to the order to *charge* as at the beginning, and when at the surrender they stacked arms in front of a division of the Federal army, and set their faces homeward, they marched off with the swinging gait of Jackson's foot cavalry, cheering for Jefferson Davis and for the Southern Confederacy. Though their first loved commander was then dead on the field of honor, his spirit was still with them. "They were as brave as ever fought beneath knightly plume or on tented field."

The pass at Roncesvalles looked not on a braver or a better band when fell before the opposing lance the harnessed chivalry of Spain.

At the battle of Slaughter's Mountain, when the left of the Confederate line of battle was flanked and driven back in confusion, the Thirteenth remained unshaken, and at the word, sprang forward in the face of the advancing column of the enemy to save a battery of Colonel Snowden Andrew's artillery, left unsupported and in imminent danger of being captured. After saving the battery and checking the enemy's advance they held their ground while almost surrounded, until A. P. Hill's division came to the front, and with his victorious line they assisted in driving back the assailing columns for over a mile, and when night closed the pursuit bivouacked in the very front of the Confederate lines, within a pistol-shot of the enemy's position, and fully a mile in advance of the rest of the division. But, asking pardon for this digression, we return to our subject.

M'CLELLAN'S MOVEMENT CHECKED.

In the spring of 1861 General Joseph E. Johnston, learning that General McClellan was organizing a force on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, about New creek, and threatening his flank, sent A. P. Hill with his own (the Tenth Virginia) and Third Tennessee regiments to Romney in Hampshire county, to observe and check the movement. The task was accomplished by Colonel Hill in a manner to call forth honorable mention, and on his return to the army it was confidently expected by his friends that he would be promoted and assigned to the command of the regiments then under him, but the government at Richmond held that Virginia had already more than her share of brigadiers, and that no more appointments would be made from that State for the time being. That Colonel Hill was disappointed at this there can be no doubt, but he submitted without a murmur, and with his three regiments reported to General Arnold Elzey, of Maryland, who had just been promoted, and whose old regiment, the First Maryland united to Hill's three, was known as the Fourth brigade.

At the battle of First Manassas, Colonel Hill's regiment was not engaged, having been sent to the right flank to strengthen a position supposed to be in need of reinforcements. The loss of this opportunity was another source of disappointment, but during the remainder of the year 1861, which was spent in masterly inactivity—Colonel Hill was untiring in his efforts to drill, discipline and organize the raw recruits of which General Johnston's army was composed, and by his experience, his military education, and his skill as an organizer, he contributed much to lay the foundation for the future success and efficiency of that army.

In March, 1862, Colonel Hill received his long-deferred promotion, and was assigned to the command of Longstreet's old brigade, composed of the First, Seventh, Eleventh and Seventeenth Virginia regiments then at Orange Courthouse, on the march to the Peninsula. During the manœuvres around Yorktown, and on the retreat to the Chickahominy, General Hill was distinguished for his energy and activity, and for the skill with which he handled his brigade.

At the battle of Williamsburg, fought on the 5th of May, 1862, against his old schoolmate and friend, General McClellan, his coolness, courage and skill won the admiration of the army and the

applause of the whole country, and marked him for speedy promotion. In May, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of major-general and given command of the division composed of Pender's and Branch's North Carolina, Archer's Tennessee, Gregg's South Carolina, Field's Virginia, and Thomas' Georgia brigades.

In the army then defending Richmond, Hill's division composed the extreme left, stationed along the left bank of the Chickahominy, opposite Mechanicsville, and was not engaged in the battles of Seven Pines and Savage Station. During the thirty days which elapsed between the promotion of General Hill and the beginning of the Seven-Days' battles around Richmond, he spent his time and gave his best energies to the improvement and discipline of his new command, and with what success he labored, and to what state of efficiency he brought it, let its records speak.

A RECORD OF DAZZLING ACHIEVEMENTS.

The record of the "Light division" of the Army of Northern Virginia, with its brilliant achievements, would fill a volume. Active, vigilant, ever ready, never taken by surprise; swift, dashing, yet steady and unflinching under the most trying circumstances; always in the fight, and ever adding fresh laurels to its crown of victory, and wreathing new chaplets of glory for its commander. Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, Frazer's Farm, Slaughter's Mountain, Second Manassas, Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Boteller's Ford, Castleman's Ferry, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, besides many combats and skirmishes of less note—all fought in the short space of eleven months—make a record of dazzling achievements which cannot be surpassed in the annals of warfare.

Time will not permit us to dwell upon these events; but at Mechanicsville and Beaver Dam creek, on the 26th of June, Hill's division began the series of battles known as the Seven Days Around Richmond, and bore the brunt of those bloody affairs. The division fought against heavy odds, strongly posted, and achieved success, but with heavy loss. At Cold Harbor, on the 27th, Hill's division was again hurled against the fortifications of the enemy behind Powhite creek, and for two hours sustained the unequal conflict, being again and again repulsed, and as often renewing the attack, dashing in vain against the impregnable position, until on the far left is heard the roar of musketry and the ringing cheer which announces that the Hero of the Valley and his foot-cavalry have gotten into

position and that the crisis of the day is at hand. Then gathering his decimated but undismayed battalions he hurled them once more against the fortifications with irresistible force and dislodged the enemy.

Speaking of this battle, General Lee said: "Hill's single division fought with the impetuous courage for which that officer and his troops are distinguished."

At Savage Station, on the 29th, the rear of McClellan's retreating column is forced to fight, and here again A. P. Hill's command bore the brunt of the day, suffering heavy loss.

At Slaughter's Mountain, where Jackson first showed General Pope a front view of Confederate troops, A. P. Hill retrieved what threatened to be a lost field.

At Second Manassas the Light division was in the "fore-front of the battle;" and contributed largely to the success of the movements of Jackson's corps.

At Sharpsburg General Hill's march from Harper's Ferry, his timely arrival upon the field, his prompt and vigorous assault upon the victorious columns of McClellan saved the Army of Northern Virginia from a serious disaster.

When Stonewall Jackson fell, the question as to who should be his successor was one anxiously asked by the army and by the country. Great events were at hand, and soon the invasion of the North was to be undertaken. All eyes turned to Generals Ewell and Hill as the most worthy to succeed the immortal commander of the Second corps. The reinforcements sent to the army made it advisable, in the opinion of President Davis and General Lee, to divide the Army of Northern Virginia into three corps, instead of two, and on the recommendation of General Lee, General Ewell and General Hill were, in June, 1863, promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, and Hill was assigned to the command of Third corps, composed of the divisions of Heth, Anderson and Pender. From that day until the day of his death Hill was ever by the side of General Lee, his trusted and efficient lieutenant.

FROM GETTYSBURG TO FIVE FORKS.

The necessities and casualties of war called Longstreet and Ewell away from the great chieftain, but Hill was always at his right hand in council and in action. To this larger command General Hill

brought the experience and the prestige of success gained as a division commander. From this time forward the life of A. P. Hill is written in the history of that famous corps, and is too well known to be detailed here.

From Gettysburg, in July, 1863, to Five Forks, in March, 1865, it is a record of unceasing activity, sleepless vigilance, and of great battles. At Gettysburg he met and repulsed the corps of Reynolds and Howard, and captured the town. On the retreat from that disastrous field his corps held the post of honor and danger, in rear and nearest the enemy.

No task which falls to a soldier's lot is more difficult to fill than to cover the retreat of a large army, with its trains and artillery. It requires the most sleepless and untiring vigilance to avoid surprise, the coolest courage to face sudden and unlooked for emergencies, and the faculty of inspiring dispirited, disheartened, and overtaxed soldiers with confidence and courage. How well General Hill was fitted to perform this difficult task the result proves. The entire army, with all its baggage-trains and artillery, was brought safely across the Potomac, and the pursuing army was not able to deliver one single telling blow to the retreating Confederates.

General Hill's corps, like his old division, was ever in motion, always ready to march at a moment's notice, always in the fight, and always giving a good account of itself.

Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor, Jerusalem, Plank-Road, Ream's Station, the Crater, Weldon, Hatcher's Run, Petersburg, and many other combats and affairs speak the deeds of Hill and his brave men.

During the siege of Petersburg, Hill's corps was on the right of the army, which was the exposed flank, and which it was General Grant's constant aim and object to turn in order to cut General Lee's communication with the South, and force him to retreat. To avert repeated efforts to accomplish this cherished design, kept the Third corps in constant motion, while the rest of the army was left in comparative quiet. From July to March, every effort in that direction was met and defeated by General Hill with promptness and without heavy loss on his part. During the campaign of 1864, the Third corps captured from the enemy thirty pieces of artillery, large quantities of small arms and military stores, and more prisoners than it numbered, without the loss of a single gun, and with the loss of but few prisoners. The early spring of 1865 found the Army of North-

ern Virginia reduced to an attenuated skirmish-line, extending from the Chesapeake and Ohio railway on the north of Richmond to the Norfolk and Western railroad on the south of Petersburg, a distance of over thirty miles, and confronted by an enemy more than three times its own numbers. The odds were too great to hope for successful resistance, and when General Grant massed his well-equipped veterans on General Lee's right, in front of Hill's corps, the "beginning of the end" had been reached.

HOW HILL WAS KILLED.

On the morning of the 2d of April the heavy columns of the enemy attacked the centre of Hill's corps, and after a short but sharp engagement broke through his lines and severed the two wings of the command. After this disaster General Hill attempted to force his way through the enemy's pickets in order to put himself in communication with that portion of his command from which he had been cut off.

The attempt was desperate, and those around him sought to dissuade him from making it, but A. P. Hill was never known to shrink from any personal danger when duty called, and, accompanied by a single courier, he galloped along the road which ran in rear and parallel to his lines, encountering and firing his pistol at several of the enemy's stragglers until he came suddenly upon a group of sharpshooters. He advanced and summoned them to surrender, but was answered by a volley which killed him almost instantly, and wounded the courier. As he fell from his horse the only words he spoke were to say to his faithful follower, "Take care of yourself."

Thus ended the life of the noblest type of manhood that nature ever produced. Thus closed the career of one of the most brilliant and accomplished soldiers of modern times. Thus fell the ardent patriot whom his people loved. Thus "died on the field of honor" the commander whom the army idolized. His leading characteristics as a commander were celerity of movement and the ability to march his troops in good order on the shortest notice and in the shortest time. In this respect he resembled and rivalled Stonewall Jackson. Endurance, energy, courage and magnetism were his in a high degree. His soldiers believed in him with an abiding faith, and in the darkest hour his presence was hailed as the harbinger of light and victory. Added to these qualities was his superiority as

tactician, which enabled him to take in the situation of a battle-field at a glance, to do the right thing at the right moment, and seize upon and profit by every blunder of his adversary.

With all his fiery zeal, he was ever mindful of the safety of his men, and never exposed them to useless punishment for his own glory. He understood thoroughly the character of the volunteer troops under his command, and accorded them the respect due to citizen-soldiery, but demanded of them the strictest performance of every military duty and tolerated no flagrant breach of discipline. He looked closely after their rights, their safety and their comfort, often visiting the hospitals to see after his sick and wounded, and gave his personal attention to the workings of every department of the service. He was inexorable in requiring of his staff the strictest attention to their duties. He loved a good soldier, and was his friend, but to the skulker and the coward he was a terror, and the higher the rank of the offender, the more certain and severe the punishment. With his own hands he would tear from the uniform of officers the badges of their rank when found skulking on the battle-field.

SOME OF HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

Like Napoleon at Lodi, he would mingle in the ranks like "a little corporal" when the occasion demanded, and with his own hands help man the guns of the batteries. He was affable and readily approached by the humblest private; but the officer next in rank never forgot when on duty that he was in the presence of his superior.

No commander was ever more considerate of the rights and feelings of those under him, or sustained the authority of his subordinate officers with more firmness and tact.

If a deserving officer committed a blunder or was guilty of an unintentional violation of orders or discipline he would speak to him privately and kindly of his fault, but would never let those under his command know that he had censured the offender.

He was quiet in manner, courteous and polite to all when not aroused, but when justly excited to anger was hard to appease. Punctillious in the observance of all the forms of military etiquette in his intercourse with others, he resented any failure to treat him with due courtesy. This led to an unpleasant difference between General Jackson and himself, which came near depriving the Army of Northern Virginia of the services of A. P. Hill.

The circumstances as related by General Hill were these:

On several occasions General Jackson had given orders in person to General Hill's brigade commanders without his knowledge. This General Hill resented as a breach of courtesy to him and protested against it.

One day while on the march he left the head of his command for a short while, and on his return found the leading brigades had gone into camp. On inquiry he found that General Jackson had given the order to his troops in his absence. Stung by what he considered an affront, and seeing General Jackson and his staff near by, he rode up to him and excitedly said: General Jackson, you have assumed command of my division, here is my sword; I have no use for it." To this General Jackson replied: "Keep your sword General Hill, but consider yourself under arrest."

For several days General Hill remained with his troops, but not in command, and at his own request was allowed to take command in the battle which was fought in a few days, and afterwards remained in command. But the breach thus made was not readily healed, and General Lee interposed to reconcile their differences. He had several interviews with them separately and sought to pour oil on the troubled waters. At length he induced them to meet at his quarters and used every argument to effect a compromise, but each insisted that he was the injured party and refused to yield. To this General Lee replied: "Then let him who thinks he has been injured most prove himself most magnanimous by forgiving most."

This grand appeal was irresistible, and effected a reconciliation which made it possible for the corps and division commanders to serve together in harmony, and with feelings of mutual respect for each other.

THE LAST NAME ON THEIR LIPS.

When Stonewall Jackson was dying, when his senses had ceased to respond to the scenes around him, and his thoughts were with his brave troops, and he was once more in imagination at the head of his invincible corps, he called the name of the commander of the "Light Division" on whom he had never called in vain; and "Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action" fell from his dying lips.

And in General Lee's last hours, when his mind reverted to the stirring scenes of his military career, and once more he rode at the

head of his armies, directing their movements he, too, called upon the commander of the Third corps, on whose strength he had so often leaned in the hour of peril, and his last command was "Tell A. P. Hill he must come up."

In personal appearance General Hill was about five feet ten inches high, slightly but perfectly formed, and looked every inch a soldier born to command. His features were regular and his face attractive but not handsome. His every posture and movement was full of grace, and in any dress, however remote from camps, his military bearing and martial step would betray the soldier by birth and by training. He was a splendid horseman and was always well mounted. He was simple in his taste and dressed plainly but neatly, preferring the ease and comfort of his fatigue jacket to his general's uniform with its stars and its wreath. He cared little for the pride and pomp of war, and commonly went attended by a single staff-officer or courier. As has been so well said by another: "In all his career he never advanced a claim or maintained a rivalry. The soul of honor and of generosity, he was ever engaged in representing the merits of others." Of all the Confederate leaders he was the most genial and lovable in his disposition.

And now our task is done, but the memories of the past cluster thick around us, and we could linger on this spot for hours talking with comrades.

"Of this warrior tried and true,
Who bore the flag of a nation's trust,
And fell in a cause, though lost; still just;
And died for me and you."

Loved comrade, brilliant soldier, chivalrous spirit, true-hearted friend, accomplished gentleman, ardent patriot—Ambrose Powell Hill, we dedicate this monument to thy memory as a feeble token of the love of old comrades and a faint expression of the admiration of the Southern people, for whom you fought and died so bravely.

We hail thee as a hero! worthy of a monument in this historic city by the side of thy great commanders, Lee and Jackson; and fit companion for him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Greater honors than this has no man received, and none greater can any man aspire to.

THE STATUE EXPOSED TO VIEW.

Little Miss Meems Pulls the Cord—Salutes and Cheers—The Lunch.

General Walker occupied about forty-five minutes in delivering his speech. At its conclusion the Maryland Band played a short air, and Master Lewis Walke Brander, son of Major Thomas A. Brander, picked little Virginia Preston Meems up in his arms and carried her from the grand-stand to the unveiling-stand.

It was a pretty picture as he threaded his way through the mass of veterans with the dainty, dark-haired little one clinging to him, her arms around his neck and her soft eyes full of wonder.

Little Virginia is a granddaughter of Colonel William H. Palmer, General Hill's chief of staff. On the unveiling-stand had gathered the flag-bearers of the various veteran organizations, and the child in her fluttering white dress was a striking centre-piece to this group.

THE GREAT SCENE.

At 2 o'clock a bugle gave the signal to commence firing. This was answered by a gun loaded and fired by a detail from the Pegram Battalion Association and little Miss Meems pulling the red cords that laced together the canvass. It dropped, exposing the statue to view. For a second there was a dead silence; then cheer after cheer burst from the vast throng, which rang out clear above the guns of the Howitzers on the right and the crash of musketry on the left. The infantry fire opened with a skirmish rattle, but soon came down to steady, well-delivered volleys.

It was not long after the salute had been fired before the order came to fall in, and the return march to the Exposition building was commenced.

THE LUNCH IN THE AFTERNOON.

After the unveiling ceremonies were over the veterans and young infantrymen and cavalrymen fell into line and proceeded to the Exposition Grounds, where a splendid lunch had been prepared under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary of Lee Camp. The spread was served in the main building, and the interior of this place presented a jolly scene indeed, when the marchers were safely esconced around the festive board. Arms had been staked in long lines,

and men in uniforms of all descriptions entered the great struggle to get to the tables.

The lunch was daintily served without form or ceremony, by a number of ladies, and it would but do them justice to say that the magnificent manner in which they managed the large concourse of hungry soldiers bespoke their proficiency as caterers.

Immediately upon entering the hall the large letters "Richmond Beer" struck the eye of every one, and it was here that the weary, thirsty pedestrian satisfied both these feelings with a few glasses of that well-known beverage, which is made right at home. Not far distant from this place was the lemonade and ice-water stand, which was also a spot of great solace and comfort to the more temperate soldiers.

THE OLD FIRST.

The members of the "Old First" were in a particularly jolly humor, and after refreshing themselves they secured seats, and quite a little time was spent in recounting war incidents.

Not a single drunken man was observed in the Exposition building.

It was a pretty sight when all the militia were in line in the main hall and the column was marching around to the delightful strains of music furnished by the Great Southern Band, of Baltimore.

LUNCH AT LABURNUM.

The beautiful country residence of Mr. Joseph Bryan, "Laburnum," situated just south of the monument, presented in the highest sense a perfect type of Virginia hospitality. Guests to the number of three hundred had been invited in an informal way, including the orator of the day, Chief Marshal General Heth and staff, the Governor of Virginia and staff, General Fitzhugh Lee, General Dabney H. Maury, and other distinguished guests.

A large tented dining-table extended across the spacious and beautiful lawn, and at either end were tents from which was dispensed from the rich and healthful lactilic and cooling cold tea to the more substantial Appollinaris water. Beautiful young ladies from the city and country, friends of the family, and others assisted the gracious host and hostess in their untiring efforts to give substantial comforts to their guests. It was a real old Virginia spread, dispensed in old Virginia style, and one which was not only enjoyed, but one which will not soon be forgotten.

THE ORATOR AND CHIEF MARSHAL.

Brief Sketches of Generals James A. Walker and Harry Heth.

General James A. Walker, the unveiling orator, was born near Mt. Sidney, Augusta county, Virginia, August 27, 1833, and educated at the Virginia Military Institute. On leaving the Institute, where he had a difficulty with Stonewall Jackson, which led to his sending the latter a challenge, he accepted a position in the engineer corps of the Covington and Ohio railway, now the Chesapeake and Ohio, but after eighteen months of service resigned and commenced the study of law under the late Colonel John B. Baldwin. Later he took the law ticket at the University of Virginia. About the year 1855 he removed to Northern Pulaski county, Virginia. He secured a good practice, and in 1865 was elected Commonwealth's attorney of his adopted county. When the war broke out General Walker entered the Confederate army as captain of the Pulaski Guard. Subsequently he commanded the Thirteenth Virginia, and later was made a brigadier-general, and commanded the Stonewall brigade. He was desperately wounded at the Wilderness, but in July, 1864, though still suffering with his wound, returned to the field and served to the end of the war. Nominated in 1868 for Lieutenant-Governor on the Conservative ticket with Withers, which ticket was withdrawn, he was in 1871 elected a member of the House of Delegates. In 1877 he was put on the ticket for Lieutenant-Governor, and was elected. Of late years he has devoted himself almost entirely to his profession. General Walker, or Stonewall Jim Walker, as he is known to the veterans, was one of the most desperate fighters in the Army of Northern Virginia.

THE CHIEF MARSHAL.

General Harry Heth, chief marshal of the parade, was born in this State in 1825, and graduated from West Point in 1845. He was assigned to the Sixth Infantry, became first lieutenant in 1853, adjutant in 1854, and captain in 1855. At the breaking out of the war he promptly resigned his commission in the United States army, and offering his services to his native State, was made a brigadier-general. In May, 1863, he was promoted to major-general, and commanded a division in Hill's corps.

General Heth in war and in peace has been one of the most modest of men, but whenever duty called he has responded. His record as a soldier, Virginia claims as one of her brightest jewels.

HIS CHIEF OF STAFF.

Colonel William H. Palmer, General Heth's chief of staff yesterday, is a native of this city, and one of our most prominent and popular business-men. He entered the Confederate army with the old First Virginia, who still claim him, and rose to the position of General Hill's assistant adjutant-general and chief of staff. He was every inch a soldier, and, like his beloved commander, won every insignia of rank he wore by his gallantry.

FEATURES OF THE CELEBRATION.

Incidents Observed Along the Line of March—Notes About Prominent Visitors.

The parade, which was well managed throughout, while devoid of startling incidents, partook of a great many interesting features. As the soldier boys and veterans proceeded out Franklin street their march was through unbroken chains of spectators, among which the female element predominated in great numbers.

The street on both sides was lined with pretty girls and their gallant beaux, who endeavored apparently to split their throats with cheers, as company after company, camp after camp would pass.

The music of the merry multitude, coupled with that of the several bands in the parade, was enough to make the "old vets" step spryly and toss their hats into the air as they passed the residences of well-known comrades.

MOVING OUT FRANKLIN STREET.

Moving up Grace street from the Capitol Square the procession turned down Fifth and into Franklin. At this corner there were fully two thousand eager spectators, and the cheering they gave was deafening.

When the entire procession had fully got into Franklin street it extended almost from Third street to the Lee monument, and the scene presented was one of gorgeous beauty. The shining barrels of the musketry, the glittering red and blue uniforms, the vari-

colored costumes of the thousands of ladies that terraced the sidewalks, lawns, porticos, and filled the windows of almost every residence, and the flying bunting and flags, coupled with the inspiring music of drums and bands, gave the street such an appearance as it has not had since the unveiling of the Lee statue in 1890.

THE DECORATIONS.

Many residences along the line of march were very beautifully decorated, and from both sides of Franklin street there fluttered thousands of flags and colors, while streamers and drapings of rich bunting were tossed about by the breezes. Perhaps the most artistically dressed house on this popular thoroughfare was the Commonwealth Club. From the stately windows of this palatial structure huge flags and streamers of bunting gracefully floated. Among the other most prettily-dressed houses on Franklin street were the "Baltimore Row" and the residences of Messrs. W. L. Royall and J. B. Pace.

The soldier boys were viewed as they passed the Commonwealth Club by about three hundred gentlemen, most of them members of the club. The pretty green lawn was covered.

Only upon one occasion—the unveiling of the Wickham monument—was there ever a larger crowd upon Monroe Square than that which gathered there to witness the great street pageant on yesterday. The pretty green sward was covered with a great multitude of humanity, which embraced hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, equally as many children, while the number of baby-carriages was far greater. There was much cheering from this point, especially when the Marylanders fell into line with the other pedestrians.

THE PRETTY GIRLS CHEERED.

Richmond's girls never looked more beautiful than upon this occasion. It seemed that there were fully fifty thousand on Franklin street alone, besides those in carriages, buggies, and other vehicles, and from the pretty dress of every one fluttered a little *souvenir* badge, which in addition to the enthusiasm evinced by them throughout the day demonstrated the fact that Virginia ladies are patriotic as well as her men. As the great column passed down the street more than one fair belle received cheers from the gay soldiers.

At Fifth and Franklin streets, before the procession started, a spirited horse became unruly and rushed upon the pavement, which was crowded with persons. It was almost a miracle that no one was hurt. The rider had finally to get down and lead his horse away.

Colonel John S. Cunningham, of North Carolina, a member of the staff of Governor Holt, of that State, was among the prominent guests in carriages. He was cheered by friends as the procession went out Franklin.

SUFFER FROM SUNSTROKE.

While on the line of march two infantrymen fell while suffering from sunstroke. The ambulance was summoned, and they were treated and taken away. Owing to the great amount of dust and the hot and oppressive weather it was marvellous that no other sunstroke occurred.

It was remarked by many that Dr. Eddie Baker, lieutenant-surgeon of the Richmond Blues, and commanding officer of the second company, was one of the handsomest soldiers in the parade.

Governor McKinney and Mayor Ellyson, who occupied one of the two carriages which led the procession, were loudly cheered on all sides, and General Fitz Lee was given an almost constant ovation.

Quite a bevy of girls cheered the soldiers on their way out to the unveiling from the switch-back in the Exposition grounds.

The Richmond Light infantry Blues entertained the Washington and Newport News military companies, and as this organization always does, it showed the visitors great hospitality. A wagon filled with "solids and liquids" followed the procession out to the monument, and was there, in the middle of the day, placed at the disposal of the Blues' guests.

OTHER NOTES OF INTEREST.

Among the prominent strangers at the unveiling was Hon. A. P. Rowe, mayor of Fredericksburg, who has just been re-elected for his third term under very unusual circumstances. Mr. Rowe declined to be a candidate for re election, but his administration had been so satisfactory to the citizens of Fredericksburg that, notwithstanding his declination, he was voted for on election-day and elected by a majority of one hundred and eighty eight over two other opponents, both of whom were prominent men.

It is a remarkable fact that not a single one of the numerous old veterans who took part in the parade yesterday became stricken down by the heat, while two of the younger soldiers had to be carried from the line of march in the city ambulance.

There was, to all appearances, less drunkenness on the streets yesterday than has ever been seen here before upon a big public occasion.

By some oversight the newspaper fraternity was greatly inconvenienced at the unveiling yesterday, in that no accommodations had been provided for the reporters, who, in getting up their reports, could only make memorandums while standing upon the backs of the chairs in the grand stand or upon the ground among the jolting, jostling crowd.

Quite a ludicrous feature in the parade was a genuine negro of deepest black, wearing a long linen duster, a white beaver, a bandanna handkerchief, and carrying a Confederate flag in one hand, and a placard in the other, which announced the fact that Washington's old headquarters were at 1916 east Main street.

Colonel M. L. Spotswood, the newly-elected Commonwealth's attorney, who occupied one of the carriages containing prominent citizens, received many ovations as he passed through the multitude that had gathered on Franklin street.

The Commonwealth Club was the most prettily-decorated house on Franklin street.

One of the most delightful features of the unveiling was the music furnished by the Great Southern Band, which organization accompanied the Maryland veterans.

A great many old veterans had to walk from the monument to the Exposition building, where the lunch was served, because the wagons provided for them had gone.

The ambulance was summoned at 5 o'clock to the Exposition Grounds to several soldiers who were suffering from fatigue on account of the long march in the sun. They were treated and turned over to their friends, who carried them to their homes.

The carriage in which governor McKinney was seated, and which headed the line of carriages, was escorted by his staff in full uniform.

General Heth's three couriers were Masters E. V. Williams, L. W. Brander and Thomas W. Brander. They wore blue sashes.

A group of war Howitzers—embracing Major H. C. Carter, Jeter Boshier, J. B. Lambert, Carlton McCarthy, W. H. McCarthy, J. V.

L. McCreery, Charles Poin Dexter, Major Robert Stiles, and others—marched together in the parade, cheered themselves hoarse, and manfully braved the heat and dust of the long march.

BREAKING RANKS AND LEAVING THE CITY.

Just before the command to "break ranks" was given to the First Virginia regiment at the armory yesterday evening, Colonel Henry C. Jones thanked the soldier boys for their gentlemanly deportment throughout the day, and commended them especially for the military decorum they had observed. He asserted that within the next two years, judging from present prospects, the regiment would be second to no similar organization in the United States.

The visiting military companies began to leave the city immediately after the return from the exercises at Hollywood, and at 10 o'clock last night the armories were as quiet as they are when the boys are all off at encampment.

The Monticello Guards, of Charlottesville, were the last infantrymen to take their departure, while the Lynchburg and Surry companies of cavalry were the last of all the organizations to leave the city.

All the visiting militia were loud in the praises of the Richmond soldier boys, and declared that they had a most enjoyable time.

GENERAL HETH ENTERTAINED LAST NIGHT.

General Harry Heth, chief marshal of the parade yesterday, was handsomely entertained by a number of his friends at the Westmoreland Club last night. An elegant supper was served and an evening of real pleasure was had. General Heth was the first president of the Westmoreland, and has hosts of friends who are now prominent members of the club.

A number of the other prominent visitors were guests last night at the Westmoreland and Commonwealth clubs.

THE MARYLANDERS WERE PLEASED.

The Maryland veterans who took part in the unveiling ceremonies were delighted beyond measure with the hospitable reception they received in this city. The visitors from Virginia's sister State reached

the city on a special car at 11 in the morning and left at 6 in the afternoon. They left their coach at Elba and immediately joined in the procession.

When General Fitz Lee saw General Steuart, the commander of the Maryland veterans, with whom he is well acquainted, he exclaimed in his characteristic way: "Well, I declare! I believe that if all of you Maryland fellows were to die except one, that fellow would come down here with a brass band to take part in the unveiling of a Confederate monument."

The visitors, accompanied by their magnificent band, partook of a big banquet in the main hall of the Exposition building, and while here they were introduced to the daughters and neices of General Hill. The Maryland band gave the distinguished Southern ladies a beautiful serenade, which was gracefully acknowledged.

GENERAL DAVID BULLOCK HARRIS, C. S. A.

A Brief Sketch of His Life and Services.

Brigadier-General David Bullock Harris, a descendant of an early settler and planter of Henrico, one of the eight original shires of the Colony of Virginia, was born at Frederick's Hall, Louisa county, Virginia, September 28, 1814. His father, Captain Frederick Harris, served in the war of 1812; was one of the founders of the old Louisa railroad and its first and continuous president until his death. This road became, subsequently, the Virginia Central railroad, and is now known in its extension as the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway.

David B. Harris, after having enjoyed the advantages of the classical schools of his native county, entered West Point Military Academy July 1, 1829, and was graduated thence July 1, 1833, the seventh in his class of forty-three cadets, which included Generals John G. Barnard, George W. Cullum, Rufus Smith, Edmund Shriver, Alexander E. Shiras, Henry Dupont, Benjamin Alvord, and H. W. Wessell, of the Federal army, and Generals Francis H. Smith and Daniel Ruggles, and Colonels A. C. Myers (Quartermaster-General) and J. Lucius Davis, of the Confederate army. His grade of graduation was most creditable, his age being considered. His drawings in the

Engineering class were deemed by Professor D. H. Mahan as equal to any executed at the celebrated German school at Metz, and they were kept at West Point as studies.

He was appointed brevet second lieutenant First United States Artillery July 1, 1833, and served in the war with the Creek Nation of Indians until March 6, 1834, when he was promoted second lieutenant First Artillery, and March 18, 1834, assigned to duty as Assistant Professor of Engineering at West Point, serving as such until his resignation, August 31, 1835, at the request of his father, and against his own inclinations, which were predominantly for a military life. His resignation was much to the regret of General Winfield Scott, who wrote to his father that he was the most promising young officer in the army. He served as assistant engineer in the construction of the James River and Kanawha canal, 1835-1837, and latterly in some railroad surveys in the mountains of Virginia. In 1835 he joined a relative in large operations in tobacco at Cloverport, Kentucky, meeting with much success financially. He originated the Scrap hogshead, in which a large business has since been done. He visited Europe in 1848, and met in London Miss Eliza L. Knight, who became his wife in 1849. He engaged in farming at his seat, "Woodville," Goochland county, Virginia, from 1845 to 1861, never relinquishing, however, his operations in tobacco at Frederick's Hall and Petersburg. He was also interested in other mercantile ventures. He, like many other Virginians, was not an original Secessionist, and hoped that the impending strife might be averted. The call, however, of President Lincoln for troops from Virginia in 1861 instantaneously decided him, and he tendered his services to the Confederacy. A command was offered him, which, from his long abandonment of military life, he felt a hesitancy in accepting. At the request of General Lee he was assigned to the Engineer corps as captain. He it was, it is said, who placed General Jackson in the position, the stern holding of which gained for him the famed soubriquet of "Stonewall." He planned the fortifications of Centreville and other points, and made, it is said, the most correct map of the battlefield of Manassas extant. Accompanying General Beauregard to the West, he planned the fortification of Island No. 10, Fort Hilton, and Vicksburg. He also accompanied a reconnoitering expedition into Kentucky, sent out by General Bragg. When General Beauregard was ordered to Charleston, by his request, General Harris accompanied him as engineer, and constructed the defences there with such

consummate skill that they withstood all assault, and only fell into the hands of the enemy upon evacuation.

He directed the irresistible armament of Battery Wagner, the defence of which is so thrillingly depicted in the eloquent address of Colonel Twiggs in preceding pages of this volume. He was subsequently sent by General Beauregard to Florida, and after the battle of Ocean Pond (Olustee), drove in the enemy's pickets and established a line of General Finnegan's force. When General Beauregard was called to Petersburg to aid in the vital defence of Richmond, General Harris followed from Florida and began at once the construction of his grand series of fortifications which as Grant facetiously remarked "bottled up Butler." He also planned the defence of Drewry's Bluff and advised the countermining at the Crater, but was not present at the explosion, his services having been called to another point. His services were next solicited at Mobile, but his shattered health, occasioned by his long and arduous service, influenced the War Department to give him a leave of absence to try the effect of home comforts in recruiting his health. The duration of his leave was left to his own discretion as to his ability for service.

On his return to Richmond, still in feeble health, he was ordered by President Davis to proceed at once to Charleston.

The yellow fever prevailed there at the time, and contracting the dread disease General Harris died at Summerville, South Carolina, in less than a week after his arrival there, on October 10, 1864. His remains were subsequently removed to Richmond and interred in Hollywood Cemetery.

He left a wife and eight children; three sons—David, Richard and Alexander Barrett, and five daughters—Frederika (wife of Page Morton, of Richmond, Virginia), Charlotte, Juliana (wife of Judge A. R. Leake, of Goochland county, Virginia), Eliza and Eva Virginia.

Distinguished officers of the late Confederate army have borne the warmest testimony to the merit of General Harris.

General Beauregard wrote: "He was the only officer in his command who never made a mistake; that he always exceeded his most sanguine expectations; that his rank never equalled his true position, and that Charleston and Petersburg should each erect a monument to his memory." General J. F. Gilmer wrote: "His works and courage had never been surpassed, and the country had never known the extent of his services, nor had his qualities of head and

heart been appreciated by those whom he had served so faithfully." General Thomas Jordan wrote: "He was not only a hero but a soldier of the highest mental attainments, and the Confederacy held no man better fitted to command an army." General Fitzhugh Lee wrote: "His reputation was second to none in his native State;" and many others bore like earnest tribute.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS OF VIRGINIA.

ROSTER OF THE ORGANIZATION.

Camps, Grand Camps and United Confederate Veterans.

The objects of the Confederate Veterans command the noblest instincts of humanity. What they have done and may accomplish is to some extent set forth in preceding pages of this volume. To R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, is due the honor of the establishment of that noble institution and beneficent Soldiers' Home.

The following is the roster of the Grand Camp of Virginia, as constituted for one year by annual meeting held at Roanoke, Virginia, June 23, 1892:

Grand Commander, Colonel Thomas A. Brander, Richmond, Virginia.

First-Lieutenant Grand Commander, Colonel W. Gordon McCabe, Petersburg, Virginia.

Second-Lieutenant Grand Commander, Colonel Daniel M. Lee, Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Third-Lieutenant Grand Commander, Colonel Thomas Lewis, Roanoke, Virginia.

Quartermaster-General, Major Washington Taylor, Norfolk, Virginia.

Inspector-General, Colonel Charles Syer, Portsmouth, Virginia.

Chaplain-General, Rev. Beverley D. Tucker, Norfolk, Virginia.

Surgeon-General, Dr. R. B. Stover, Richmond, Virginia.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GRAND COMMANDER.

Adjutant-General, Captain Thomas Ellett, Richmond, Virginia.

AIDES-DE-CAMP.

Comrade James N. Stubbs, Wood's X Roads, John R. Cooke Camp, Gloucester county, Virginia.

Comrade J. E. Rockwell, A. P. Hill Camp, Petersburg, Virginia.

Camps Composing the Grand Camp, their Location, Commanders, with Post-Office Address, are as follows :

- No. 1. R. E. Lee, No. 1, Richmond, Virginia, T. P. Pollard.
- No. 2. Maury, No. 2, Fredericksburg, Virginia, Thomas F. Procter,
- No. 3. Pickett-Buchanan, Norfolk, Virginia, Walter F. Irvine.
- No. 4. Stonewall, Portsmouth, Virginia, R. C. Marshall.
- No. 5. R. E. Lee, No. 2, Alexandria, Virginia, William A. Smoot.
- No. 6. A. P. Hill, No. 6, Petersburg, Virginia, W. Gordon McCabe.
- No. 7. Clinton-Hatcher, Leesburg, Virginia, E. V. White.
- No. 8. Sam. Garland, Lynchburg, Virginia, Kirk Otey.
- No. 9. George E. Pickett, Richmond Virginia, R. N. Northen.
- No. 10. R. E. Lee, No. 3, Hampton, Virginia, A. S. Segar.
- No. 11. Urquhart-Gillette, Courtland, Virginia, L. R. Edwards, Franklin, Virginia.
- No. 12. John R. Cooke, West Point, Virginia, H. M. Miller.
- No. 13. William Watts, Roanoke, Virginia, S. S. Brooke.
- No. 14. John Bowie Strange, Charlottesville, Virginia, J. M. Garnett.
- No. 15. Pierre Gibson, No. 15, Culpeper, Virginia, D. A. Grimley.
- No. 16. Callcote-Wrenn, Isle of Wight Courthouse, Virginia, N. F. Young.
- No. 17. Ewell, Prince William county, Virginia, H. F. Lynn, Catharpin, Virginia.
- No. 18. J. E. B. Stuart, Reams' Station, Virginia, M. A. Moncure.
- No. 19. Thornton-Pickett, Farmville, Virginia, S. W. Paulett.

- No. 20. Stover, Strasburg, Virginia, Mason Bly, Lebanon, Virginia.
No. 21. J. A. Early, Rocky Mount, Virginia, G. W. Helms.
No. 22. Turner Ashby, Winchester, Virginia, Charles W. Mc-Vicar.
No. 23. Magruder-Ewell, Williamsburg, Virginia, T. J. Stubbs.
No. 24. J. E. B. Stuart, Berryville, Clarke county, Virginia, Samuel J. C. Moore.
No. 25. Stonewall Jackson, Staunton, Virginia, Frank B. Berkeley.
No. 26. L. A. Armistead, Boydton, Virginia, Charles Alexander.
No. 27. Louisa, Louisa Courthouse, Virginia, William Kean, Thompson's X Roads, Virginia.

A convention of delegates from the camps of the several Southern States assembled in New Orleans, Louisiana, June 10, 1889, and effected a general organization known as the "United Confederate Veterans," the first article of which Association declares:

"The object and purpose of this organization will be strictly social, literary, historical and benevolent.

It will endeavor to unite in a general federation all associations of Confederate veterans, soldiers and sailors, now in existence or hereafter to be formed; to gather authentic data for an impartial history of the war between the States; to preserve the relics or mementoes of the same; to cherish the ties of friendship that should exist among the men who have shared common dangers, common sufferings and privations; to care for the disabled and extend a helping hand to the needy; to protect the widow and orphan and to make and preserve the record of the services of every member, and as far as possible, of those of our comrades who have preceded us in eternity."

The last article provides that neither discussion of political or religious subjects nor any political action shall be permitted in the organization, and any association violating that provision shall forfeit its membership. General John B. Gordon, Atlanta, Georgia, was elected the Commanding-General, and General George Moorman, New Orleans, the Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff of the organization, which offices they still hold.

It is believed that department organizations now exist in nearly, if not every Southern State; that of Virginia has been announced as follows:

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA, *October 20, 1892.*

CIRCULAR-LETTER, NO. 1 :

Major-General Thomas A. Brander having been appointed Commander of the Virginia Division, as per General Order, No. 65, Headquarters United Confederate Veterans, July 25, 1892, assumes command, and has appointed the following staff, confirmed by the General Commanding :

Joseph V. Bidgood, Adjutant-General.

Charles C. Wertenbaker, Inspector-General.

Charles P. Bigger, Quartermaster-General.

Lewis Ginter, Commissary-General.

Dr. James D. Moncure, Surgeon-General.

George L. Christian, Judge-Advocate-General.

H. W. Flournoy, Assistant Judge-Advocate-General.

Aids.—R. O. Marshall, S. W. Paulett, William Kean, Joseph Bryan, W. B. Goolrick, David B. Moore.

Brigadier-Generals.—Theodore S. Garnett, Micajah Woods.

They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

THOMAS A. BRANDER,
Major-General Department of Virginia.

JOSEPH V. BIDGOOD,
Adjutant-General.

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